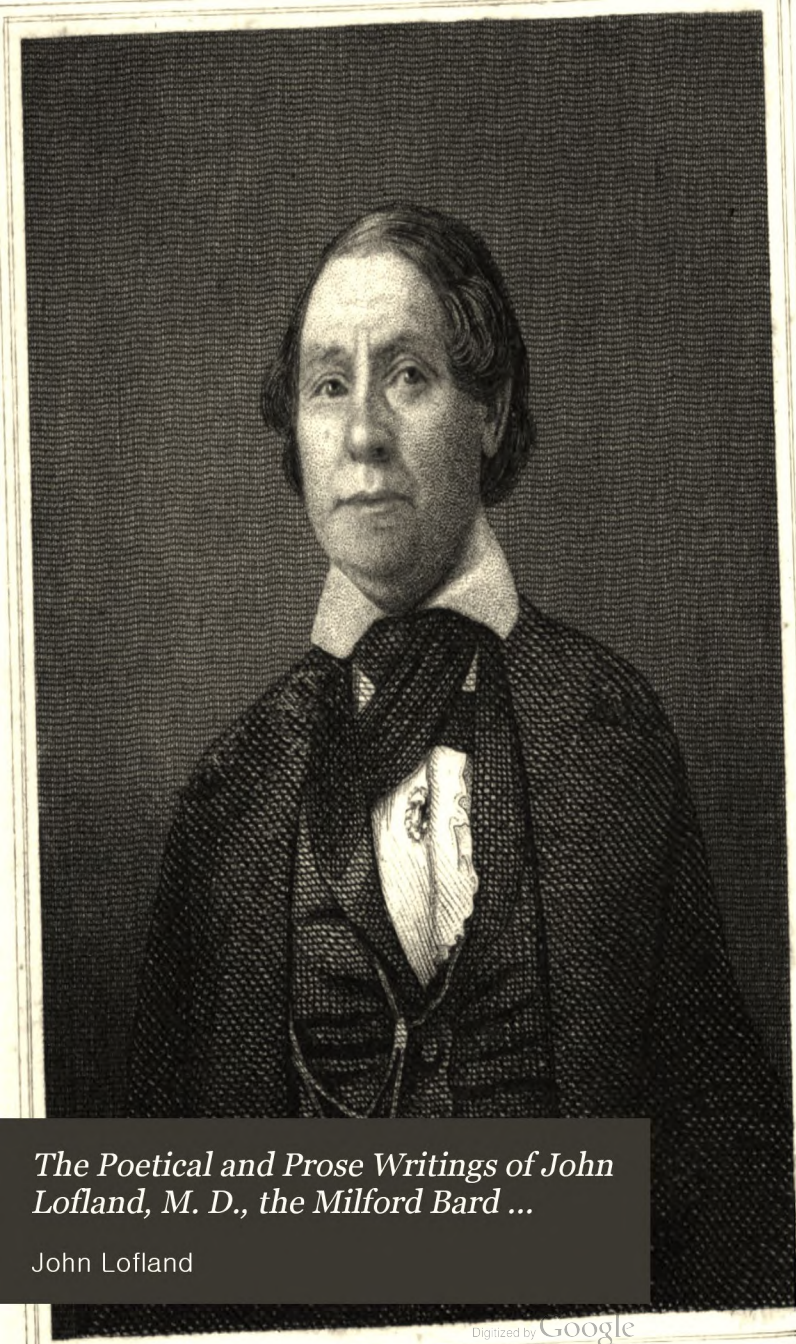

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*The Poetical and Prose Writings of John
Lofland, M. D., the Milford Bard ...*

John Lofland

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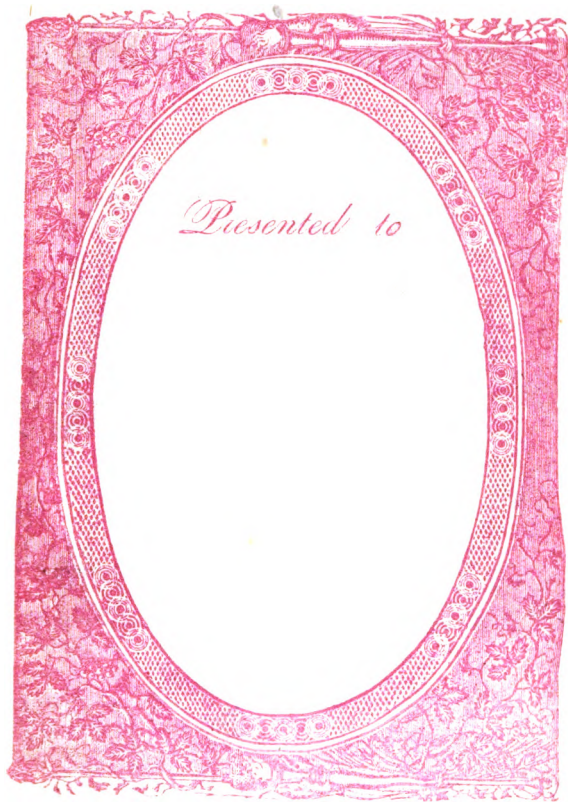
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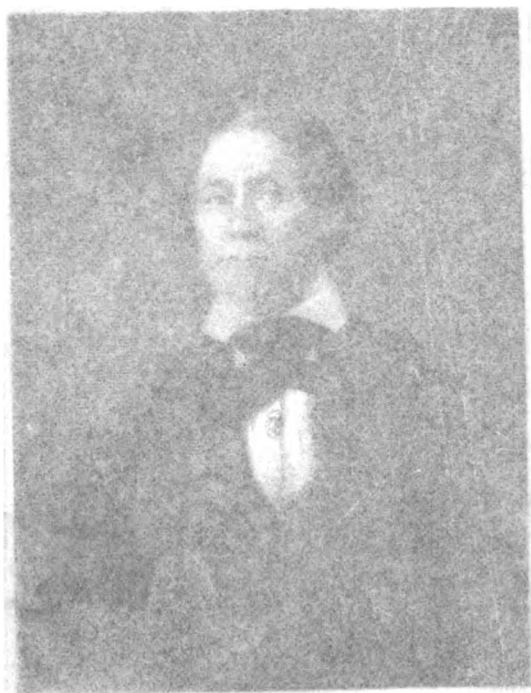
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THE
POETICAL AND PROSE
WRITINGS

OF
JOHN LOFLAND, M.D.,
THE MILTONS BARD,

CONTAINING
MORAL, SENTIMENTAL, HUMOROUS, AND PATRIOTIC
POEMS AND ESSAYS.

BALTIMORE:
JOHN MURPHY, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,
178 MARKET STREET.
PITTSBURG: GEORGE QUIGLEY.
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Portrait of Mr. J. H. [illegible]
1880

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JOHN LOFLAND, M.D.,
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"FOR THE BIBLE, THE GENTLE AND THE MIGHTY WORD."

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31

TO THE
LADIES OF BALTIMORE,
WHO HAVE
Shown kindness to the Bard in sickness,
AND UNDER OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES OF AFFLICTION,
AND
TO WHOSE SOLICITATIONS HE YIELDS IN ITS PUBLICATION,
THIS VOLUME
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
BY THEIR OBLIGED AND DEVOTED FRIEND,
THE MILFORD BARD.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Presentation Plate.

Portrait of the Milford Bard.

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Love's Pilgrimage round the World,	121
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Love's Changes,	229
Concealed Affection,	265

P R E F A C E .

IN giving this my second volume to the world, the tyrant custom compels the necessity of giving with it some of the reasons which move me to the deed. And herein the tyrant to which I have alluded becomes my friend, for should I let the book go forth without the mention of those reasons, my readers might suppose I was influenced by a vain supposition that I could fling out upon society productions superior to those glorious efforts of genius which have already been produced by some of the noblest sons of song that ever

“Woke to ecstasy the living lyre.”

In the preparation of this volume no such idea has had a place in my mind, nor did I imagine for a moment that I could send forth any thing superior to the mass which is floating in its daily course over the great lake of literature. “Then,” says one who has more thoughts of self than poetry in his soul, “then why publish? Why add to the long catalogue of books with which our libraries of light literature are burdened?” I will answer such an inquirer with the sentiment of an eminent Latin classic. He says there can not be too many books, unless they are subversive of morality, because there is in every one, however humble it may be, something worth gleaning.

My readers, then, will please accept this as my first reason for publishing.

My second reason is the desire I feel to add my mite to the granary of the mind,

“For useful mirth and salutary wo.”

And now for my third, last, most important and powerful reason for publishing this volume. I am under the dominion of that most imperious of tyrants, NECESSITY. And the laws of this tyrant—if he has any, for he is said to have none—are inexorable. Certain it is, as my experience proves to me, that his yoke is a galling one, and renders friendship to the wearer, like our philosophy, the scarcest when we need it most.

The dazzling dream of fame has never mingled with my mental visions in the moments spent in composition. And though the syren song of flattery has sometimes been sung in my ear, I have been successful in resisting its influence, while I have smiled at its efforts to win me to its embrace of folly.

But, while I have resisted the influence of the syren Flattery, my heart has been warmed by the many compliments which I have received. And to those which have come to me from the lips of many fair ladies I bow with the profoundest respect; and I take pride in acknowledging that my willingness to accede to their solicitations is the immediate cause of the issue of this volume.

I throw this book upon the world with all its imperfections, to sink or swim, as the caprice of literary taste and fashion may determine. If it should succeed in awakening instructive or even pleasant thoughts in the mind of the reader, I shall be gratified; and if, in addition to that, it afford me the opportunity of escape from the tyrant by which I am oppressed, I shall be more so.

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WRITINGS
OF THE
MILFORD BARD.

THE MUSE OF POESY.

SHE dwells on the brow of the dark craggy mountain,
Where the thundering cataract tumbles below;
And she bathes in the streams of the crystalline fountain,
Unawed by the billows that rapidly flow.

She is seen in the night, on the black tempest driven,
When the sea-boy has given himself to despair;
When the lightning illumines the deep vault of heaven,
Her form is beheld in the tremulous glare.

She is seen when the blasts on the billowy ocean
Heave the wide waste of waters in mountains of waves;
On the vortex of ruin she pays her devotion,
When the whirlwind of heaven distractedly raves.

She sleeps on the down of the cygnet of Ganges;
Her cradle the winds, and her curtain the sky;
On her pillow of fame in the wild dream she ranges,
And many a tear-drop illumines her eye.

By the pale light of Luna in sorrow she wanders,
When Sol in his splendor sinks down in the west;
O'er the tomb of affection all lonely she ponders,
And sighs for the heart that has sunk to its rest.

She is heard in the temples where proud grandeur crumbles,
Where the owl and the raven pour forth their wild strains,
Where silence—dark silence, eternally slumbers,
And the night of the tomb in their solitude reigns.

On the banks of the stream, where the dash of the billow
Breaks over the rock in its silvery foam—
She plays on the harp 'neath the wind beaten willow,
And sighs for the pleasures of country and home.

She sings her best song to her unhappy lover,
Who has fled to the battle thro' dangers afar;
O she breathes out her soul to her pitiless rover,
And starts when she hears the loud thunders of war.

On the towering tree she engraves his remembrance,
When sorrow from madness sinks down to despair,
And she crushes her lyre, the sweet soul of her semblance,
While demons of prejudice laugh thro' the air.

FAME.

HIGH on the crimson car of fame,
I saw the victor ride,
He came from far thro' flood and flame,
In all the pomp of pride;
And loud the war-trump pierced the skies,
All hail the conqueror comes,
From every hill let shouts arise,
And sound ye doubling drums.

The crimson crown the conqueror wore,
Waved o'er the warrior's head;
But his right arm was red with gore
A hundred hearts had shed:

A hundred hills in echoes rung
O'er ocean's sounding surge;
A hundred harps awoke and sung
Of Europe's dreadful scourge.

They sung the fame of him whose scroll
A tide of tears had wet;
They sung the fame of him whose soul
Had oft in murder met;
And oft had spread dark midnight o'er
The weeping widow's mind,
And wrote her grief with gushing gore,
Dread vampire of mankind.

Not so with him who wore the plume
When fair Columbia bled;
The sun that set on Vernon's tomb
Smiled on the mighty dead;
The blood that dyed Columbia's land
Was paid for liberty—
The great, the good and glorious band,
The western world set free.

The scroll of him who sleeps in death,
Gave liberty a name;
And virtuous heroes then had birth,
And virtuous valor fame—
Gore gushed thro' many a hundred veins
On that immortal morn;
Great God! 'twas then were rent the chains
Of millions yet unborn.

HOPE.

I WATCHED a bubble broad and bright,
That on the streamlet played,
And a gay world of life and light,
In painted pictures met my sight,
Around its disk arrayed.

Green vales and vallies caught my view,
And fertile fields of flowers;
The sky was paved with azure blue,
And blooming blossoms dipt in dew,
Hung o'er the beauteous bowers.

And fancy's fairest forms were there,
Of blushing beauty bright;
They seemed to wander free from care,
Upon this little world of air,
Nor feared nor clouds nor night.

But ah! the quick returning tide
Swept o'er the watery world;
And all its gay and gilded pride,
Sunk, as I hastily espied,
The wave that o'er it curled.

And thus does hope, man's fondest prayer,
Beam on his beating breast;
It pictures scenes of pleasure fair,
Then comes the wave of dark despair,
And as it sweeps his bosom bare,
The bubble rolls to rest.

THE MOTHER.

I saw a mother wan and wild
Hang o'er the cradle bed,
And gaze upon her dying child,
Until its spirit fled;
With streaming eyes and bending low,
As tho' her babe to wake,
She stood the monument of woe,
And cried—"My heart will break."

Unto its livid lips she pressed
Her cheek with tears bedewed,
Strained the dead cherub to her breast,
And all her grief renewed;
And oft its name her tongue would tell,
So pleasing to her ears,
While on its father's neck she fell
And mingled tears with tears.

Long since I saw a second boy,
Stand at his mother's knee,
Her eyes then danced in tears of joy,
Her heart with ecstasy;
And back his clustering curls she turned,
That hung like grapes of gold,
On his red lips her kisses burned,
Her tongue her transport told.

And oft when he with lips apart,
Attentive stood, and still,
She pointed to the arms of art,
And learning's lofty hill;
She bade his beating bosom feel,
The flame of freedom's love,
And bade his little knee to kneel
Before his God above.

2*

WOMAN'S WORTH.

I LOVE to gaze on woman's eye,
When love is laughing there,
I love to hear her secret sigh,
That breathes no tale of care :
And O! unseen I love to gaze,
When love unlocks her heart,
When blushes on her bright cheek blaze
More beautiful than art.

I love to gaze on woman's brow,
When to the altar led;
And hear her breathe the virgin vow,
Of lovely woman wed;
And 'tis a sacred sight to see
The damsel made a dame,
And view her son stand at her knee,
And lisp his mother's name.

I love to gaze on woman too,
When o'er the couch of care,
She bends in beauty but to view,
A dying dear one there :
How like an earthly angel, tho'
A woman in her woes;
Sweet mercy's messenger below,
Affection's fountain flows.

I love to view her bid adieu—
At twilight take her tour;
And softly skip the silver dew
In pity to the poor.
How beautiful her bosom bends,
O'er pining poverty;
She bids joy's rainbow rise, and ends
The march of misery.

Such is the worth of woman's love,
An angel without wings;
She seems like beauty from above,
A heavenly balm that brings.
Without her what were love and life?
A scene of tears and sighs;—
But as a mother, sister, wife,
She makes a paradise.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

On a sea-beaten rock that o'erhangs the dark billow,
Where the winds and the waves beat enveloped in foam,
He rests his lone head on the rough ragged pillow,
And weeps for his kindred, his country, and home.

His sigh, with the sound of the wild surging ocean,
Now mingles in murmurs and dies on the wind;
And he bows his white knee, and bends down in devotion,
While his dark rolling ringlets float wildly behind.

Now the mem'ry of country, of home, and of childhood,
Arises before him all lovely and fair,
He seems to behold his loved cottage and wildwood,
Then starts from his dream and awakes to despair.

O never, no never, he cries in his sadness,
Shall I again tread on the threshold of home;
Or press my fond friends to my bosom with gladness,
Or thro' the wild woodland in happiness roam.

Far, far from the scenes of my childhood I wander,
Far, far from the blest and the beautiful shore;
An exile alone in my sorrow I ponder,
And weep for the home I shall visit no more.

My harp is unstrung and it hangs on the willow,
The winds through its wires wake a sorrowful strain,
When borne to my ear by the breeze of the billow,
Despair and distraction then fire my brain.

Farewell to my country, my cottage, and wildwood,
In a far foreign land still unfriended I roam ;
Adieu to my friends and affections of childhood,
A long last adieu to my country and home.



LOVE.

Like the bright ray of hope
In the vision of tears,
Seen thro' time's telescope
In the vista of years,
Like the light o'er the lake
By the morning sun given,
Like the waters that make
The reflection of heav'n ;
Like the rainbow that blends
All the rays that we scan,
And forever portends
The remembrance of man ;
Like the languishing tears
In the beautiful eye,
Like the smile that appears
When we cannot tell why—
Is youthful love unmix'd with care and strife,
The bright kaleidoscope of light and life.

Like a vision of sleep,
That so lovely doth seem
When we wake while we weep,
And regret 'twas a dream.

Like the ripe ruddy peach,
When we tear it apart,
And perceive in the breach,
A keen worm at the heart.
Like the sensitive flower
In the fatal frost wrung,
When it shrinks from the shower,
That in summer it sprung;
Like a rose in full bloom
When it hangs its lone head,
O'er the mouldering tomb,
And the dust of the dead—
Is the sad bosom in the arms of art,
When disappointed love gnaws at the heart.

PRAYER FOR GREECE.

Look down illustrious souls, look down,
And say to Greece be free;
Look from empyrean fields, and frown
On Turkish tyranny;
Shake heaven's high halls with dreadful ire,
Send thunder from the skies,
Wrap Moslem towers in flaming fire,
Till the strong demon dies.

Great spirits of the fallen brave,
Tread now thy classic shore,
The sun of Greece in freedom's grave,
Has set to rise—no more.
Her lamp of learning, once so bright,
That lit a hundred hills,
Hath long since set in endless night,
Dark woe her bosom fills.

Her halls, where once sweet rapture rung,
No sounding lyre now sighs ;
But where was heard the trumpet tongue,
Are heard but shrieks and cries ;
And there the crimson crescent waves,
Where once the lyceum stood,
The cross in Grecian gore still laves,
The moon doth blush in blood.

Look down immortal Thunderer, look
On Homer's happy land,
Thou who the heavens and earth hath shook,
Preserve the brilliant band ;
And from her dungeon drag once more,
The genius of the brave,
Then Greece shall dig, in human gore,
The Turkish tyrant's grave.

FEMALE CHARMS.

THE tongue of woman charms the soul,
With all the strains of love ;
'Tis like the lyre whose numbers roll,
In yonder halls above :
And O, it hath a charm to bind,
Even when it aims the dart ;
It is the echo of the mind,
The tell-tale of the heart.

The eye of woman sheds a ray,
To gild the gloom of woe ;
To man it lights a constant day—
Of happiness below ;
It is the lamp of life and light,
The source of joy refined ;
It is the star of sorrow's night,
The mirror of the mind.

THE LEXINGTON.

The following lines are descriptive of that awful scene of the burning Steamboat, which has brought hopeless misery to many a good and generous heart. Oh! that I could stretch my hand and wipe away the tears of surviving friends—that I could heal the broken hearts of the widow and the fatherless! But there is only one balm, and that balm is the grace of God.

NIGHT rested on the sea—the moon alone,
O'er the wide waste of rolling waters shone;
The glorious sun had sunk in western skies,
And the dim stars looked down like angels' eyes,
As if they wept in heav'n the approaching doom,
And dropped their tears o'er that untimely tomb.

The warm hand pressed, with many a generous token,
The long embrace once o'er, and farewell spoken,
The buoyant boat, swift leaves the crowded shore,
To gaze on those they shall behold no more:
Upon the deck they strain their anxious eyes,
Till evening drops her curtain o'er the skies.
Now o'er the waters, where the wanderers sleep,
Went forth that train upon the treacherous deep;
They thought of friends to whom they should return,
Nor thought alas! those friends so soon would mourn,
In blissful dreams they think no more they roam,
But tread again the happy halls of home;
Childhood, and age, and beauty brightly blest,
Thoughtless of danger on the dark waves rest;
When lo! there comes upon the ear a cry,
And the word Fire! runs roaring thro' the sky;
The red flames flash upon the roaring flood,
Till the wide waters seem one sea of blood;
On the cold blast dread Azrael comes in ire,
Waves his dark wings, and fans the fearful fire;
Wild o'er the deck, and with dishevelled hair,
Rush the sad victims shrieking in despair:

"Where is my son?" the frantic father cries,
And "where my sire?" the weeping son replies.
Amid that scene of terror and alarms,
Dear woman, wailing, throws her ivory arms;
And shall she perish? nay, one effort saves—
Quick launch the boats upon the boiling waves;
They're lost! Oh! God, they sink to rise no more,
A hundred voices mingle in one roar;
From post to post, the affrighted victims fly,
While the red flames illumine sea and sky;
The piteous look of infancy appeals
For help, but Oh! what heart in danger feels?
None save a mother's, see her clasp her boy.
Floating she looks to find her second joy;
She sees him now, and with a transport wild,
Save! save! Oh save! she cries, my drowning child!
She waved her arms, and in the next rude wave,
The mother and her children found a grave;
Locked in her arms her boy hath sunk to rest,
His head is pillowed on her clay cold breast;
A mother's love not death itself can part,
She hugs her dying children to her heart;
And fain would perish more than once to save
Her blooming boys from ocean's awful grave.

A sail! a sail! a hundred voices rave—
In the dim distance, on the brilliant wave,
She comes, and hope cheers up those hearts again,
They shall be saved—alas! that hope is vain!
The dastard wretch beholds the imploring crew,
Looks on the blazing boat, then bids adieu;
Leaves them to perish in a watery grave,
Rather than stretch his coward hand to save.
Go, thou inhuman being, be thy name,
A demon's watchword, and the mark of shame;
Go teach the tiger what to thee is given,
And be the scoff of man, the scorn of heaven;

Be all those mourning mother's tears thy own,
Till human feelings melt thy heart of stone.

Now o'er the ice-cold sea the victims swim,
Their limbs are helpless, and their eyes grow dim ;
With cries for help, they yield their lingering breath,
As one by one they close their eyes in death ;
The blazing wreck a moment shines more bright,
One cry is heard, she sinks, and all is night.
The moon hath set—a darkness shrouds the lee,
No voice is heard upon that moonless sea ;
Soft pity spreads her wings upon the gale,
And few are left to tell the dreadful tale.
From downbeds warm, and from their joyous sleep,
Full many an eye afar shall wake to weep ;
Full many a heart a hapless parent mourn,
From friends and home, alas ! untimely torn ;
Fair Baltimore, thy children too must weep,
A father, husband, brother in the deep ;
And beauty's eyes shall often melt in tears,
O'er the sad tale in future days and years ;
The lisping child will to its mother cling,
And ask what day its father home will bring ;
Alas ! poor child, no father comes to thee—
He sleeps, unshrouded, in the dark blue sea ;
No more thy mother shall build up the fire,
To welcome home *her* husband, and *thy* sire ;
No more the mother, when the day is done,
Shall long to look upon her gifted son ;
No more shall clasp him to her beating breast,
And breathe a prayer that he may still be blest ;
Far from his mourning mother's arms he sleeps,
Nor knows the friend who o'er his fate now weeps ;
How many a tear shall yet, alas ! be shed,
O'er the wide tomb that holds so many dead !
Mysterious are thy ways, O God ! yet just,
Thou art in all things—let us bow and trust.

DEATH OF MACDONOUGH.

He sleeps in the cradle of freedom and glory,
And the wings of the eagle o'ershadow his grave;
His deeds are renowned on the pages of story,
Coequal with fame, and the fate of the brave.

While the surge of Champlain, in its wild murmur roaring,
Shall continue to sparkle and foam in the sun,
So long shall his fame, still exalted, be soaring,
And brighten still brighter as ages shall run.

At his shrine shall the hero bow down in devotion,
When the tempests of war in destruction shall rave;
When the cannon of carnage shall wake the deep ocean,
And the flag of America's triumph shall wave.

From his ashes shall rise, like a new-born creation,
The heirs of true valor and virtue alone;
The heroes that shine in the lists of a nation,
Like Macdonough in peace and in war ever shone.

He sleeps on the cold and the comfortless pillow,
Where silence and darkness their vigils long hold;
On the trident of Neptune beneath the dark billow,
His name is inscribed in bright letters of gold.

In the hearts of his countrymen long, long shall linger,
The memory of him who has fought for their fame;
The poet shall lend to the harp the soft finger,
And Delaware boast of his generous name.

He has gone to the land of the saints and the sages,
The land of the good, and the blest, and the brave;
His fame is inscribed on eternity's pages,
And day brightly dawns on the gloom of the grave.

CHRIST ON CALVARY.

There stands the messenger of truth : there stands
 The legate of the skies !—His theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders ; and by him in strains as sweet
 As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
 He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
 Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart.

Cowper.

I AM invited to record my opinion of the most illustrious and glorious character, that ever condescended to tread the earth—of the most brilliant and beautiful doctrine that ever illuminated the mind of man. I am solicited to draw the picture of a scene which millions of mankind have contemplated with feelings the most tender and terrific—a scene that the eternal founder of the universe could not view unmoved—a scene of all others the most touching and irresistibly sublime. That character, so noble, so magnificent and divine, is no other than the all-glorious and sacred Saviour of the world—that doctrine no less than the luminous and everlasting oracle of his lips—that scene, so touching, so tremendous and terrific, and which none may rival but the final dissolution of nature, is no other and no less than the crucifixion of a God, for the redemption of the insignificant, though immortal creature, man.

I feel the grandeur of my subject ; a theme of all others the most sublime, the most sympathetic and susceptible of melting the heart of man. In contemplating so magnificent a character, I am at a loss for language sufficiently elevated to do justice to his immortal fame ; even the pen with which I write, plucked from the wing of the heaven-soaring eagle, is inadequate to the task of portraying the attributes of the Saviour of mankind. The melting story of our Saviour's sufferings, of our Redeemer's wrongs in the prelude, and consummation on Calvary, what human fancy may delineate, what human language describe ? The brilliant history of that unrivalled character, exhibits the deepest

traits of human nature that are recorded on the pages of fame, or enrolled in the archives of ages. Whether we behold him in the temple or tribunal, in solitude or society, in pleasure or in pain, he is the same grand and glorious character, the same benevolent and blessed being. He was emphatically the child of humility. Born in a manger, cradled in obscurity, and bred to human industry, he was an example, a striking model of retiring modesty. We survey him scorned, scourged and trampled upon, without complaining, and almost without reproof, meek as the lamb beneath the knife of the butcher. And yet he was a God, the King of kings, whose power was omnipotent, and whose knowledge was unbounded ; who could have shaken the throne and darkened the destiny of even the tyrant that condemned him. Would that I could inherit, at this moment, the electric eloquence of a Summerfield, the unrivalled pencil of a West or a Leonardo da Vinci, that I might do justice to the glorious doctrine and picture of human redemption.

Neither the Talmud nor the Koran, nor any other doctrine ever promulgated by the mouth of man, is so replete in mildness and mercy, so full of grandeur and glory, of sublimity and song, as that which our Lord and Saviour gave to a dying world. The saint and the savage, the philosopher and the fool, alike have felt its influence and testified to the superb sentiments and living language which it contains. Its influence, what telescopic eye can foresee, what human intelligence recapitulate. From that great and gloomy, though glorious era, when the Saviour came to redeem a fallen world, it has swayed the minds of men, and its influence will continue over millions of men unborn. The cold and treacherous assassin, as he stole at midnight to the couch of sleeping innocence, has felt its power when the undipped dagger fell from his conscience-stricken hand ; and the savage tomahawk has found a grave, by the secret and mysterious influence of its god-like power. It hath bidden the stream of charity to flow from the closed and withered heart of avarice, and it hath released the grip of oppression

from the pale and piteous form of penury. Yea, it hath even softened the adamantine heart of the tyrant, and severed the chains which rattled on the arms of the guiltless sons of Africa. The pale and pensive suicide hath called upon it for aid, ere he lifted the weapon to the tottering throne of reason, nor did he call in vain; beneath the influence of its present balm and promised bliss, the troubled sea of passion subsided, and the wrecks of disappointed hopes broke with the next wave, on the shore of oblivion. Who hath not seen the condemned, the outcast of the earth, whose hands were still reeking with the gore of his fellow man, chained in the deep dark dungeon? And who hath not seen that dungeon become the happiest home that had ever held that wretch, by the influence of the Gospel, making his heart a heaven, and casting a sunshine even on the hour of dreadful dissolution. Who then but a demon would sigh to see so glorious a gift cut off from the reach of man? Lives there a wretch who would wish to see the splendid sun of redemption go down forever in the eternal night of infidelity? Ay, what man, even a friend to society, would smile to see the flimsy and fanciful philosophy of infidelity, triumph over the ruins of the superb system of Christianity? Until something more sublime, something more consoling and conciliatory, can be substituted in the place of the annihilating philosophy of infidelity, let the ancient and venerable temple of Christianity still tower over the fallen pyramids of Pagan superstition, the safeguard of morals and the harbinger of hope and happiness hereafter. I would rather bow at the humble altar of the Christian, than be the priest of the rites and ceremonies of the Delphic Oracle—I would rather trust to the merciful promises of the Gospel, than be versed in all the splendid and specious philosophy of the French Illuminati—I would rather wear the crown of the humblest of the martyrs, than that of the proudest potentate of earth. Where was the brilliant and fine-spun philosophy of Voltaire, at the fearful moment of dissolution? Where were the splendid and sophistical reasonings of Mirabeau, Maupertuis and D'Alembert, when the last trump sounded in

their dying ears? Gone like the airy fabric of a noon-day dream. As well might such systems be compared to Christianity, as the meteor of the night to the brilliant and beautiful luminary of day.

Other characters have arisen, flourished and fallen—other conquerors have shaken the world with the tumult of their triumphs, and dazzled the imaginations of men with the brilliancy of their achievements, and the rapidity of their career—other patriots have severed the chains and dispelled the Gothic darkness of slavery, entered the temple of fame and recorded the freedom of a nation; but none may compare with the rising of that illustrious luminary, for he not only shed a light upon succeeding ages—he not only conquered the hearts and fallen hopes of man—he not only carried captive the king of terrors and the sins of the world, but he triumphed over the tomb, and achieved a revolution in the very nature and nothingness, in the very destiny and dignity of man. The splendor of his victories cast a shade upon the exploits of a Scipio and Cæsar, for without a sword he revolutionized the world, and beheld the nations kneeling before him—the thunders of Sinai surpassed the eloquence of a Cicero in its grandeur and power, for it was more irresistible than the clash of arms and the tumult of battle, and the manner of his warfare reversed the order of revolution, giving new life to the combatants. And by what means did he achieve so brilliant and beneficial a revolution? Go muse amid the melancholy and mouldering wrecks of Jerusalem, and ask the genius of those solitudes. Go and ascend the summit of the far-famed Calvary—go to the sepulchre of the Saviour, to the tomb of the triumphant Redeemer, and to the garden where his disciples slept under the influence of grief, and methinks an aspiration from those scenes will recite the story of his sufferings and sorrows, the history of the redemption of man.

Let us turn for a moment and survey that scene which eventuated in the emancipation of a world. Let us contemplate that character of all others the most illustrious and divine. We behold the man! To appearance but a man,

yet, in fact, endowed with all the attributes of a God. The prophetic tongues of men long mouldered into dust, have foretold his dawning and his doom, and his own intuitive knowledge, his own prophetic soul, is looking forward to that hour which must bring the consummation of that grand catastrophe, which was destined to rescue millions from misery. But he shrunk not from the sacrifice which was necessary to the consummation. The agonies of the cross could not alarm him, neither had the tomb any terror for him, for he was confident of the triumph, and that he could descend, without fear, to that gloomy repository, which covers alike all human hopes and all human anticipations. No human animosity or resentment dwelt in his heavenly heart; for, with kindness and consideration, he designated the man who should betray him. Firmness and dignity were characteristic of him, who was not ignorant that the most cruel and ignominious of all deaths awaited him. Behold him bound and dragged before the high priest. I adjure thee, says Caiaphas, in the name of the living God, to tell me whether thou art the Christ or not? If I tell thee, returned the Saviour, thou wilt not believe me, but nevertheless, I say to you, hereafter you shall see the son of man sitting at the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven. The priest hearing his words, that he was the Son of God, cried out—he hath blasphemed, and is worthy of death. Ah! see how meekly he bears the indignities heaped upon him. How melts the heart at the recollection, that he who was at that moment preparing to redeem poor fallen man by the sacrifice of his own sublime life, was also suffering the scorns, the taunts and buffetings, of those same creatures, for whom his blood was to be shed. The fall of Peter at that period, was a conspicuous example of the weakness of human nature, and the strength of human resolution, for he no sooner became conscious of his fall, than he attempted to rise by repentance. “I hear not the voice of St. Peter, lamenting his fall,” says St. Ambrose, “but I see his tears.” Blessed tears, that can correct the heart.

Let us survey the Saviour before Pilate, whom the crowd is calling upon the judge to condemn. Let his blood fall upon us and our children, cried the Jews; and never was an imprecation more faithfully fulfilled, more avengingly executed. Pilate, borne down by the torrent of his passions, stopped not to listen to the dictates of duty, the pleadings of pity, or the cries of injured innocence. Here is one of those strong and touching traits of human nature. Though his heart inclined to pity the distressed, and succor the innocent, yet the tumult of contending passions, the love of wealth, of grandeur and power, the fear of immolating popularity on the altar of humanity, and the dread of the resentment of the mighty Cæsar, the autocrat of the earth, opposed the piteous dictates of his heart, and resisted the philosophy of pity.

In mournful silence let us follow the condemned Saviour to the summit of Calvary, and witness that spectacle, which struck terror to the spectators, and melted even the heart of adamant. Methinks I see him with his crown of thorns, and bending beneath the weight of his cross. The prophecy of Isaiah is fulfilled, for he is ranked with sinners. Methinks I see him nailed to the cross. It was the sixth hour of the day, and what a dreadful hour. We are informed, by the incontestible evidence of sacred writ, that a mournful darkness over-spread the face of heaven, and shrouded the earth as in mourning. *There* hung, at that tremendous hour, the adorable mediator between God and man, a spectacle for men and angels; an example of undying love and mercy. There he hung bleeding, and in agony, and though his sufferings were insulted, he sought no revenge, for his thoughts were the thoughts of peace. *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.* How tender, how touching were his words; covered with wounds, he was emphatically that man of sorrows and pains that Isaiah had described. Knowing that all things which had been foretold were fulfilled; that all things were accomplished, and that the grand consummation was at hand, he said, *I thirst*, and having drank the vinegar, he said, "*It is consummated.*" Three

hours had this glorious though ghastly spectacle continued, and every thing which the prophets had said of the Saviour and his sufferings, being accomplished, nothing remained but to pay the last tribute for the redemption of the world. What an hour was that of sublimity and sorrow—what a moment of terror and triumph! That grand type of the Saviour, the glorious sun in the heavens, was eclipsed, as though unwilling to illuminate the earth when the greater light of the world was darkening in death. An universal gloom, as of midnight or the grave, covered the earth until the ninth hour. The globe shook as with an earthquake, the eternal rocks cracked and split asunder, and the marble jaws of the grave opened and gave up its gloomy dead. Methinks I see the terrific scene and hear the exclamations of the multitude, as they gaze, with ghastly countenance, upon the veil of the temple rent in twain. Jesus Christ, at that moment of agony, cried with a loud voice, *Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.* Spent with suffering, he bowed his head and died. What a glorious yet gloomy moment was that! The world was redeemed; the accumulated sins of man, which had been darkening his destiny from the Eden era to the Christian, were now washed away by the blood of him, of whom an elegant writer observes, that with the very spear which they crucified him, he crucified the world. The very implements of their vengeance became the trophies of his victory. At that moment the sting of death was obliterated, and the triumph taken from the grave. At that moment the idol tumbled from the Pagan temple, and the genius of its superstitions vanished for ever. The tongues of the heathen oracles, which for ages had held dominion over the intellect of man, became silent, and their inspiration was eclipsed in the glory of the Gospel of God. While the last words yet quivered upon the lips of the dying Saviour, the mighty revolution was achieved, the law became void, the mysteries and mandates of Moses passed away, and the new dispensation commenced. That dispensation, that Gospel, was not for the few, but the many, not for the virtuous alone, but the vicious. The miser bowing before his golden

god, the monarch seated in grandeur on his glittering throne, and the beggar bending beneath his woes, are alike the subjects of its denunciations, alike the objects of its offered mercy.

How great is our necessity to seize with avidity the benefits which have resulted from this grand catastrophe and glorious consummation. We are told by that same illustrious character, whom we have contemplated, that the hour is approaching with incredible velocity, when not only we ourselves shall cease to exist, but even the splendid fabric of the universe shall pass away. We have his own word, that he will be present at the august and terrific scene. That he will come in his chariot of fire on the clouds, and sit as a spectator of the grand fabric in flames. If that universal alarm were to break forth at this moment in the heavens, what a consternation and confusion would it not produce in the concerns and pursuits of miserly man! In the resurrection of the Saviour we see a type of that terrific consummation, when every grave shall give up its dead, the sea roll forth its millions, and the tombs of oriental genius, and the sepulchres of ancient saints and sages, priests and prophets, teem with life. What a sublime assemblage! What a magnificent multitude! It is impossible for the finite imagination of man to conceive the sublimity of that scene, which Christ has declared shall be exhibited to the assembled millions of mankind. The idea of a single planet wrapt in flames, is too grand to be admitted into the mind; but to behold the millions of those vast globes, which make up the universe, on fire, to behold them released from the restraint of attraction and gravity, and rushing by each other like mighty comets, and bursting with the explosion of their materials, is a picture too great for the mind of man to conceive, or conceiving, to describe.

Let it be sufficient for us to know, that the Gospel has come down to us with glad tidings, and that he who rests upon that rock, need neither fear to look forward to the dissolution of nature, nor the wreck and ruin of the universe. That he who builds upon that rock, need neither fear the gloom of the grave, nor the last loud blast which shall an-

nounce the cessation of the revolution of time. That doctrine upon which we rest our hopes, is destined to be more lasting than the proud pyramids of Egypt—it has already resisted the test and tooth of time, and stood unhurt, amid the whirlwinds of passion. While the empires of the earth have passed away, and the thrones of despots have crumbled into dust, the temple of Christianity hath still stood unhurt by the war of Pagan superstition, or the incendiary of modern infidelity. Even if it had no relation to futurity, and only exerted its influence in the correction of society, it were a blessing not to be exchanged for heartless infidelities; it were a blessing the greatest and most glorious ever given to man. That it is founded in truth, needs no other proof than the destiny and present dilapidated state of the Jews. The heart of sensibility bleeds for their fate, but it is the eternal fiat of heaven. That unhappy race is now scattered over the earth, a mark is set upon them, they have become a by-word, and they are the suspected of all men. But they are not forgotten, they are still full of hope and faith, that the Messiah will yet make his appearance, and replace them again in the land of beautiful Palestine—that he will yet come in majesty and mercy to redeem the fallen favorites of heaven, and to build up the broken-hearted children of Israel.

How astonishing, how startling is the fact, that Christianity should have been opposed, at the very dawn, when every circumstance was fresh in the mind, and by men who had witnessed the very spectacle of an expiring God. "Socrates died like a philosopher," says Rosseau, "but Jesus Christ like a God." Alas! the catacombs of ruined Rome, still exhibit the relics of the illustrious martyrs, who expired under the most excruciating torments, or lingered out a miserable existence, in the dungeons of superstitious tyranny. Methinks the agonizing groans of the persecuted Christians, still echo along the mouldering walls of the Coliseum, where the unfeeling multitude looked unmoved upon the mangled martyr beneath the tooth of the tiger, and the

gore as it gushed from the heart of the dying gladiator. There thousands of the primitive Christians expired, sad spectacles of amusement for their Pagan persecutors. But a subject so sublime, a doctrine so divine, could not be obliterated by the paltry attempts of tyrants, and it has descended the tide of time, to us, the same brilliant and imperishable gift, as when promulgated to the world. The millions of men who will come after us, will see the same beauty and beatitude in its promises; the same grandeur and glory in its doctrine. No second Judas can arise to betray it, though thousands have attempted it; no second traitor can triumph over the downfall of his doctrine. It is fixed on the rock of ages.

But to conclude my lofty theme. Every prophecy in the Gospel of our God, is fulfilling with astonishing rapidity and precision—the gift of glad-tidings has gone forth to the very depths of our wilderness, and the savage sons of the forest, as the consequences, have forgotten their ferocious pursuits, and are seen bowing the knee to God, and no longer paying adoration to the setting sun. The gospel has gone forth to the Arab and the Hindoo, and woman is gradually emerging from the long night of her slavery, to fill the station to which she is entitled. The very destiny of that heathen inheritance has undergone a change, for the hunter is seen cultivating the land, and the war-chief making laws to govern his civilized posterity. Truly has the desert blossomed like the rose. No longer does the benighted mind of the Indian pay his devotions to the genius of clouds, or look for the coming of the Great Spirit in the storm of night; but he sees an evidence of the living God in all his works, in every leaf and every grain that vegetates on the earth. Such were the effects intended to be produced by that great consummation on Calvary. In every lane of life, and in every avocation of our concerns, may we not forget, that for us this grand sacrifice was made, and that the Saviour rendered up his own life, that we might live forever.

**"This truth how certain, when this life is o'er
Man dies to live, and lives to die no more."**

THE DREAM.

WHILE yet I slept, in soft repose,
The trump of time I heard!
And louder still at every close,
Came down the dreadful word!
I started up and saw the sky
Wrapped in a robe of red!
An angel stood and woke on high
The trumpet of the dead.

I asked the orient orb of light
From whence the clangor came;
And swift it rolled, in realms of night,
Thro' seas of frightful flame!
I asked the pale moon if she knew
Why thus the angel stood;
She answered not, but from my view
Went down in waves of blood.

I asked the burning stars, and they
Fell from their orbits high!
I saw the lightning o'er me play,
And flame along the sky!
I asked the angry ocean too
Why she in rage did roar;
And quick she rolled before my view,
Her millions to the shore!

And then I saw with dazzled eyes,
A flaming chariot driven!
The wheels with thunder shook the skies
And rocked the halls of heaven!
I asked the clouds from whence he came,
O'er whom the red flames curled;
They cried JEHOVAH is his name,
He comes to judge the world.

I saw him seize a flaming brand
And fire creation o'er;
The sky, the ocean, and the land,
All mingled in the roar!
And at the last loud trumpet's sound,
I woke with one wild scream;
A poor moscheto then I found,
Had caused my dreadful dream.



RETROSPECTION.

Oh! where are the friends whom in childhood I cherished,
The good and the graceful—the gifted and brave?
Alas! in a cold world they pined and have perished,
Unpitied they sleep in the gloom of the grave.

Or far in a foreign land lonely they wander,
Unblest by the bosoms that beat for them here;
Perhaps on the years that are passed they now ponder,
And drop the sweet tribute of memory's tear.

Alas! when I look on the scenes long departed,
And think of the friends that so fondly I proved,
Like Logan, a moment I mourn broken-hearted,
Alone in the world, stripped of all that I loved.

Oh! the home of my heart, and the scenes of my childhood,
I long to revisit, and love to recall;
The village and valley, the grove and the wildwood,
The friends and the fireside loved more than all.

But why should I weep o'er the friends I have cherished?
Or sigh o'er the scenes that once happiness gave?
A few fleeting years, and I too shall have perished,
And sleep with them all in the gloom of the grave.

THE STEAMBOAT MEDORA.

When the fatal news went like a knell of the departed over our city, I was lying in a state of insensibility, with five or six physicians around me, who expected every hour would be the last. The dews of death were standing on my pale cold brow, and in the language of Dr. Young,

"The general pulse of life stood still,
And nature made a pause, an awful pause,
Prophetic of her end."

The first sounds that broke upon my ear, after the restoration of consciousness, was the sad story of the ill-fated Medora—the melancholy narrative of broken hearts, mourning mothers and widows, and fatherless children. I turned from the recital, with a throbbing heart, to drop a tear over the anguish which had been carried to so many bosoms. How true is it that "in the midst of life we are in death." And how necessary is it, that we should be prepared to gather up our feet and go to the grave in peace; that we should have on the wedding garment, with our lamps trimmed, ready to enter into the golden gates of heaven. In the evergreen gardens of God, no casualties can occur, no tears are ever shed, no sorrows can ever intrude. In that blest land of light, where angels wake the harps of heaven to love, no sound of mourning can reach the ears of the happy.

WHY o'er our city spreads this general gloom?
Is it a city of the dead—a tomb?
What means that scream that pierces thro' the air?
Is it some weeping widow's dark despair?
Why thro' our streets are hurrying to and fro
Those mourning mothers, in their weeds of woe?
Why streams the gentle sister's tears—and why
Does yon poor frantic father wish to die?
Why roars yon cannon o'er the treacherous wave,
To wake the slumber of the solemn grave?
Why do I see around me, every where,
The dark mementos of the heart's despair?
And why, oh! why are thousands hurrying past,
To look on those they loved, alas! the last?

Stranger, our city mourns—death's fatal dart
Hath pierced this day full many a happy heart;
Arrows of anguish have this day been borne
To many a bosom, doomed, alas! to mourn;

Full many an eye this day its tears have shed,
Full many a mother's gentle breast hath bled,
When to her arms they bore the bleeding dead. }

See on your shore the glorious sons of Art!
Health on each cheek, and hope in every heart;
Upon that boat they gaze with curious eye,
While death is busy numbering those to die;
From happy homes, and smiling children dear,
These fathers went without one thought of fear;
The husband kissed his blooming bride, and passed
From her fond arms, nor dreamt it was the last;
The youthful son stole from his mother's knee,
Nor thought, alas! so soon a corse to be.
On board that boat, now destined for a grave,
So swan-like as she sat upon the wave,
Rushed forth the crowd, the beautiful and brave;
The young and aged on that deck we view,
The gay, the gifted, and the graceful too;
Among that crowd the sons of genius trod,
And honest men, "the noblest work of God;"
With joyous hearts old friends each other greet,
Nor think of the volcano at their feet;
Smiles on each cheek, and hope in all their hearts,
The word is given, and lo! the boat departs;
Scarce to the waters had her wheels been given,
Ere like the dread artillery of heaven,
Burst forth one awful and alarming sound,
That shook the shores and towering hills around;
One wild scream broke from deck and dock; despair,
On her dark wings, went shrieking thro' the air;
High in the heavens the steam-built column curled,
And mangled men and frightful fragments hurled;
High in the air were seen the bleeding dead,
Or strangling stretched upon their wave-washed bed;
Full many a hapless victim sunk, and sighed
One prayer to God, one fond farewell, and died;

With broken limbs, and hot and fiery breath,
Some held their hands to heaven and prayed for death ;
While some still turned to home affection's eye,
And wept to think that they so soon should die.
Oh ! what a scene presents that dreadful deck,
There mangled men are mingling with the wreck ;
'Mid scattered fragments, ghastly in their gore,
Some victims fell and perished on the shore ;
The fair haired youth, his mother's joy and pride,
Was seen in death at his dead father's side.

Now o'er the city these sad tidings spread,
And soon around the dying and the dead,
Came gathering thousands, like a mighty tide,
To gaze on those who there together died ;
With faces pale, and tearful eyes they stood,
To view those bodies thus baptized in blood ;
Trembling they o'er the pale cold victims bend,
And weep to find a father or a friend ;
The brother there his much loved brother found,
Stretched out in death and weltering on the ground.
They to their homes the dead and dying bear,
Oh ! God, what scenes, heart-rending scenes were there !
The frantic mother to her dead son flies,
Pale are her cheeks, and from her streaming eyes
Flow floods of tears, while with dishevelled hair,
She shrieks in all the anguish of despair ;
Wildly she gazes on the child she blest,
Clasps his cold hand, and falls upon his breast ;
Then raves again around the silent room,
Hangs o'er her lifeless son and mourns his doom ;
And see the sister, whom he loved so well,
Oh ! who that sister's agony can tell !
Pale as the marble statue there she stands,
Gazing upon his corse, her cold clasped hands
Are lifted up to heaven—her darkened brow
Tells of the anguish in that fond heart now.

Poor girl, what heart but melts to mark thy woe !
Oh ! who doth not a sister's fondness know ?
See how she reels around that gloomy bed,
Oh ! God, she fainting, falls upon the dead.
Then starting up, his name she calls aloud,
Breathes on his lips and lifts his snowy shroud ;
"He is not dead, he must not die," she cries,
And opening, gazes in his dim dark eyes ;
Then at his side she falls in frantic grief,
Till slumber soothes and gives her soul relief.

The dying father, husband, now they bear
To yonder door, and bleeding hearts are there ;
The weeping wife, and widow soon to be,
Is crazed with care and hopeless misery ;
The staff, the stay, the charm of all her days,
Expiring lies before her tearful gaze ;
See round his bed his little children stand,
Anxious to press a dying father's hand ;
Smiling they catch his every look, and trace
Each line of love that once adorned his face,
Poor little babes, while thus o'er him they bend,
They little think they soon will lose a friend ;
They little think that they no friend will find,
To feed and shield them from the wintry wind ;
They little think that they may ere long be
Objects of this world's heartless charity ;
Without one spot to rest their weary head,
And doomed, alas ! to cry, unheard, for bread.
Mark that pale mother, in her gentle breast
Disease hath fixed, death's seal is there impressed ;
Ere long she must to death and dust go down,
And leave her children to the world's cold frown ;
Oh ! if the bright inhabitants of heaven,
E'er weep o'er hopes that have on earth been riven ;
If angels ever bend o'er vaults above,
And mourn o'er broken hearts and blighted love ;
They sure would weep o'er such a scene as this,
For here was blighted hope and blasted bliss ;

But yesterday that father felt the glow
Of health and strength, and now he lies in woe;
But yesterday that wife wore smiling eyes,
To-day, she o'er a dying husband sighs;
See with what looks she at his bed-side stands,
While to her heart she presses his cold hands;
Leans o'er his form and bathes his burning brow,
While memory back recalls her youthful vow—
Oh! angel woman, in a dying hour,
How sweet thy voice! how soothing is thy power!
If death to mortals e'er exhibits charms,
It is to die at home in woman's arms;
She knows no change, she will desert us never,
She loves us once, and then, she loves for ever;
Tho' linked with sin, and blasted, too, by shame,
Still will she cling to his long cherished name;
In dungeons dark she with him oft remains,
And hugs the humbled victim in his chains.
What heart has never owned a mother's love?
A heaven on earth, a taste of heaven above;
What heart hath never felt a sister's smile?
So pure, so holy, so devoid of guile;
What heart hath never bowed at beauty's shrine,
And owned her deep devotion was divine;
Looked back to days of pleasure and of glee—
A green spot on the waste of memory?

See, thro' yon street they bear a youthful form,
The pulse is still, but yet the heart is warm;
Affection's fountain hath not yet grown cold,
His love was pure, he owned no god of gold;
Of noble honor and exalted pride,
He wooed and won the fair one for his bride;
Ere yonder moon had filled her horn, her charms
He would have clasped within a husband's arms;
But ah! the dark-winged angel aimed the dart,
And-blasted all the bliss that blessed his heart.
High at her window, with a musing mind,
Her rich dark ringlets waving on the wind;

Sat the fair damsel, while her thoughts gave way
To joys that soon would bless her wedding day ;
Flushed with high hopes, she turned to future years,
While from her eyes fell tides of joyous tears ;
And now she gazed below, as to the door
His ghastly corse his weeping comrades bore ;
One long wild scream throughout the building rung,
And on her lifeless lover's breast she flung
Her swooning form ; no tear was in her eye,
Nor from her bosom broke one sob or sigh ;
So pale she lay, so lifeless at his side,
Death seemed to wed the bridegroom and the bride ;
From that terrific trance she woke to know
A broken heart, and all the pangs of woe.

'Tis vain to muse, and vain the minstrel's lay,
No pen or pencil can such scenes portray ;
To grief that pierces many a mother's heart,
The minstrel's song no solace may impart ;
Behold the weeping widow, and, oh ! see
Her lisping infant kneeling at her knee ;
And while he gazes in her face, in vain
Asks when his father will return again ?
Poor child, he is unconscious of his doom,
Who hath gone down to an untimely tomb ;
No more that father on the earth shall roam,
No more his wife and children meet at home ;
No more that babe shall climb his envied knee,
Or cling to him in infant ecstasy ;
No more shall feel that high and holy bliss,
Which springs to childhood from a father's kiss ;
Gone, gone for ever, he no more shall prove
How much he prized thy mother's lasting love.

For those who feel affliction's heavy rod,
There is one solace—look alone to God !
Oh ! bow your hearts even at a Saviour's feet,
You'll own in grief his grace divinely sweet ;
This, this alone can bind the bleeding heart,
And to the soul a blissful peace impart.

THE BIBLE.

I LOOK upon the Bible as the oldest and best of books. The history of creation is said, by Strabo, to have been handed down to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd; and its superiority to all other books is proven by the one important circumstance of its influence in civilizing mankind. Its doctrines are infinitely superior to those of the Mahometan Koran, and of the Talmud of the rabbis. The Bible inculcates universal *charity*, which word signifies, in the original, *love*. To say nothing of the glorious principle of love, the laws which it inculcates are, at the same time, the most lenient and powerful. Human laws are founded upon them; but they are like the rays of light, compared with the sources from whence they spring. On the sacred page of the Bible, we find woman elevated to her proper dignity; but, among those nations where it is not read, woman is the drudge, and man the tyrant.

The light of learning and wisdom flourishes where the Bible is read; but at its boundary commences the night of darkness and superstition. It has illuminated the world of literature and science, and cast a halo of glory around the atmosphere of intellect. It smiles on the calm and sunny scenes of life, and gilds the evening skies of the faithful in the dark hour of death. What the compass is to the mariner, the Bible is to the world. It teaches the king in the government of his empire, and the peasant in the tilling of his field. It proposes reward to virtue, and punishment to vice. It interests equally the brilliant intellect and the humble capacity. All that is good, grand and sublime is contained within it. Many cannot relish it, because their taste is perverted; and many reject it from prejudice and ignorance of its value. To understand the Bible is at once to be introduced to a high source of enjoyment—the highest source on earth. When I hear a man exclaiming against the Bible, I cannot refrain from taxing his mind with ignorance.

If you are a literary character, and wish to behold elegance, perspicuity and taste, turn over the leaves of the sacred book. Are you pleased with poetry? You have at once an inexhaustible fountain. You have beautiful scenery, sparkling imagery, and ideas clothed in sublimity of language. It contains numerous specimens of the angelic lyre; and I doubt whether there is such a field for the poet in the world. The poet who draws his scenes from the Bible, never can fail to please: his writings are always new. Are you pleased with the thunders of eloquence? Here is another inexhaustible source. Some passages of Scripture are irresistible. What can be more grand and sublime than David's description of the appearance of the Most High? "He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet: he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; and he was seen upon the wings of the wind." Do you ask for more such passages? I could quote a volume; but let the description which the prophet Habakkuk gives of the grandeur of God suffice: "Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet; he stood and measured the earth; he beheld and drove asunder the nations: the everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting."

It was such eloquence that made Felix tremble on his throne. But poetry and eloquence are not the only beauties of the Bible. We there find sound science and philosophy; there we find history the most perfect; and there, too, we have the biography of many great and learned men. In the Bible, we have the history of him who groaned on Calvary. From that sacred summit a flood of light broke forth upon the world. It was the dawn of redemption! Superstition fled, affrighted, before the glorious appearance of Christianity, and the church of the living God arose on the ruins of the heathen altar. The automatons of pagan idolatry tumbled to the dust, and the false deities perished on Olympus. That glorious gospel, which effected this great work, is contained within the Bible. Like the rain-

bow which is hung out in the heavens, it was sent as a token that God would be mindful of us. Glorious token! I rejoice when I read it; and I would recommend it to all my fellow-travellers to the grave. The waves of time are rolling on to sweep us away; and, as we pass through the dark vale of death, the light of Calvary will illuminate our path to the mansions above. Darkness and death are horrific to the lonely mind; but the Bible will overcome those terrors, and infuse a calm serenity in the darkest hour of existence.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE DEMOSTHENES OF AMERICA.

No college halls his feet have trod—
No Alma Mater boasts his name—
But by the glorious gift of God,
The son of genius rose to fame:
By native merit of the mind,
He graced the records of renown;
His deeds to millions of mankind
By time shall be transmitted down.

Fame to her temple took the sage,
And wrote—her record to adorn—
WEBSTER, the glory of *this* age,
And wonder of the world unborn!
Carved in her columns shall remain
His name in characters of fire;
In forum and in freedom's fane,
The mightiest minds shall yet admire.

I saw him in the Senate stand,
Like Jove, with all his thunder rods,

His terrors, with a mighty hand,
Hurling among the trembling gods :
The Senate trembled as he spoke
In tones of thunder—now of mirth ;
Now from his lips the lightning broke,
And crushed corruption to the earth.

With herculean hand he rent
The rattling chains of slavery,
And round the Senate nobly bent
The rainbow rays of liberty !
Pleased with his own immortal powers,
He stretched again his liberal hand,
And scattered fancy's fairest flowers
In beauty o'er a smiling land.

Where England's lofty temples tower,
Amid her halls his voice was heard ;
Her men of mind have felt his power,
And starting, wondered at each word !
For though his fame had gone before,
And shed in all her halls his light,
Admiring now, they marvelled more,
That they had known but half his might.

Time shall his temples still adorn
With wreaths that must for ever bloom,
And men of ages yet unborn
Shall mark the trophies of his tomb ;
Millions shall bow before his shrine,
When tombs and temples have been hurled,
And own his eloquence divine,
The glory of the western world.

O ERIN ARISE!

O ERIN! thou queen of the ocean, arise,
Seize the lightnings that 'lumine the vault of the skies,
Grasp the weapons of war, for thy valor is known,
And the tyrant shall tremble on Albion's throne.

Go forth like a flame, in the forest afar,
Sound the trump of thy triumph from liberty's car,
Rend the chains of oppression—be monarchy hurled,
And thy glory shall gladden the gloom of the world.

Th' avalanche of the Alps shall not strike more alarms
To dread monarchy's monsters, than Ireland's arms;
An eruption of Ætna less dread shall impart,
Than the valor of Erin, best vein of her heart.

How long shall the sceptre of slavery wave
O'er the wish of the world, and the blades of the brave?
How long shall the crown and the crosier unite,
To extinguish the lamp of thy liberty's light?

How long shall the weapons thy warriors wore,
Cease to spread the red gush of tyrannical gore?
How long shall the grave of thy glory be viewed,
Where the tomb of the tyrant should glitter with blood?

O Erin! arise, in the strength of thy might,
Go forth in thy pride to the field of the fight;
Let the wrath of thy wrongs nerve the arm of the brave,
And the march of the monarch shall be to the grave.

Bid the angel of death visit Erin once more,
Wake thy engines of thunder on every shore,
Wrap the ranks of oppression in floods of thy fire,
And the doom of the despot the world shall admire.

Then shall freedom walk forth in thy gardens again,
And the voice of her victory sound o'er the main ;
Then millions unborn shall rejoice in the cause,
That gave Ireland liberty—liberty laws.

O hasten the hour when the flame shall retire,
And the breast of the brave of all Europe shall fire ;
When each tyrant shall fall, and when tyranny hurled,
The banner of freedom shall wave to the world.

THE DYING DEIST.

The young man, who was the subject of the following poetical lines, I knew when I was at the University, where he was considered a youth of splendid acquirements and brilliant talents. He read Paine and Voltaire, and, unfortunately, imbibed their opinions and believed in their annihilating doctrines. I often remonstrated with him, but, being superior to me in intellect, he laughed me to scorn, while he ridiculed Christianity, the glory of the world. Ah ! said I, your doctrine may do to live with, but it will not do in the awful hour of death, when the greedy grave opens before you. "Should you live longer than I," returned the young man, "I will show you how a philosopher can die ; for as you term me, a skeptic." Poor fellow ! he little thought that I should live to witness his death, one of the most horrible and heart-rending scenes that I ever beheld, and I sincerely hope that I may never witness such another. Oh ! his agonizing look is now before me, and his groans of penitence and terror, of hopeless misery and remorse, still in my ears ! God grant, that when the things of life are fading from my view, and the vista of the future is opening before me, that the sun of my existence may go down without a cloud, and that I may go to the grave in the perfect faith of the Gospel, which was instilled into my mind at my pious and affectionate mother's knee. God grant that I may never die the death of the Deist, and that I may never know the horrors of my friend and fellow student, who became not only a deist but an atheist, and who proved the fact, that "with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool."

I SAW him in the bloom of youth,
Ere he had felt affliction's rod ;
He spurned the sacred book of truth—
The glorious gospel of our God ;

And scorned the Almighty Power above,
Whose eye creation's scope may scan;
And read the source of hate or love,
Within the heart of thankless man.

To him a gracious God had given
The gift of genius to survey
The wondrous works of earth and heaven,
Spread out in beautiful array;
But ah! Creation, to his sight,
Was but a wild, a rude romance,
Sprung from the realms of rayless night,
By dark and undesigning *chance*.

He saw the charming season change,
And flower's bloom out and blush for man;
But in all nature's radiant range,
The *Mighty Mind* he could not scan;
Each spire of grass, each being born,
Should have convinced a mind so wise;
And yet, he even laughed to scorn,
A suffering Saviour's sacrifice.

I saw the dying Deist roll
Upon an agonizing bed,
Hell's horrors harrowed up his soul,
His eyeballs started from his head;
With streaming eyes, I saw him stretch
His impious hands to heaven in prayer;
"Save! save! Oh! save! he cried, a wretch,
Whose soul is shrouded in despair!"

Death's darkest angel o'er him waved
His wings to waft his soul away;
Rolling upon his bed, he raved,
And wept, and prayed for one more day!

Philosophy—thou fool! say, where
Was now thy sweet consoling power?
Where was thy balm for his despair,
In dissolution's awful hour?

I saw him gathered to the grave,
In Christian holiness unborn;
He died cold skepticism's slave,
All unforgiven and forlorn;
With genius worthy heaven's abode,
But with a hopeless heart of pride;
Rent by the awful wrath of God,
The poor unhappy deist died!

What madness 'tis in man to arm
The joys which God has kindly given,
And blot out Bethlehem's beauteous star,
Whose light illumines our path to heaven!
'Tis vain to strive—no power may stay
The will and pleasure of our Lord;
Hell's deep, dark dungeons must obey,
And heaven and earth receive his word.

ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.

HE stood before the assembled throng,
The glory of their age;
The sons of science and of song,
The heathen, saint and sage.

Upon the grave of Greece he stood,
And held the chastening rod;
To preach, baptized in sacred blood,
The Gospel of his God.

Unawed in Athen's halls of fame,
His glorious accents rung;
The temple trembled at the name
Of Jesus, from his tongue.

The fanes of proud philosophy
Were crumbling in his sight;
While o'er the world of liberty,
Shone Beth'lem's star of light.

The sages listened to the word,
By heathen hearts abhorred;
And trembled as they leaned and heard
The glory of the Lord.

The ancient idol's hour had come,
To crumble and decay;
The Delphic Oracle was dumb,
The priestess passed away.

A suffering Saviour's love was told,
His banner was unfurled;
Redemption's record was unrolled
Around a dying world.

Where clouds upon Olympus rise,
And rolled the thunderer's tones;
The Grecian gods forsook the skies,
And left their golden thrones.

On that benighted nation rose,
More blest than learning's light;
The Star the shouting shepherds chose
To shine upon their night.

Hail! happy hour, when to the world
The Gospel shall be given;
When vice shall be by virtue hurled,
And hope shall dwell on heaven!

When Turk and Tartar shall atone,
 Before the power above;
 The Æthiop and the Arab own
 A Saviour's lasting love!

Hail! glorious hour, when all mankind
 Shall bow beneath his rod;
 And in one faith, and with one mind,
 Shall feel the grace of God;

THE RUINS OF TIME.

"The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
 Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave;
 No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
 T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
 Or check the headlong haste of time's o'erwhelming wave."

Dr. Beattie.

ONCE more hath the earth completed her circuit round the burning and brilliant luminary of heaven. The wheels of time still roll on, and bury every moment in the dust, the wrecks of former revolutions. The monuments of art and genius, the temples of ambition, pride and vanity, every moment spring up, and are hurled to the earth in the path of man, and serve to remind him of the mutability of all human greatness and all human grandeur. To him how pregnant with instruction are the wrecks, and ruins, and revolutions of time! They are the oracles of ages; they speak like a trumpet from the tomb. They speak with a voice of thunder to the heart—a voice more impressive than the tongue of Tully, more symphonious than the harp of Homer, more picturesque than the pencil of Apelles. I feel in my soul the grandeur of my exalted theme. I see the venerable shade of time as he stands for a moment on the pedestal of years; his white locks streaming in the

winds of winter; his aged hand pointing to the ruins of empires, and his trembling form bending over the tombs of oriental genius, where the lamp of glory still burns, and the light of immortality streams.

Roll back the billowy tide of time! unrol the mouldering record of ages! What scenes are presented to the startled imagination of man! He beholds his own destiny, and the doom of his noblest achievements. He builds the colossal temple of his renown; he dedicates it to other ages; it stands on a rock, and bathes its high battlements in the blue clouds of heaven: but, behold! triumphant Time hurls it with all its grandeur to the dust. So it is with man himself, whose hot and hurried existence precipitates the hour of his own dissolution. And so it is with the empires of the earth; they rise, flourish and pass away, as if they had never been. Where now is ancient Egypt, the land of science and sacred recollections? Where are her thousands of cities, her Thebes, her Memphis, her oracle of Ammon? The red arm of the Goth and the Vandal hath levelled them with the dust: the serpent now inhabits the temple where the worshipper once knelt the knee of adoration; the oracle hath been silent for ages, and the priestess long since fled from her falling shrine. And where are the cloud-capt pyramids of Egypt, the wonder of the world? Alas, they still stand as mournful monuments of human ambition. But where are the kings who planned, and the millions of miserable slaves who erected them? Gone down to the grave; the rank weed waves over the sepulchre of their mouldering bones. And such shall be the fate of those pyramids which have stood for ages as the beacons of misguided ambition; the wave of time shall roll over them, and bury them for ever in the general mausoleum of ages.

And hath all the glory and grandeur of the world thus yielded to the victorious tooth of time? Go seek an answer amid the wrecks of Palmyra, Balbec and Jerusalem. Behold, the city of God hath fallen; through her tottering temples and ruined battlements the shade-born beetle wheels

his dreary flight, and the roaring lion of the desert hath made his lair in the sepulchre of the Saviour. The musing traveller in vain searches for the splendid temple of Solomon; its crumbling columns are beneath his feet; its sublime imagery is pictured in the landscape of imagination, but the glory of the world hath departed for ever. Oh, where are the millions of once active beings who inhabited the sacred city, and whose voices once made the temple vocal with the songs of praise? Alas! they are lost amid the undistinguishable wrecks of time. Their bones are bleaching on their native hills, even more desolate than their once celebrated city.

Time, like Death, is an impartial conqueror. The monuments of genius and the arts fall alike before him in the path of his irresistible might. He hath uprooted the firm foundations of greatness and grandeur; nor less hath he desolated the gardens of oriental genius. Methinks I see him pointing with triumph to the tottering temples of Greece, and smiling at the ruins of Athens and Sparta, the homes of that illustrious philosopher who gave learning to the imperial son of Philip, and where Solon and Lycurgus gave laws to the world. But these cities are in ruins; their philosophers are dumb in death; the Academy, the Porch, and the Lyceum no longer resound with the doctrines of Plato, Zeno, and their illustrious competitors. Their fame alone has survived the general wreck. What a lesson is this for the growing empires of the earth! Greece, the glory of the world, the bright luminary of learning, liberty and laws, prostrate in the dust; her light of genius and the arts quenched in the long night of time; her philosophers, heroes, statesmen and poets mingling with the fragments of her fallen grandeur. Go to the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, and the oracle of Delphos, and ask the story of her renown, the story of her dissolution. Alas! that temple hath long since dissolved in a flood of flame, and the last echo of that oracle hath died on the lips of Æolus. But she fell not before the flaming sword of Mahomet without a struggle. It was the last expiring struggle of a brave and illus-

trious race, and her fall was like that of the Colossus at Rhodes; she was recognized alone by the fragments of her renown. When the conquering arm of Rome spread the imperial banner above her walls, her literature and learning survived the fall: but when the second time she fell beneath the Tartar horde, the last gleam of Grecian glory was extinguished in Byzantium's tomb.

Mournful to the mind of man are the records of departed greatness. Where is the imperial city of the Cæsars, the once proud mistress of a subjugated world? She lies low, but still mighty in the dust. Methinks I am seated amid the melancholy ruins of Rome. Around me are strewed the crumbling fragments of other ages, and before me are the tumbling temples once hallowed by the footsteps of the Cæsars. But where is the cottage of Romulus, the golden palace of Nero, and the shrine of Apollo and the Muses? They are mingling with the wrecks of other times. And where is the great Roman Forum, in which the thunders of Cicero's eloquence once struck terror to tyrants? There the shepherd boy roams, and the fleecy flocks now feed. There, where the Tribunal and the Rostrum, the Comitium and the Curia, once stood, the lean lizard now crawls, and the rank grass waves in the night breeze. Those walls are now silent, where the tongue of Tully once thundered and the applause of listening senates reverberated. And where is that stupendous pile, the Colliseum, which stood in ancient days like a mountain of marble, and where the strong-armed gladiator bled, and the untamed tigers of the forest died? Behold, it still stands tottering in decay; but the thousands of spectators have departed, and the thunders of applause have died in echoes along the ruined arches. The red sun now goes down and sheds his last ray upon its gray battlements, and the mellow moonbeam glimmers through the ivy-crowned walls and gloomy galleries. The footsteps of the solitary traveller now echo alone where the mighty Cæsars once applauded, and the clash of the combat sounded. But is this all? Alas! Rome is eloquent in

ruins; the city of the seven hills is strewn with the fragments of other ages. Go muse over the fallen forums of Trajan, Nerva and Domitian; a few pillars of Parian marble alone remain to tell the world that they once have been. Go and gaze on the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars; descend into the catacombs, and ruminate amid the bleaching bones of the early Christians, persecuted by the demon of superstition even to death. Go climb the lofty towers of Rome, and survey the melancholy mementos of other times and other men. And was this the mighty Rome that once stood against the legions of Carthage, led on by the victorious Hannibal? It is the same, though fallen. And where is Carthage? Buried in the vortex of oblivion. Could the shades of the immortal Cicero, Horace and Virgil revisit the earth, and stray through those scenes which they have immortalized in song and eloquence, how would they be struck with the mutability of all human grandeur!

O Time, mighty is the strength of thy arm! The wonders of the world have fallen before thee. Witness, ye walls of Babylon, covered with aerial gardens, and thou great statue of Olympian Jove. The most celebrated cities of antiquity have been buried beneath the irresistible waves of time. Go read an example in the fate of Syracuse, the city of Archimedes, whose single arm repelled the hosts of Rome, and dared to move the world if he might have foundations for his feet. That splendid city is in ruins; her philosopher sleeps in the dust; and where are his mighty engines of war? They are swept from the recollection of man. Go and read another example in the fate of far-famed Troy. Seek there for the palaces of Priam, once illumined with the smiles of the fickle though beautiful Helen, for whom Sparta fought and Troy fell. Alas! those palace halls are silent, and the towers of Ilion lie level with the dust. Old Priam hath long since departed from the earth, and the graves of Paris and his paramour are unknown. The mighty Hector, too, the brave antagonist of Achilles, is no more. The glory of the house of Priam hath departed

for ever. The invaders and the invaded sleep together in the common mausoleum of time, and their deeds live only in the tide of Homer's song.

Such are a few instances of the ravages of time. Nor less hath our own loved land been the scene of desolation. Here may be seen the ruins of an Indian empire, more extended than the empires of the east; and though they were the children of the forest, and though they left no monuments of sculpture, painting and poesy, yet great were they in their fall, and sorrowful is the story of their wrongs. They once had cities, but where are they? They are swept from the face of the earth. They had their temple of the sun, but the sanctuary is broken down, and the beams of the deified luminary extinguished. It is true they worshipped the Great Spirit and the genius of storms and darkness; the sacred pages of revelation had never been unrolled to them; the gospel of the Saviour had never sounded in the ears of the poor children of the forest. They heard the voice of their God in the morning breeze; they saw him in the dark cloud that rose in wrath from the west; they acknowledged his universal beneficence in the setting sun, as he sunk to his burning bed. Here another race once lived and loved; here, along these shores, the council-fire blazed, and the war-hoop echoed among their native hills. Here the dark-browed Indian once bathed his manly limbs in the river, and his light canoe was seen to glide over his own loved lakes. Centuries passed away, and they still roved the undisputed masters of the western world. But at length a pilgrim bark, deep freighted from the east, came darkening on their shores. They yielded not their empire tamely, but they could not stand against the sons of light—they fled. With slow and solitary steps they took up their mournful march to the west, and yielded, with a broken heart, their native hills to another race. They left their homes and the graves of their fathers to explore western woods, where no human foot had ever trod, and no human eye ever penetrated. From time to time they have

been driven back, and the next remove will be to the bosom of the stormy Pacific. Unhappy children! the tear of pity has been shed over your wrongs and your sufferings. What bosom but beats with sympathy over the mournful story of their woes? As a race of men, they are fast fading from the face of the earth, and ere many centuries shall have passed, they will have been swept from the annals of ages. Ere long the last wave of the west will roll over them, and their deeds only live in the traditions they shall have left behind them. The march of mind hath been to them the march to the grave. Every age they have rapidly declined, and a lingering remnant is now left to sigh over the ruins of their empire, and the memory of their brave progenitors. The golden harvest now waves over the tombs of their fallen fathers, and the forest that once echoed to the war-dance is now covered with the rising city. Where the wigwam once stood, the tall temple, dedicated to God, now glitters in the setting sun; and the river, unrippled but by the Indian canoe, is now white with the sails of commerce. And when they shall have passed away—when the last Indian shall have stood upon his native hills in the west, and shall have worshipped the setting sun for the last time—perhaps some youth may rove to the green mound of Indian sepulture, and ask with wonder what manner of beings they were. How must the poor child of the forest weep, and how must his heart throb with anguish, when he muses on the ruins of his race, and the melancholy destiny of his children! The ploughshare hath passed over the bones of his ancestors, and they sleep in the land of strangers and of the conquerors of their dying race. Methinks I see the stately Indian, as he bends from the brow of the misty mountain, and surveys with a swelling heart the once extended limits of the Indian empire. The grief of years is in his soul, and he bends his knee in meek submission before the Great Spirit in the clouds. Unhappy child!—my soul mourns over the ruined hopes of your fading race.

THE LAST PATRIOT,

OF THOSE WHO SIGNED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

WHERE are those great immortal sires,
Who ruled the western world,
Whose daring hands,
With flaming brands,
Proud usurpation hurled;
And where are those whose deeds divine
Live on the eternal scroll,
Whose names shall shine
On freedom's shrine,
While endless ages roll.

Illustrious souls ye dwell on high,
In heaven's ethereal halls,
But ne'er shall shame
Enshroud your fame,
Till freedom's fabric falls.
Ye brilliant suns whose light we prize,
Gone down the sky of time,
Ye doth arise
In other skies,
To shine with light sublime.

Soon shall the last illustrious star
From glory sink to gloom;
But freedom's light
Shall gild the night
That clouds Columbia's tomb.
His monument shall joy impart
To him who reads his name;
Unbuilt by art,
Within the heart,
Shall live his deathless fame.

Not one ere long of all the band,
Who in Columbia's cause,
Redeemed in fight
The rule and right
Of liberty and laws,
Will here remain, but long enrolled
On Fame's pure page shall stand,
Bright to behold,
In burnished gold,
The names of Freedom's band.

Of all the sages none remain
But Patriot Carroll, he,
Weighed down by time,
'Mid scenes sublime,
Stands like an aged tree;
Where Franklin sleeps, and Washington
Lies in his country's tomb,
He soon must rest
By millions blest,
A sad tho' glorious doom.

DEATH OF THE BOSTON BARD.

THE child of song hath sunk to rest,
Within the gloomy grave;
No more his harp shall wake the west,
Or sing of Freedom's brave;
Dashed to the earth now rests his lyre,
Bedewed with pity's tears;
Perhaps the winds may rouse one wire
To joys of other years.

Calm in the muse's arms he died,
Nor felt one pang of fear;
Columbia's Genius gazing, sighed,
And dropt a tender tear.

And smiling Fame approached him now,
With her poetic page;
With laurels bound his pale cold brow,
To bloom in future age.

Then held her trumpet high, and cried
"Receive him to thy fold!"
The angel of the blest threw wide
Her glittering gates of gold:
And on his own bright pinions flew,
The child of sweetest song;
He bade the wicked world adieu,
To join the empyrean throng.

And now the muse at evening, roves
To his untimely tomb;
And strews o'er him she fondly loves,
The sweetest flowers in bloom:
And musing memory shall repair,
Her pensive song to pour;
Pale pity, weeping, shall dwell there,
And oft his doom deplore.



ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

EMPRESS of night, sweet messenger of eve,
Pale Luna, thou, whose silver brows o'erhang
The sloping woodland, and the mountain stream;
Thou full faced goddess from behind the earth;
Stealing from Titan his Promethean fire,
To light thy lamp, when at the midnight hour
Thou art still wheeling round this ponderous ball,
Lighting the wanderer on his lonesome way:
Thy beauties now I sing. Think me not vain,
If this my humble muse, essay to twine

One wreath of bays around thy polished brows,
What time thou shone upon my evening path,
When I, a lover, wandered far from home,
Along the stream, nor dreamt of time's decay,
Till down the west thy airy path was seen
And bright Aurora shed her orange beams.
Think me not false, if I could love thee well,
And tune thy praise on this my simple lyre;
For oft hast thou, when all mankind was wrapped
In Morpheus' arms, strayed at the silent hour,
My sole companion, down the peaceful glade;
And when mine eyes were weary of thy gaze,
Thou wouldst descend, and in some Naiad cave,
Beneath the wave, I still beheld thy form.
O thou wilt ne'er forsake poetic shades!
For thou art pleased to hear the tuneful Nine,
When at the midnight hour, the echoing hills
Resound with joy, the sweet romantic strains.
And thou hast listened, when Siderial spheres
All sang together, of the wondrous love
Of thy great Architect, the hand divine.
I cannot talk like sage philosopher,
And tell of Jupiter and his four moons,
Of Mars and Venus, Saturn and his seven
Bright satellites, which constantly attend;
Nor have I yet a Newton's eye to see
Ten thousand worlds fill up the realms of space—
Nor yet a Herschel's, who with magic glance
Drew from obscurity another ball,
And named it Georgium Sidus. I have not
The daring genius of the Mantuan bard,
Nor of the bard of Avon, who searched out
The deep recess of human nature, and
Explained the darkling subtlety of man.
And I have not a Thracian lyre to make
The mountains weep, nor one like that of old,
To bid the Theban dome descend, or snatch
From hell the tender lover, or subvert

The laws of nature, taming savage breasts,
 As told by him, the Cheronean sage,
 The man of candor and sublimity.
 I cannot do all this, nor yet can I
 Belch out the thunder of Demosthenes ;
 Or flash conviction like a Cicero,
 In eloquence of thunder. Yet I can
 Sing thy friendly nature, thy influence mild ;
 How thou canst make the tides obey thy will,
 Nor lash them like vain Xerxes did of old.
 I love thee for thy mild and gentle reign,
 And much I mourn thy absence, when the earth,
 Ambitious like its natives, courts the sun,
 Because a brighter object, and involves,
 Thy form in night's eternal solemn gloom.
 Fain would I have thee like the evening star,
 The fair-haired Venus, spurning earth's domain,
 Like some coquette for ever shining gay,
 But not like her, importunate and vain.
 Go lovely Moon, go take thy mazy round,
 And then replenish at Sol's burning shrine,
 To light me on my way. Empty thy horns,
 And take, like me at Helicon, thy draught,
 Until thy face no darkness shall present,
 And then shall she, who nightly with me roves,
 Hail thy return with gladness and with joy ;
 Till this proud harp shall catch Miltonian fire,
 And thou, and Ellen, wake my noblest song.

THE LIGHT OF MASONRY.

"LET there be light!" Jehovah spoke
 To wake the wondering world,
 Light from dark Chaos' cradle broke,
 And o'er creation curled ;
 The flaming sun
 His course begun,

Around the hall of heaven;
The orbs of night
Were lit with light,
And thro' the concave driven.

Then glorious Masonry began,
The type of truth divine;
Her light shone on the mind of man
And wisdom's sacred shrine;
From east to west
Went forth the blest,
Bright ray of mystic lore;
From clime to clime
The light sublime
Now shines on every shore.

When learning languished, and blest art
Slept in the *age of night*,
Fair Masonry did then impart
Her glorious golden light;
When darkness curled
O'er all the world,
Her lamp shone forth afar,
With brilliance blazed,
While nations gazed
On her bright mental star.

Hail, Masonry, of light sublime!
Thou friend to science hail!
Thy march shall keep the march of time,
Till yon bright orb shall fail;
Thy tyrants, Spain,
Shall strive in vain
To quench her brilliant light;
On freedom's land
Her Ark shall stand,
And beam with splendor bright.

THE STEAM-SHIP PRESIDENT.

The following poem was written in a melancholy mood, at midnight, while sitting at my window, with a mind too active to sleep. The last lingering hope, which the late news brought from Europe, that the ship was safe, had been blasted. I looked out upon the night—the streets were deserted—clouds and darkness obscured the heavens—the livid lightnings leaped in the gloomy concave, like the rays of hope that for a moment illuminate and electrify the mourning heart, and then leave it in ten-fold darkness. I listened to the voice of the Great Spirit, as he rolled by in his chariot on the storm of night. On such a night as this, said I, afar from home and friends, those hapless beings perished. How many fond and faithful bosoms now bleed in secret—how many homes and hearths have been made desolate—how many widows and orphans mourn—how many hearts have been broken by that dreadful calamity! I turned from the scene in tears, and found the Muse at my side, bending in sorrow over the melancholy harp of song! Softly she awoke the chords of feeling, and thus she wept and sang—

WHEN from New York the gallant ship unfurled
Her snowy sails, to leave the western world;
When o'er the waves she went, and seemed to sweep
Like some huge monster o'er the mighty deep;
And from her engines came that giant power,
That dooms to death its hundreds in one hour;
How little thought those happy hearts on board,
Who dearly loved and were by friends adored,
That they no more should mark that sacred spot,
Remembered still when all else is forgot;
That they no more should to their homes draw near,
And press their wives and weeping children dear!
Oh! when they gazed upon the silver strand,
And sighed to leave Columbia's happy land,
They little thought that they no more should see,
That home of heroes and of liberty!

The sun hath set, and in the hall above,
In beauty shines the brilliant star of love;
The fixed and twinkling orbs, from their abodes,
Gaze like the eyes of the immortal gods:
The city's wrapped in darkness, and the shore,
Shrouded in gloom, alas! is seen no more!

Now from the deck the smiling crew retire,
To talk of friends, beside the cheerful fire ;
Or, chilled by night winds, they no longer roam,
But, in soft slumber, dream of happy home ;
Some to the wine-cup turn, and, while they drink,
Of England's unseen wonders fondly think,
They smile to think that they shall soon survey
Her crumbling castles with old age grown gray ;
Her blooming gardens and her green gay bowers,
Her tombs, her temples, and her lofty towers :
That they shall wander in her ivyed aisles,
Her splendid palaces and mouldering piles ;
Where once the Norman knight in grandeur sate,
And willed a neighbor's, or a nation's fate ;
Where feudal lords and ladies spent their hours,
'Mid flashing fountains and ambrosial flowers ;
Where once the haughty Henrys loved to dwell,
And Scotland's Mary mourned her fate and fell ;
Where Charles the Second from his throne retired,
And with the heartless Cromwell's curse expired ;
They smile to think that they that land shall find,
Immortalized by monuments of mind ;
That they shall mingle with her mighty men,
Famed for the tongue, the pencil and the pen ;
That they shall stray where Shakspeare strung his lyre,
And Milton sung with pure poetic fire ;
Where Chatham dared with Tully's tongue to stand,
And plead for freedom in a foreign land ;
Where West in colors bade, to mortal eyes,
A Saviour's merits and his mercy rise ;
They think that they shall see her cities wide,
And all the thousand glorious things beside :
Alas, how fickle are ambition's schemes,
How frail, how faithless, are all human dreams !
They, like man's self, his works, his arts, and all,
A moment flourish but to fade and fall ;
Like brilliant bubbles, by the schoolboy blown,
They burst in air and are for ever flown,

The morning breaks, and o'er the azure deep,
The rising sun's long lines in brilliance sweep ;
On deck they rush to view the glorious skies,
Clothed in a cloud of rich vermilion dyes ;
And the wide wave, illumed in light in lines,
That like a sea of melted silver shines :
But ah ! their joy, a moment more, shall be
Turned to the pangs of mental misery !
Mountains of ice, piled up into the skies,
Fantastic shapes the various mounts assume,
This shines a temple, and *that* seems a tomb ;
Their angles, bathed in heaven's brilliant light,
Are decked with diamonds and rubies bright ;
And as they pass, a change comes o'er the scene,
They shine like flaming gold, adorned with green ;
A fairy city now seems in their sight,
Of crystal castles, lit with magic light ;
No music sounds within those lofty halls,
Nor there the noiseless foot of beauty falls ;
No port is there—no human feet there tread,
It soon will be the city of the dead !
Around those towers the sportive dolphin plays,
The swordfish glances in the seaman's gaze ;
The gallant nautilus unfurls his sail,
Bends to the breeze and woos the coming gale.

The sun hath set—night, in her sable robe,
Ascends her gloomy throne to rule the globe ;
The wayward ship hath wandered from her track,
The storm-king's hand hath hung the heavens in black ;
The lurid lightnings leap from pole to pole,
And deaf'ning thunders round the concave roll ;
Those icebuilt temples now are turned, by night,
To gloomy dungeons in the sailor's sight ;
Tost on the billows of the boiling sea,
That ship now rides, too soon a wreck to be ;
Islands of ice together come, and crash
And crumble, glittering in the lightning's flash ;

The wild waves rush around their base, and roar—
No light is seen upon the far off shore ;
No help is near, no human hand may save
The weeping victims from the greedy grave !
“Oh God, we’re lost,” the affrighted captain cries,
As just ahead a thousand icebergs rise ;
The fires are out, the engines have no power,
The sea rolls over—Oh ! ill-fated hour !
Screaming they rush to where the captain stands,
Fall on their knees, and lift to heaven their hands ;
The weeping children round their parents press,
And pray to God those parents still to bless ;
The angels, gazing from the gates of heaven,
Sigh that to them no power to help is given ;
The pious Cookman, far above the rest,
His eye on heaven, his hand upon his breast ;
Cries out aloud—“Oh ! God, my race is run !—
Thy glorious name be praised, thy will be done !”
As on his lip expired the last dread word,
One cry of anguish from that crew was heard ;
That cry went mingling with the ocean’s roar,
And then a thundering crash, and all was o’er ;
Those anguished beings crowd no more the deck,
That ship, in fragments, floats a mighty wreck ;
Amid the billows, bursting far and wide,
They mourned a moment, breathed a prayer, and died ;
That prayer had birth upon a bed of foam,
But ah ! on wings it went to many a home ;
To many a sleeper, in a far off clime,
Doomed to awake, and weep thro’ future time,
Full many a father shall, on England’s shore,
Look for the son whom he shall see no more ;
The lordly halls of Lenox ne’er shall be
Open for him who sleeps upon the sea ;
The anxious mother there her eyes shall strain,
To mark that ship upon the mighty main ;
And fondly think that every sail she sees,
Bending in beauty to the gentle breeze,

Will bear her back her child of manly charms,
No more to wander from her much loved arms ;
Alas ! dear mother, in the dark blue sea,
Thy child hath perished, far, oh ! far from thee !
And beauty, too, shall from her bower look,
And from her hand let fall her favorite book,
At every sound, and every step she hears,
And sometimes think his voice falls on her ears ;
O'er her dead lover ocean rolls his wave,
Where shrouded sleep the beautiful and brave,
No more shall he drink from her dark blue eye,
The light of heaven and love's deep ecstasy ;
No more shall bow before her, or shall own
That woman rules the world, on beauty's throne.

Columbia's children too, alas ! shall weep
Their friends and fathers, slumb'ring in the deep ;
The widowed wife, retiring to her room,
Shall melt in tears, and mourn their awful doom ;
Full many a son and daughter, crazed with care,
Shall feel the hopeless horrors of despair.
Dear Baltimore, thy children too must mourn
A husband, father, who shall ne'er return ;
Where now no ship along that dark sea bends,
He sleeps afar from all his much loved friends !

Oh ! hope deferred, how cruel is thy art,
How many a dagger hast thou for the heart !
Oh ! God, we humbly bow before thy sight,
And own, in tears, "whatever is, is right."
But cease my muse, too painful is the past,
Hope's anchor breaks—the dreadful die is cast !

HENRY CLAY.

WHEN in the south a civil war
Came like a cloud of night;
And carnage leaped into her car,
To seek the field of fight;
When sons of those immortal sires,
Who bled at Bunker Hill,
Rushed forth to light their battle fires,
A brother's blood to spill;

When from the vault of Vernon first,
A cry was heard aloud;
And the word Peace, in thunder burst
From many a bloody shroud;
When swords leaped to the hero's hand,
And glittered in our gaze;
And terror reigned throughout the land,
As in those bygone days;

The Solon of the senate stood,
Alone and undismayed;
And for his much loved country's good,
The flag of peace displayed;
High in the forum and afar,
His mighty mind he cast;
Carnage fell from the crimson car,
The storm of war was past.

Unearthly eloquence then broke
Upon the listener's ear;
The senate shouted as he spoke,
And wondering leaned to hear;
Trembling they saw that hope was nigh,
And hailed the happy day;
The thunders in the southern sky,
Rolled peacefully away.

The wise man of the west arose,
And with a Tully's tongue,
Silenced the voice of freedom's foes;
A rainbow round us hung;
A mighty nation saw the deed,
The flag of peace unfurled;
Europe beheld and gave the meed
Of an admiring world.

The pen of gold, the hand of Fame
From her high temple took,
And wrote his never-dying name
In time's eternal book:
With all the fathers of the free,
He shall in glory rest;
By millions yet unborn shall be,
Thro' future ages, blest.

No marble monument he needs,
To crumble and decay;
The mem'ry of his mighty deeds
Can never pass away;
Within a nation's heart enshrined,
Sarcophagus sublime;
His glorious monument of mind
Knows not the touch of time.

BEAUTY'S SEMBLANCE.

A BUTTERFLY, from hour to hour,
Had sported in the fragrant bower;
Now of the rose-bud dipt in dew,
And now the violet's azure blue,
It sipt awhile—then sought repose;
Between the leaves of full blown rose.

I marked it well, its wing alone
With all the rainbow's colors shone ;
And at each light and lucid fold,
'Twas tipt with tints of glossy gold.
Its texture ! ah no art could reach ;
'Twas softer than the downy peach—
And e'en so smooth had it become,
It far surpassed the polished plum ;
The cygnet's down could not compare
With this bright emblem of the fair.
From morn till night my eager eye
Followed the beauteous butterfly ;
The cold frost fell—at dawn of day
I sought to find my comrade gay ;
But ah ! upon a withered bed
Of roses, lay the charmer, dead !
Oh ! how like beauty was its mirth,
That charms a day and sinks to earth.

THE TRIUMPHS OF LEARNING.

It is with peculiar pleasure that I take up the pen, just relinquished, to add another trophy to the modern march of mind—to add another tribute to the triumphs of learning and liberty. The heart of the philanthropist leaps with pleasure at the prospect, that religion, hand in hand with learning, is about to illuminate the minds of more than three hundred thousand children, scattered in the vales and villages of the great valley of the Mississippi. Most glorious undertaking ! The cynic may smile at the idea, and the infidel laugh to scorn the noble intention ; but there is, perhaps, many a germ of genius in that valley, destined, by the aid of a Sunday school, to rise to the pinnacle of human glory. Go search the records of renown. It is not to colleges we are to look alone for great and good men. The Saviour of mankind chose his disciples from the fishing

boat; and many of the most illustrious characters that ever illuminated the world, rose by the aid of as humble an institution as that which we are contemplating. Dr. Herschel, who, with the eye of a philosopher, searched out and added another world to the solar system, was a fifer boy in the army; Ferguson, the very sun of science, was a poor weaver, and learned to read by hearing his father teach an elder brother. Search the record of our revolution, and the names of Sherman, of Franklin, and many others, may be adduced as evidences of the truth of the position.

Upon the culture of the intellect depends the glory of nations and the stability of empires. When Homer sung and Hesiod wrote, Greece was ascending that pinnacle from whence the flood of her glory gushed and still gleams upon the minds of men. When Seneca laid down the grand principle of morality, and Cicero shook the forum with the thunders of his eloquence, then Rome, the city of the Cæsars, flourished, and Virgil sung her the glory of the globe. But when the red sons of rapine rushed from the hills, when the Goths and vile Vandals beat like a cataract at the gates of Italy, she fell like the colossus at Rhodes, and became the "Niobe of nations," recognised alone in the renown of her relics, and the grandeur of her ruins. The destiny, as well as durability, of a nation depends upon the culture of the mind. Rome held, even in the dark ages, and still holds, a respectable standing among the nations for her science; but Greece, unhappy Greece, the very last gleam of her glory was extinguished in the blaze of Byzantium. The last star of her learning that had enlightened the world, went down in the long night of barbarism, and the last remnant of her renown was annihilated in the ravages of the unrelenting and merciless Moslem. The tyrant Turk left her nothing by which she might recognize her former greatness and triumphs, but the tombs of her saints and sages, and the page of her imperishable fame. But the luminary of liberty hath again risen on her shores and the light of learning and religion again gladdens her bosom—she may shine again among the noblest of nations.

That knowledge is power may be read in every page of history, and every achievement of man. The rise and ruin of empires, the flourishing and fall of rulers, are pregnant with the truth of this aphorism. We are informed that the single arm of Archimedes was enabled by his knowledge to defend Syracuse against the legions of Rome, and to defy the wrath of the world. To him alone the launch of a ship was but pastime, and for his amusement he set fire to whole navies. The press, that mighty engine of intelligence, and the compass, the polar star of commerce and curiosity, are the offsprings of human knowledge and invention. By the aid of steam we are enabled to resist the elements, and matter, even on the land, is transported over space with the velocity of mind. Printing, the great pioneer of knowledge, has disseminated intelligence in a tenfold ratio. All the glory of ancient times, all the oracles of Athens, of Ephesus, and the world, may not be compared to this in the greatness of its design and the brilliance of its benefits.

Nor less is the power of knowledge in other respects. Why does gigantic Russia, the terror of the Turks, tremble at the armies of England? Why, when the cloud of battle shrouds the heavens and darkens the orb of day, does the savage fly from the sons of civilization? Ay, why did the Tartar hordes and Arab armies of Africa sink beneath the valor of the faircheeked children of France? and why did the sunburnt Gothics of the Ganges yield when the British battle cry was heard on the banks of the golden river? On the contrary, why was the Russian successful in triumphing over the Turk, and planting his standard on the walls of Adrianople, when a thousand sabres started and streamed with the blood of the bravest heroes? It was the result of the superiority of mind over matter, of intelligence over ignorance and barbarity. This same superiority of mind enabled one man to rule Sparta, and lay down a code of laws for her future government. That illustrious man was Lycurgus, the best benefactor of his country.

In the middle ages, when printing was undiscovered, and

books scarce, and of inappreciable value, when learning was preserved in the convent, the closet, and the castle, when man was the absolute master of his fellow man, and the chains of tyranny rattled on the arms of the slave, the light and power of knowledge were made more evident by the great circle of darkness which surrounded them. In those days of romance, the infant was cradled amid the clash of arms and the tumult of battle: to him valor was virtue, and a knowledge of war was wisdom. Then came the crusades, and glory consisted in grappling with the Mahomedan for the sepulchre of the Saviour. Then the aspiring youth knew no piety but patriotism, no science but arms, and his education taught him that to conquer on the field of fight was the very essence of philosophy. About this era arose the orders of knighthood, among which the knights templar were distinguished. Learning became hereditary among them, and never was the might of mind more terribly triumphant. The great Charles of Germany was their patron, and, headed by the venerable Valette, they shook the throne of the incensed Solyman, and bade defiance to the tyrants of Turkey. For six or seven hundred years they struck terror to the infidels and hung out their banner in the cause of Christianity. During that long period of despotism and decay, they were ægis of Europe, and a shield to the Christian world, against which the spear of oppression rattled in vain. In the eleventh century, when the cloud of war darkened the East, and a volcano broke from the mountains of Imaus—when the Saracen crescent was waved by Saladin on the walls of the holy city; then was seen a tempest even more terrible rolling up from the West. Then the dark Iberian, the gay Gaul, and the gentle German, were seen battling amid the burning sands of Syria; and then the Albanian and the Arab unsheathed their glittering swords for the glorious combat. Then, too, did the victorious sword of the templar gleam and glitter in the sunbeam, and mighty was its blow. Jerusalem may bear witness. Ay, go and meditate amid her melancholy

ruins ; go survey the tall temples of Askelon laid low in the dust, and muse amid the scenes of Samaria, celebrated in the annals of that proud and imperious age. The sublimity of those solitudes only exist now in the ruins of their former renown, and the recollection of departed grandeur. The flowery fields and pavilions of Palestine, where mirth and music once resounded, war hath desolated ; and Calvary, the covert of the lamb, hath become the lair of the lion.

Nor is learning more powerful and beneficial to the state than pure religion, and her handmaid, morality. But, in the language of the eloquent Phillips, "I would have her pure, unpensioned, unstipendiary ; I would have her, in a word, like the bow of the firmament : her summit should be the sky ; her boundaries the horizon ; but the only color that adorned her should be caught from the tear of earth, as it exhaled, and glowed, and glittered in the sunbeams of the heavens." Yes, and I would have her bright as the crystal current from the rock, and sincere as the smile of infant innocence when it slumbers on the bosom that bore it. I would have it great, but not gloomy ; magnificent, but not mercenary ; and powerful, but not ambitious.

It is not pure religion—that blissful harbinger of hope and dove of heaven—that aims at dominion, and to unite the congress to the conference, and the crosier to the crown. No ; it is political hypocrisy that hath no hope ; it is restless, ruthless bigotry that knows no blush. Pure religion never sanctioned the murdering of the martyrs, or introduced the fagot and the fire. No, she never sighed for a union of the church and state.

But it is strange that the effort to educate the children of the West should beget fears for the safety of the state. As well might we assert that to sever the chains of a slave would excite vengeance in his soul, and enlist him an enemy against his liberator. Does learning shed no light on the human intellect ? Does gladness in the benefitted beget no gratitude to the benefactor ? To decide to the contrary, is inconsistent with reason. Enlighten the minds of those children, and they will see the dangers they are to avoid ; they

will be so many bulwarks to the state in the day of darkness and danger.

But who are the men who advocate the measures of the Sunday School Union, which proposes to send light into the wilderness of the West? Who are those who are in favor of cherishing the germs of genius now scattered over the prairies of the great valley of the Mississippi? They are some of the most illustrious statesmen and heroes our state or republic has produced, some of the most eloquent and eminent divines enrolled in the cause of Christianity. They are men of various sects and societies, men whose only ambition is to fix the permanency of our institutions on the firm foundations of education and liberty. They are men of piety and patriotism, they are philosophers and philanthropists. They are men who look with delight upon the temple of our devotion as it kisses the clouds and dips its head in heaven; but they will never agree that the flag of our freedom shall move upon its walls. The cause of education is the cause of Christianity and of our country. The present measure is advocated by the great and the good, by the wise and the wealthy. Ay, a voice from the tombs of oriental saints and sages, a voice from the gory graves of the revolution, a voice from the sepulchres of the saviors of our country, and a voice from the vault of Vernon, come stealing on the sabbath silence, approbating the grand and glorious enterprise. The very simplicity of the undertaking makes it sublime. How cheering the idea, that more than three hundred thousand children shall be made moral, be taught to read the most beautiful of books, and discharged with a Testament for the paltry sum of what, as an eminent gentleman very justly observed, we should pay for a pin, a feather, or a flower! The retrenchment of a single riband, the sacrifice of a single ticket to the theatre or ball-room, might raise up and give the impulse in the West to another Washington in war, or another Wirt in eloquence, to another Jefferson in the presidential chair, or to another Jay in the councils of his country. There is talent among the children of those pioneers who subdued the wild wilderness,

and peopled those sublime solitudes of the West, where no human foot had trod and no eye penetrated, save those of the unhappy children of the forest, the aborigines of the country. Man is naturally a religious creature. Had the light of the gospel never illuminated his mind, and the knowledge of his own destiny and dignity hereafter never dawned upon his understanding, still reason would have taught him a belief in the existence of a superior Being. He would have admired his wisdom in every leaf and every flower that adorns the earth ; like the Hindoo, he would have seen him in the setting sun, and like our own Indians, he would have worshipped the Great Spirit, as he passed in his chariot on the storm of night. But, happily for us, the gospel has gone forth with glad tidings. The story of the Saviour's sufferings and sorrows, of his crucifixion on Calvary, was one of the first lessons imprinted upon our minds in the hours of infancy. As first impressions last through life, it is our duty to extend and imprint this necessary knowledge on the minds of the rising generation. The gospel has been sent to the heathen children of Hindostan and Japan, to the Arab and the south sea islander ; and the time is rapidly arriving when the Æthiop and the Arab will own the same faith with the Englishman and American, when the Hottentot and Tartar will extend the hand of good fellowship to the Protestant and the Catholic. But in those glorious triumphs abroad, the darkness which enshrouds the intellect of our own country should not be forgotten. Infidelity is abroad, and the novelty of her tenets, and the force of her blandishments, are bowing the minds of men. She hath erected her altar, and she hath her oracles, her priests and her divinities. The doctrines of Plato and Pythagoras have burst from the billow of oblivion which had buried them beneath the rubbish of three thousand years, and are again taught by the pagan priest of modern times.

But nay, there are those who are up and doing. There are those whose lives have been almost spent in disseminating the light of religion and learning to the sons of darkness. Most

high shall be their reward in heaven. The pride of ancestry, as an incentive to emulation, may be just—to read over a long list of illustrious predecessors may be laudable; but when man looks back to a long existence devoted to the glory of God and the benefit of his country, then it is that life becomes truly illustrious, and the grave glorious. Such are some of those who advocate the measure which I have endeavored to delineate. Such are those who would enlighten the intellect and moralize the mind of one of the fairest and most flourishing sections of our country. When the foam of the last wave of time shall whiten their heads, and the blast of the last trump shall echo in their ears, the recollection of the past shall light up the gloom of the grave, and soothe and soften the pangs of dissolution. And when they shall have long slumbered in the city of the silent; when every trace of the unhappy Indian shall have been buried in oblivion; when other cities shall rise in the great valley of the Mississippi, and this republic shall rival and surpass the ancient glories of Greece and Rome—then shall the memory of their labors still live, and their monuments be inscribed with characters of imperishable fame. Ages hence, when some youth shall point to a modern Athens, to another Rome on the rivers of the West, and ask of what manner of people the fallen race of the forest were, and concerning those who enlightened the minds that achieved the glorious foundations of greatness; then will some venerable sire, some Plato, Cicero, or Seneca, point with pride to the catalogue of renowned names, names of those now living who disseminated the gospel and the light of learning in the West.

Mind constitutes the majesty of man—virtue his true nobility. The tide of improvement, which is now flowing, like another Niagara, through the land, is destined to roll on downward to the latest posterity; and it will bear to them on its bosom our virtues, our vices, our glory or our shame, or whatever else we may transmit as an inheritance. It, then, in a great measure depends upon the present,

whether the moth of immorality and the vampyre of luxury shall prove the overthrow of the republic ; or knowledge and virtue, like pillars, shall support her against the whirlwinds of war, ambition, corruption, and the remorseless tooth of time. Let no frown fall upon the hopes of the philanthropist in the cause of the Sunday school. If its power individually is humble, so is the labor of the silkworm ; but the united product is immense ; it becomes the wealth of a whole empire. We despise the single insect crushed wantonly in our path ; but united, they have depopulated cities, destroyed fertile fields, and struck terror to nations, becoming more formidable than Cæsar or Scipio, than Hannibal or Alexander. The united effort of Sunday schools may carry intelligence and virtue to millions of minds ; nor does the accumulation of influence cease with their labors, for millions yet unborn may reap the tenfold harvest. Active education is ever on the increase ; like money, its interest becomes compound, doubles, and in the course of years becomes a vast national treasury. Give your children fortunes without education, and at least half the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion, perhaps to ruin. Give them education, and they will accumulate fortunes ; they will be a fortune themselves to their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor—they can neither spend nor lose it ; and through life it proves a friend, in death a delicious consolation. Give your children education, and no tyrant will triumph over your liberties. Give your children education, and the silver-shod horse of the despot will never trample on the ruins of the fabric of your freedom.

BEAUTY.

Like a star in the sky,
When the evening is clear,
Is the glittering eye
Of fair Beauty so dear—
And the dew-drop descending
On the lily and rose,
Resembles the soft blending
Of the tear as it flows.

Like the sun sinking low,
O'er the mountains afar;
As he leaves his red glow,
Underneath the bright star,
Is the deep blush of beauty,
When the virtuous dart,
For a breach in her duty,
Plunges deep in the heart.

Like Aurora so gay,
When behind the white cloud,
Opes the flood-gates of day,
O'er the night's sable shroud,
Does the smile of the Graces,
The fair dimples illumine,
And affection erases
Sorrow's midnight of gloom.

Like the billow when tost
By the rude blast of air,
And the mariner lost
In the gulf of despair,
Is the bosom when sighing
O'er the love that is past,
And distraction denying
Dearest hope to the last.

Like a Naiad when seen,
Thro' the smooth lucid wave,
Like a sea-monarch's queen
In her coralline cave,
Is the form, look and stature,
Veiled in virtue's fair fame,
Of the goddess of Nature,
Lovely woman by name.

Like the rose-bush's bloom,
Fades away in decay,
She sinks to the tomb,
At the close of life's day;
But unlike the fair roses,
That the seasons restore,
In the grave she reposes,
A fair flower no more.



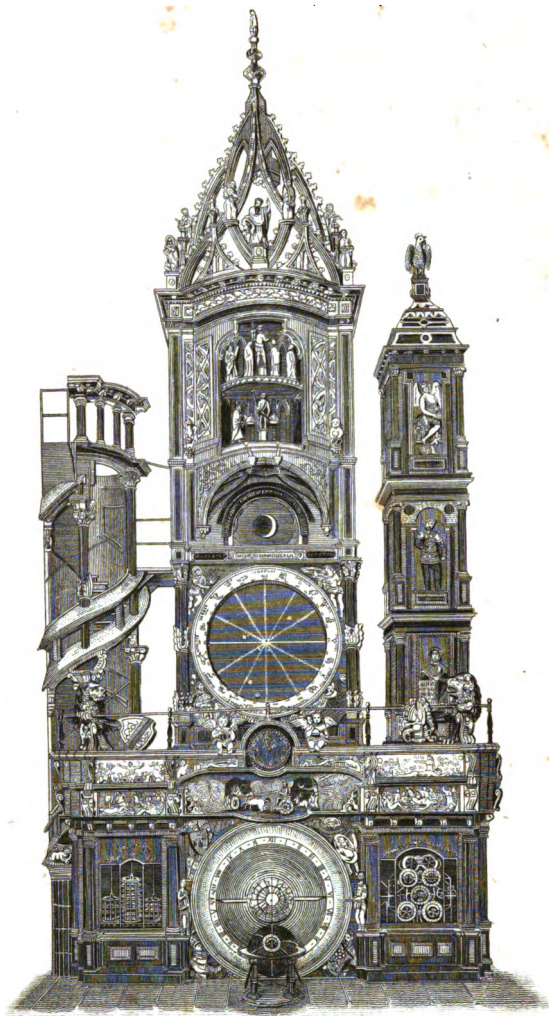
THE HEART-BROKEN BARD.

There is a legend extant of one of the Irish Bards, who was crossed in love in his youthful years, and is said to have expired while leaning over his lyre.

THE heart broken Bard, as he leaned o'er his lyre,
To the dream of his youth touched the tremulous wire;
And oft has he sang of his earlier years,
He mourned o'er his harp and he melted in tears.

Every tone of that harp was a merciless dart,
That went to the wound that was wasting his heart;
For it told of the fair at whose feet he had bowed,
But who never, no never her passion had vowed!

He saw her in fancy, and worshipped once more,
The angel he long loved so fondly before;
But the light of that love from his bosom had fled,
And he sighed for the darkness that dwells with the dead.



Illman & Sons Sc.

*Astronomical Clock of the Cathedral of Strasbourg,
Constructed by J. B. Schwilgue 1838 & 42*

Pub^d by John Murphy Baltimore.

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Ah ! how blest is that bosom that never hath knelt
At the feet of the fickle, that never hath felt
That keen, killing dart, when our trust is betrayed,
And the hopes that we cherished are destined to fade.

The heart-broken Bard struck the wild lay again,
And he wept as he warbled his exquisite strain ;
His dark eye a moment with frenzy was fired,
As he sunk on his harp and in sorrow expired.



THE WONDERFUL CLOCK.

Thoughts on reading an account of the Astronomical Clock, in the Cathedral at Strasburg, which shows the movements of the heavenly bodies, with the attending phenomena ; answers all the purposes of an almanac, and is capable of many curious performances.

Oh ! thou incomprehensible machine,
So strange, so marvellous are all thy works ;
So full of wonder all thy movements rare,
And yet so faultless, that the head that planned,
And hand that made thee, seem almost divine.
A miniature creation, in thy bounds
Another concave spreads and planets roll,
Ev'n as yon glittering globes, that wheel their course,
Around the hall of heaven. There shines thy sun,
And there thy moon, by night her silver veil
Casts o'er thy mimic world. There Mercury flies
With rapid force, and lovely Venus shines
The gay star of the evening—and behold !
Beyond the earth the fiery Mars is seen,
Ev'n like the god of war, red as with blood
And Ceres, Vesta, Pallas, Juno, roll
Between him and the mighty Jupiter,
Surrounded by his belts, and four fair moons.
Then beauteous Saturn, with his silver ring,

And seven sweet satellites, in beauty move;
While Herschel, Georgium Sidus, in the rear,
Rolls on in honor of old George the Third,
With his six moons, reversed in motion all.
Oh! beautiful creation! Wondrous man!
Who thus, within the confines of a clock,
Could imitate the glory of a god,
In all the strange machinery of the skies!
For in thy mimic heavens not only worlds
Do roll around their orbits, but behold!
Eclipses are portrayed, indeed all, all
The strange phenomena that wisest sage
Has wondered at in heaven's wide canopy,
The week, the month, the year, in all their days
Of holy recollection, there are numbered.
The phases of the moon, the rise and set
Of every star, are there portrayed; indeed
Its astronomic wonders none may tell.
To imitate the motions of the stars,
To bid the mimic planets roll around
A mimic heaven were wonderful, and such
Machinery might well be called divine!
But Oh! how far superior to this,
Is this incomprehensible design!
Almost he seemed, with sacrilegious hand,
To dare the Deity in mechanism.
Prometheus like, he seemed to steal from heaven
A portion of that power divine, which said—
"Let there be light." Oh thou immortal man!
A monument thou'st reared unto thy fame,
That shall thro' centuries mark the march of time,
And thy renown.

•

THE GRANDEUR OF GOD.

He rides on the clouds, where the eagle is soaring,
Where Franklin's bold hand wields the lightning afar;
Where the awful thunder of heaven is roaring,
And the whirlwinds are wheeling his beautiful car!

When the storm, like a maniac, mourns o'er the ocean,
And night's sable mantle envelopes the skies,
All Nature, before Him, bow down in devotion,
And the gods of the deep to his chariot rise!

He is seen on the frame of the universe standing,
His eye glances thro' the deep regions of space,
His voice is oft heard the wild planets commanding,
As far as are felt the blest beams of his grace!

His name, on the skies, in bright gold is seen beaming,
Nor the scathe of the lightning can tarnish it there,
While the stars thro' the trackless area are streaming,
It shall shine in its splendor, with glittering glare!

He is monarch of worlds, and of wealth, and of power,
He can shake the foundations of Nature, or quell;
He can tumble to ruins creation's bold tower,
And re-thunder the dreadful abysses of hell!

His voice is the storm, and the bellowing thunder,
That rolls in its revelry down the dark skies;
And his glance is the lightning that strikes us with wonder,
As it frightfully flames from his radiant eyes!

His throne is the heavens, his footstool the planets,
The sun his bright lamp, and his cabinet space;
The sky is his crown, and the stars are his coronets,
Love his best treasure, his charity grace!

He rides on the clouds, where the eagle is soaring,
Where Rittenhouse roves with the silvery star;
Where the awful thunder of heaven is roaring,
And the whirlwinds are wheeling his beautiful car.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE terror of Europe has gone down to his rest,
In the pride of his power and glory;
He sunk like a star in the waves of the west,
But he lives on the pages of story.

He rose like the sun from the billowy flood,
To the deeds of his early devotion;
Like the moon he went down in a billow of blood,
To the breast of an isle in the ocean.

In the field, when he stood in his frenzy alone,
The foeman fled from him affrighted;
The Bourbon beheld him on Gallia's throne,
With the crown and the crosier united.

From the throne of the Stuart, to that of the Czar,
The knell of his vengeance resounded;
He levelled his thunder from Victory's car,
And the proudest of princes confounded.

He levelled his lightnings at Austria, Spain—
At the Holy Alliance assembled;
He sounded the knell of his vengeance again,
And Europe, still tottering, trembled.

Like the comet, that's known amid millions of stars,
To Moscow he marched a Banditti;*
He seated himself on the throne of the Czars,
Midst the flames of a sinking city.

* A designation, by a late writer, of Napoleon's army.

'Twas the first of his fall—but the giant again,
 Hope's promises dared to rely on ;
 But the Corsican Tiger, on Waterloo plain,
 Was the victim of Albion's Lion.

He fell like a star thro' the heavens, at night,
 In the blaze of its beautiful splendor ;
 But the brilliance, that beamed on the path of his might,
 Struck the nations of Europe with wonder.

He has gone to his rest, from the toils of war,
 On an isle in the distant ocean ;
 Seven willows now weep o'er his ashes, afar
 From the scenes of his splendid devotion.

The terror of Europe has gone to his rest,
 In the pride of his power and glory ;
 He sunk like a star in the waves of the west,
 But he lives on the pages of story.

CRAZY MARY.

The most beautiful and interesting young creature, who is the subject of these lines, I saw in the yard of a private mad-house. She was about sixteen, and I never gazed upon a fairer face, a darker eye, or a more fascinating form.

BEAUTIFUL creature, wipe thine eye,
 Oh ! tell me why that silent tear ?
 Alas ! thou art too fair to sigh,
 Too sweet to pine and perish here ;
 An angel of this earth thou art,
 Fair as are those of Paradise ;
 Love only should allure thy heart—
 Oh ! dry those dark and dazzling eyes !

She raised on high her drooping head,
Her hair in clustering ringlets fell ;—
“I’m doomed to weep,” she softly said,
“My tale of woe I’ll quickly tell ;
Heed not my freely falling tears,
For Oh ! my soul is ever sad ;
In days I’ve known the grief of years,
And now they say that I am mad.

“The heir of wealth and luxury,
I moved amid the good and great ;
Magnificence and misery
Have sealed, alas ! poor Mary’s fate :
I loved, Oh ! yes, and loved him well,
A poor, but gay and gifted lad ;
But in yon solitary cell,
They now declare that I am mad.

“They told me he was wild and poor,
A libertine in heart and soul ;
That love like his would not endure,
For he was blasted by the bowl ;
But ah ! I did not thus believe
That sin had scathed so fine a lad ;
I could not think he would deceive,
And then they said that I was mad.

“My father told me I should wed,
With one of wealth and high degree,
Or never more my feet should tread,
The happy halls of infancy ;
To wed the man I cannot love,
Would make my spirit still more sad ;
And to the world too truly prove,
What they have said, that I am mad.

“Then in my chamber long confined,
My frail and feeble body lay ;
But ah ! they could not chain the mind,
’Twas with my Henry far away ;

He on the wild and billowy wave
Had gone, Oh! how I loved that lad!
Because I wished an early grave,
They said poor Mary's mind was mad.

"For liberty my spirit burned,
And scarce two moons had I been free,
When my heart's idol back returned,
From the deep, dark, and dangerous sea;
Soon to my father's feet he crept,
To beg my hand, with visage sad;
He answered, no! then Henry wept,
To hear him say that I was mad.

"I could not e'en a hope impart,
Tho' I for him had many charms;
He plunged a dagger to his heart,
And died in these distracted arms;
I closed the once attractive eyes,
Of Henry, gay and gifted lad;
They saw my tears and heard my sighs,
And then they said that I was mad.

"Years cannot blot from memory's scroll,
The story of that fearful hour;
Death only from my sorrowing soul,
To hush remembrance hath the power;
Not pomp, nor wealth, nor all the art
Of friends, can hide that bleeding lad;
It blasted hope—it broke my heart,
Oh! 'twas enough to drive me mad."

She ceased, and hung her lovely head,
As tho' she felt some sudden pain;
Then, gazing up, she softly said—
"I ne'er can taste of joy again."
To heaven she looked with straining eye,
As if her Henry would appear,
And as she breathed one long deep sigh,
I saw her wipe away a tear.

WOMAN.

O who can gaze on woman's form,
On woman's eyes that roll ;
And feel not tender transports warm,
Yea, elevate his soul ?
And who has ever, ever hung,
Upon the silver sound,
That falls from woman's trembling tongue,
Nor felt a joy profound ?

Lives there a man so dead to grace,
So dead to beauty's blush,
To gaze on woman's lovely face,
Nor feel his heart-blood gush ?
O ! he is lost to virtue's name—
A wretch unknown to love,
Who ne'er should know the sacred flame
That angels feel above.

Dear woman rules, without a rod,
The empire of the globe ;
She sways the sceptre of a god,
Of virtue wears the robe :
All nations bow before her throne,
Where all the virtues shine ;
Her power all polished nations own,
And worship at her shrine.

Where'er she strays, or in the bowers,
Or thro' the woodland gloom,
Red roses spring, and fairest flowers,
In blushing beauty bloom :
Where'er her silver slippers tread,
Spontaneous gardens grow ;
There sorrow rests her aching head,
And grief forgets her woe.

O man, how wretched were thy fate
Did woman cease to be ;
Thy friend in woe, in joy thy mate,
She seems to live for thee ;
In her kind heart affection lives,
Pure as the mountain snow ;
Her happiness and health she gives,
O man, to heal thy woe.

DELAWARE.

The glorious little Banner State, which had the honor, through Mr. M'Kean,
of giving a Constitution to the United States.

Oh ! land of my childhood, I long to behold,
Thy green grassy tombs, and thy temples of old ;
I long to survey the sweet spot where I trod,
Where in youth I fell down at the footstool of God.

Dear home of my heart, in the moments of sleep,
Again in thy green shady woodlands I weep ;
In the arms of my mother, I smile as I start,
And awake far away, Oh ! thou home of my heart !

In the dark dream of memory fondly I mourn
O'er the hopes from my heart that have rudely been torn ;
O'er affections that faded in boyhood's day,
And the vows that have vanished like music away.

Sweet land of the beautiful, land of the brave,
Where my forefathers fell in a patriot's grave ;
I envy the bird that now builds in thy bowers,
And the bee that is banqueting there on the flowers.

The sister with whom I so fondly have strayed,
And the schoolmates so merry with whom I have played,
Have gone to the grave, like the hopes I have known,
And have left me to weep and to wander alone.

In the land of the stranger my footsteps I bend,
Where I press to my bosom full many a friend ;
Tho' the pathway of sin and of sorrow I've trod,
And have wandered away from the worship of God.

CONVERSATIONS,

DURING A WALK WITH A LADY, EARLY IN THE MORNING, IN GREEN
MOUNT CEMETERY, NEAR BALTIMORE.

Is this the fate of man, so much refined ?
Shall reason here be banished from her throne ?
That once mysterious monarch of the mind !
Oh ! of the gay does this remain alone ?

WE are entering, said I, the solemn and sublime city of the dead, where sleep the old and the young ; the beautiful and the brave ; the graceful and the gifted. Like Addison, when I enter the burial place of the departed, every feeling of ambition dies within me, and my heart is humbled to the dust, while my mind dwells upon the mutability of man.

When last I wandered, said the lady, in these sacred and sublime solitudes, the melancholy winds of November were mourning among the trees, the bloom and beauty of nature had departed, and the yellow leaves of autumn, one by one, were falling around me.

And thus, I exclaimed, do the green and golden hopes and affections of the heart perish, and the friends of our youth go down to the dust ! The grave covers all human hopes and all human affections ! The pompous and the poor ; the mighty and the mean ; the philosopher and the fool, sleep side by side. "I am looking," said Diogenes to Alexander the Great, "for the bones of your father, Philip of Macedon, but I cannot distinguish them from those of the meanest of his subjects." Oh ! no—there is no distinction there ; there is no nobility in the great republic of the dead.

Alas ! said the lady with a sigh, how many wrecks and

relics of human hope and happiness are floating down the dark tide of time!

And what is time? I inquired. It is but an idea of the mind, or the space between one action and another. The sun rises, and the sun sets; we eat, we work, and we sleep, and the spaces between those actions we call time. The hands of yonder town clock, which speaks with such a solemn tone to our hearts, move; and we call that the march of time. Our bodies, with every thing around us, decay; and hence we say it is the effect of time. But, lady, time is only an idea in the mind. It is the same moment now and for ever. In sleep the night seems to pass in a moment; because we have no actions to judge by. To the dead millions of years are a moment, because there are not even dreams in the grave. Could the voice of man be heard around the globe, and were a man in Philadelphia to cry out it is just twelve o'clock mid-day, a man in London would reply that it is five o'clock in the evening, a man in Constantinople would declare it to be nine, and a man in Pekin, China, would pronounce it just midnight. They would all be right, for the earth is constantly turning in an eastward direction, and the hour is later in proportion to the distance eastward on the globe. The earth turns on its axis at the rate of fifteen degrees every hour. Consequently, could a man walk westward fifteen degrees every hour, and start at mid-day, the sun would always be over his head, and it would always be twelve o'clock to him, for he would walk westward just as fast as the earth turns eastward, and hence there would be no elapse of time.

That is very singular, indeed, replied the lady. Then you think that our idea of time consists in motion, action and decay?

Yes. Were the walls of a city never to change; the people never to wither and decay; the earth cease to turn round, and the hands of the clock to move—were the people to sit still in the same place, and not eat, work, or sleep, what idea could we have of the elapse of time? It is the

eternal change; it is the constant decay, which takes place around us, that we judge by. Decay is stamped on every thing human. Man, with all his works, is destined to the dust. Even the proud pyramids of Egypt, which have defied the storms of centuries, shall yet crumble, and be crushed beneath the feet of the Arab or the Æthiop.

Decay is, indeed, stamped upon every living thing, returned the lady. It is said by philosophic physicians, that we are every hour undergoing that process, and that the very food we take to sustain life, is gradually destroying it. It is supposed that not a particle of the flesh which now composes our bodies will remain seven years hence, but that a new body will be formed gradually; that the particles of matter will be thrown off by the secretions, and by the growth of the nails, hair, &c. But how do we retain the same expression, countenance, shape, and even scars?

In the same manner, said I, that petrification, or the turning of wood to stone takes place. An inconceivably small particle of the wood rots and falls away, and a portion of stony matter in the water falls into its place, retaining the same shape and size. When a particle of flesh is thrown off, another particle fills up the cavity, and has every appearance of the original.

How wonderful are the works of nature! exclaimed the lady. And how grand and glorious is that Being who created all things.

True, said I, and how strange is the fact, that the very air we breathe is composed of the same ingredients, that enter into the composition of nitric acid, commonly called *aqua fortis*. How strange is the fact, that the common table salt which we eat every day is composed of two deadly poisons. Who would believe that the diamond, raw cotton and charcoal are the same substance; the only difference being that the first is pure crystallized carbon, and the two latter mixed with earth.

These things are all strange, said she, and it is not wonderful that we decay.

Ah! lady, not only man, but all he builds for immortality is doomed to pass away. The most magnificent empires flourish but to fall. The splendid palaces of Palestine have become the abode of the bat and the owl; the flowers have faded in the beautiful gardens of Babylon, and Jerusalem, the lovely, sits amid desolation and darkness. The lofty towers of Ilion lie level with the dust, and the palaces of Priam no longer echo with the mirth of the faithless, but beautiful Helen. Marius no longer sits in meditation amid the crumbling columns of Carthage; Greece slumbers in the grave of her ancient glory, and old Rome, the "Niobe of Nations," lies in ruins. The fanes of their philosophy have fallen; their painters, their poets and their sculptors have gone down to dust; their statesmen, historians and philosophers have mouldered in the tombs of Oriental genius, and their warriors only live in the "storied urn and animated bust." The millions of beautiful and gifted beings who once thronged those cities, are gone like the phantoms of a dream, and Jerusalem, Athens and Rome, stand the marble monuments of their former glory. How many of the human race have lived and loved and passed away. We too must ere long follow. Ninety thousand human beings every day of our existence sink into the tomb. Every thing around us is but a spectre of the past.

How melancholy is the reflection, exclaimed the lady, as we wandered among the tombs, that all who slumber in silence here, once gaily walked the streets of yonder city, once mingled with the busy crowd, and were as full of hope, and as fondly seeking after happiness as ourselves.

Ah, returned I, with a sigh, how necessary is it that we should have oil in our lamps, and be prepared with the blessed consolations of religion, to meet the dreadful messenger, Death. Many of the thoughtless, many of the gay, who, in yon fair city, are now promising themselves years of happiness, will be startled by the trump of death, ere a year has passed, and be borne in the snowy shroud to slumber here. How many of the beautiful and lovely

have, within the last year, laid down in these green and solitary shades ?

Oh! see, cried the lady, with sudden emotion, the glorious sun is just rising in splendor over the eastern hills. Had we never seen that luminary before, how would we stand in wonder and silent admiration? It is a faint emblem of that Being, whose mighty mind scans and scatters its light over all creation.

It is true, replied I, and it is a type of that glorious Light of redemption, which shone upon the shouting shepherds of Bethlehem—so broke upon the benighted nations, the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and so, when the last trump shall awaken a slumbering world, the brilliance and beauty of heaven shall burst upon the enraptured sight.

You are a firm believer, then, in the Christian religion! said the lady.

Alas! fair lady, in my earlier years I was skeptical, though I had listened to many a pious lecture at the feet of one of the most affectionate of mothers. I had read the French and English skeptics at fourteen years of age, with boyhood's avidity and with boyhood's judgment. I dreamt over the pages of Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Maupertuis, Rousseau, Condorcet, Volney, Hume, Gibbon, with a host of others; and awoke an infidel. But believing it to be unfair to study on the one side and not on the other, I turned to the sacred Scriptures, and, endeavoring to establish skepticism, I was convinced of my error. And now did the Christian religion extend no further than this life, I would advocate it, because it is a blessing to society. You are aware, lady, that my life has been a wild one; but my heart is in the right place. In *me* nature is reversed; for my heart governs my head. Whenever I am disposed to wander from the path of virtue, the memory of the silvery voice of my mother in childhood comes sighing in my ear, sweet as a harp of heaven to a dying saint. My heart melts with tenderness, and I am saved.

It is fortunate, replied the lady, that those impressions

made on your mind at your mother's knee have been so lasting

Lady, early impressions are always lasting. The aged person will perfectly remember the circumstances which transpired in childhood, while at the same time he forgets what happened last week, last month, or the last year. Dr. Rush compares early impressions, made upon the brain, to the stamp of a seal on wax; and the impression made upon an aged brain to the stamp of the same seal on water. The former remains, and the latter is gone as soon as made.

The brain of man is a truly wonderful organ! exclaimed the lady. What do you think of Phrenology, and from what source is the word derived?

The word Phrenology, returned I, comes from two Greek words, *Phren*, signifying *mind*, and *Logos*, a *discourse*. I believe in the outlines of the science, but not in the minutiae. That the mind is in the brain there is not the shadow of a doubt: because, without a brain there have never existed any mental faculties. Wherever we find the brain defective, we find the mind defective, and where the brain is large and healthy, the mind is in great vigor. The brain increases in size to middle age, and decreases in old age. So does the mind in power. A blow on the head suspends the operations of the mind, but a blow on the arm, body, or lower limb will not do so. These facts prove the mind to be located in the brain.

What is the general weight of the human brain? Inquired the lady.

Men, who are celebrated for their talents and learning, often have remarkably large heads. James A. Bayard had the largest head in the state of Delaware. Lord Byron, we are told by the physician who took out his brain in Greece, had nearly one-third more than common men. The celebrated Cuvier, had an enormous brain, it weighed 4 lbs. 11 oz. 4 drs. 30 grs. Troy, and we are told that the brain of the distinguished surgeon, Dupuytren, weighed 4 lbs. 10 oz. Troy. Men who have a deficiency in intellectual power, are often observed to have but little brain.

What animal, asked the lady, has the largest brain ?

Man.

What animal has a brain next in size ?

The monkey.

What animal has the least brain ?

The goose.

'Tis singular, returned the lady, that man, possessing so much brain, is indebted to the goose, possessing the least brain of all animals, for the quill, or pen, with which he writes down such sublime thoughts, and treasures up so much learning. What is the difference between the male and female brain ?

Lady, the female brain is found to be lighter than that of the male. The brain of an ordinary man, varies from 3 lbs. 2 oz. to 4 lbs. 6 oz., and the ordinary female brain from 2 lbs. 8 oz. to 3 lbs. 11 oz. The brain certainly decreases in old age ; for every anatomist has noticed, that the cavity of the skull is generally smaller in old people than in middle aged persons.

What do you think the strongest proofs of the immortality of the soul ? Inquired my companion.

Lady, we find that the energies of the perishable body are finite, but that those of the mind are infinite. We find that the mind may increase in knowledge, *ad infinitum*, or to an unbounded extent. Could a man study a hundred years, he would not only increase in knowledge, but would have a thousand times greater capacity to study more. This is a strong proof of the immortality of the soul, for God would never have given that infinite capacity for a finite existence. Another strong proof is, the great desire we have to enjoy a future existence, and our horror of annihilation.

Come, said the lady, let us survey these tombs.

Here, returned I, sleeps a brave and gifted man, whose eye once lightened in war, and whose tongue once thundered in the councils of his country. That eye is closed, that tongue is mute, and the heart, which lately beat high with hope, has ceased to pulsate for ever ! The blast of battle no longer breaks upon his dull cold ear of death. What

are all the triumphs and trophies of human ambition to him ? The wreath of renown withers on his pale and lofty brow—the trump of fame cannot awaken one emotion in that silent bosom !

Let us wander further. Here, lady, is a monument erected to the memory of a beloved daughter, who, not long ago, was gay and happy in her father's house, but a few doors from where I reside in the city. But a little while ago, she was as gay and cheerful as her relatives and friends, who are still mourning over the memory of her whom they have loved and lost. The greedy grave has closed over her for ever, and no more shall she sit with her beloved sisters beside the winter's hearth, or wander with her friends in the happy scenes of her childhood ! No more shall she bow down at her fond mother's knee, whose voice was music to her ear in the last hour of expiring nature, and whose prayer was offered up for her at the golden gates of heaven ! The tears of a devoted mother and sister, have bedewed this spot. Oh ! how agonizing was it to them, to stand over the grave of the beloved and bid her farewell for ever, while the tide of memory swelled the heart already bursting with anguish ?

I turned to hear the reply of the lady. She had released her arm from mine, was leaning against the monument, and had melted into tears ! Her tender bosom was heaving like a billow upon the sea shore, the only thing in nature that is most beautiful in the moment of dissolution.

Thus said I, lady, do the angels weep in sympathy over the sorrows of the human race. Here is a beautiful monument erected on the side of the hill, to the memory of a dear departed mother. It was reared by the hands of the much loved children of her heart. How holy, how heavenly was such a task ? Who does not remember with gratitude, a fond mother's love ? Who does not look back, in after life, upon the days of childhood, and bless a mother's care, a mother's bosom, that pillowed his head in the helpless hours of infancy ? Ah ! yes, who does not recall her kind-

ness to her darling child, to preserve whose life she would have sacrificed her own? And what heart does not leap at the very sound of the name of mother? The wretch who could forsake her, should hug the hungry tiger to his heart, should never know the luxury of woman's love, and should dwell in the wilderness or the desert, where the foot of civilized man has never trod. Oh! if there is a scene on earth over which the angels lean to weep, it is to see a family of little children gather around the grave of an affectionate mother, while their innocent hearts are heaving with emotion, and their tears are streaming as they look down into the last earthly home of her whom they loved. What heart would it not melt? What eye would not gush in sorrow over such a scene!

As I spoke the last words, in a melancholy tone, I looked into the fair face of the beautiful lady before me, and she again burst into tears; for she, too, had lost a fond and faithful mother. She too had wept over the guardian of her youth, as the unrelenting grave closed its silent portal! Oh! how many millions have mourned over faded affections, and the wreck and ruin of their hopes? How true is the language of the sacred philosopher—"All is vanity?"

Come! exclaimed the lady, as she wiped away the tear, that hung like a pearl upon her blooming cheek, let us return to the city.

I hope, said I, as we left the lofty gate of the Cemetery, that we shall return wiser and better than we came. I hope that, in the midst of our mirth, we shall remember that we are mortal, and be prepared, when death knocks at our hearts, to gather up our feet and go to the grave in peace. I sincerely hope, fair lady, that when the short sleep of the grave is over, that I shall awake and bid you good morning in the glorious garden of God, where the blossoms of hope never perish, and the flowers of affection never fade.

THE CHILDREN OF THE FOREST.

How melancholy, to the musing mind,
Is the sad history of the mighty race
That filled these forests, and once ruled this land ?
Ah ! wretched is the record of their wrongs,
And of their ruin, though the brilliant page
Of story, still is rich with their renown !
Where are the children of the forest now,
Who roamed the woodlands of the western world,
And shone in daring deeds of war ? Alas !
Long since they sunk from chivalry to shame,
And dwindled till the remnant of their race,
Alone remains. Gone are their mighty men,
Like spectres of a mid-day dream when past,
And slumber in the grave of Indian glory.
The tide of time hath washed away their steps,
And buried them for ever, and upon
The ruins of their empire hath arisen
The great Republic of the truly free.
The warwhoop thro' the woodland, rings no more,
And o'er the silver surface of the stream,
No longer glides the Indian gondolier.
The council fire, around which once convened
A host of warrior chiefs, hath long gone out
Upon the shore, and in the woodland shade,
The dusky lover now no longer woos
His dark eyed damsel. Where the wigwam stood,
The axe hath felled the forest, and the field
Groans with its golden grain. Upon the banks
Of rivers, rolling onward to the main,
Where lofty ships are bending to the breeze
And bearing to our shores, from every clime,
The wealth of commerce, now great cities stand,
The nurseries of nations, to receive
The exiled orphans of tyrannic lands ;

And where the monarchs of the mountain stood,
And braved the storms of centuries, now stand
The temples of religion and the fanes
Of glorious freedom, sacred to the heart.
Soon will the last lone Indian climb the hill,
And turn in tears to gaze upon the land
On which his sires had lived and loved and died.
Soon will he bow, before the setting sun,
His knee the last time, and in future years,
When all are gathered to the grave, the youth
Shall weep the story of the Indian's wrongs,
And wonder what strange beings they had been !
Ah ! thus have passed into the tomb of time,
The proudest empires that the earth hath known :
Kings, conquerors and crowns, have fallen too,
Before the march of mind. 'Twas ever thus—
Superior reason rules a world in arms,
And gives to man the sceptre of the soul :
Thus Cæsar flourished, and thus Cæsar fell
Amid the wrecks of empires he had made,
And by ambition greater than his own.

OH ! LET ME WEEP.

OH ! let me weep, till all my tears
Have from their burning fountains flown ;
The tide of all my youthful years,
Is but with wrecks and ruins strown ;
Like bubbles bursting on life's stream,
Have gone the hopes of happier hours ;
Gone too is love's delusive dream,
All faded now are pleasure's flowers.

And what is hope? a rainbow ray,
A meteor moving down the skies:
That flashes and then fades away,
A moment dazzles and then dies:
As doth the lightning oft illumine
The marble cenotaph with light;
So hope lights up the heart's dark tomb,
To leave it wrapped in tenfold night.

.

In boyhood's day I tasted bliss,
And fondly thought it ne'er would fade;
Oh! if there's anguish 'tis in this—
To trust, and find that faith betrayed;
And yet I'd sooner far appeal
To feelings that will faithless prove,
Than never know the joy to feel
The light and luxury of love.

Oh! let me weep, for I have known
The keenest pangs that crowd the past;
The friends of youthful years have flown,
Like withered leaves before the blast;
And I have treasured up a vow,
A tender, but a treacherous token;
Despair is brooding on my brow,
The heart that fondly loved is broken.

Oh! chide me not, if now I weep
O'er all the spectres of the past;
'Tis sad to think she could not keep
Her vow of virtue to the last;
Ah! blame me not, if I let fall
The tender tribute of my tears;
Thou dreamest not of all the woes
That darkened o'er my by-gone years.

And what remains? alas to be
The sport of every anxious ill;
To drink the dregs of misery,
And bow to woman's witchery still;
To hug the chain that binds me fast,
For bliss no balm can now impart;
To weep o'er all the painful past,
And bear a bleeding, broken heart.

MAHMOUD II.

OR PROSPECT OF AFFAIRS IN THE EAST—1829.

PERHAPS no period in the annals of ages has been destined to display such brilliant events, and strike such terror and astonishment to the sons of men, as that which is yet but partially unrolled. Even that in which the terrible Napoleon appeared, may not compare, though, after fifty hard fought battles, he stood upon the Kremlin of the czars, and looked down with triumph on subjugated Europe, and a long line of illustrious emperors and kings trembling at his feet. Yea, though he overthrew thrones, and gave away crowns with profuse liberality of an Antony, yet the period is fast approaching which perhaps shall unrol to the world a splendid concatenation of events, which shall as far eclipse the brilliant exploits of Napoleon as the grandeur of his day of triumph outshone his setting sun of glory, when it went down in darkness, like a meteor of the night, on the field of Waterloo.

The tocsin of alarm has long since sounded, and the torch of war flames high in Europe, threatening like the deadly simoom of the desert, to scatter desolation to her utmost shores. The fair-haired Russian is grappling in deadly struggle with the dark-browed Turk, and England, France and Austria looking on with anxious solicitude for the result of the mighty struggle. No sooner shall the clar-

ion sound the alarming intelligence that *the strong hold* of the Turk hath fallen, than the torch of war shall flame over all Europe, and millions be the sacrifice at the shrine of ambition. And even now, from the smoking ruins of Adrianople, flushed with conquest, the legions of Russia may be shouting on the walls of Constantinople—even now, at this hour, the same Byzantium which proved the tomb of the last expiring liberties of Greece, may be destined to crush beneath its ruins, the last gleam of glory of the brilliant race of Othman. The next blast that sweeps across the Atlantic from the east, may bear to our ears the last clash of the expiring struggle;—even at this moment, perhaps, mingling shouts are heard in the gardens of the grand seraglio, and the flag of Russia waves proudly on the summit of the Seven Towers.

It is written in the language of prophecy, that the four angels shall be loosed, and shall destroy one-third of mankind. And in the calculation of chronologers, it falls upon our age; and may we not conclude, that, in the event of a war, and a difficulty of pacification, Turkey may go to swell the territories of England, France, Austria and Russia, or, by unseen circumstances, Greece? But she will not fall without a struggle. Amid the brilliant assemblage of emperors and kings of Europe, stands conspicuous the illustrious Mahmoud the Second, Sultan of Turkey, whose soul never shrunk from the wrath of man, and whose knee never bowed but at the shrine of his prophet and his God. He was not born to fear. Wrapped up in the gloomy grandeur of his own rich thoughts, he stands firm and unmoved as some gigantic statue, while the whirlwinds of war scatter tempests and ruin round him. Taught by his own faith in the doctrine of predestination, he holds himself ready to bend to the imperious will of fate, but not till the last lightnings of his power have sunk harmless at his enemy's feet, and the thunders of his vengeance have failed. There is not, perhaps, in the whole catalogue of Europe's despotic princes, an individual in whose soul is combined so great a degree of valor, the virtue of necessity, and true elevation of

intellect, as is found in him to whom the eyes of the world are now turned. Born of a warrior race, he knows not how to fear, and, with a mammoth mind, great in the hour of danger, and fruitful in resources, he not only bids defiance to the Colossus of the North, but to the combined belligerent powers of Europe. Ruling a nation planted on the ruins of a once mighty empire, he has determined to defend it by the same valor which shed immortal renown on his illustrious ancestors. Nor lessened is the measure of his fame in having overcome the prejudice of his nation, and freed from a living tomb the female portion of his race.

Well may the regal sons of Europe stand aghast at the increasing thunders of the North. A mightier than Tamerlane is rushing down from the blue hills of the Balkan, with his legions like locusts, to scathe all nations. Well may the despots of Europe dread to see the Russian czar plant his fearless foot on the throne of the Turkish Sultan. If once his power is planted there, where will the range of his conquest end? He will ascend the hills of Hungary, and mark it on the map of Russia; the wheels of his mighty chariot of war will pass over Austria, and dominion will pass away like a dream; he will knock at the gates of Italy and France, and the distant throne of the Stuarts will echo the sound and tremble. The possession of Turkey by the czar may be the key to the conquest of all Europe, and not only Europe, but the English possessions in the East. The time, perhaps, is rapidly approaching, when the stern command of the autocrat shall be obeyed from the boundary of the Mediterranean to the shore of the Atlantic. The once splendid empires of ancient Greece and Rome shall then be swallowed up in the grand vortex of barbarian magnificence. Another Augustus shall then sway the world, and the grandeur of English pride and nationality go down like a sinking sun to the tomb of the Capulets, and the same grave which covered the dying power of Rome in England, extinguish the last gleam of her own glory and greatness. What a tremendous revolution even in conjecture? What a sublime trembling, tottering, and tumbling of

thrones—what a grand display of mighty empires floating in fragments down the stream of oblivion—would this wonderful hegira produce? And could we be astonished at the result? All precedent cries out from the mausolea of other ages in the negative. The Genius of empire, as she lies crouched and groaning beneath the magnificent ruins of old Rome, cries out, No! and echo proclaims it again from the towers of Troy, from the Acropolis of Athens, and from the walls of Carthage. Well then may England, France and Austria dread the destruction of the balance of power in Europe. Well may they shrink in terror from the voracious eagle of the East. But amid all this dreadful equinoctial storm of war, there is one who stands aloof from fear, great in gloom as well as glory, and shrinks not though the hordes of the North approach in fire and desolation, determined to preserve, untarnished and unshackled, the dominion of his empire, or bury himself beneath her ruins. The gigantic soul of Mahmoud will never yield till the last foot-hold of Turkey shall slide from beneath his feet, and Stamboul again become the burning sepulchre of legitimate sovereignty. But ere that shall have been, what rivers of blood shall have stained the silver sands of Marmora, and what thousands of spirits shall have ascended or gone down to the regions of gloom! Ere the incendiary's brand shall blaze in the towers of Byzantium.

A thousand hearts shall stream with gore,
 A thousand heroes fall;
 And many a widow's tears shall pour—
 And from the war-crowned wall
 A thousand sabres start and stream
 With the blood of the brave and fair;
 And the soul-lit brand shall leap from the hand
 Of the dead to the living there;

And many a brave, in a mutual grave
 With his foe, shall fall to rest;
 With a mutual dart in each proud heart,
 And a gush from each red breast;

And none shall know the debt of woe
A thousand bosoms feel,
Ere the great Mahmoud to Russia proud,
With an humble heart shall kneel.

TO MY MOTHER.

DEAR Mother, would that I could now bow down beside
thy knee,
And weep in humble penitence as once in infancy !
For tho' thy wandering Minstrel's heart to sorrow hath
been given,
I love thee, mother, ev'n as much as angels love in
heaven.

Thy Minstrel son and prodigal, time shall to thee restore,
Oh ! weep not now, my mother dear, thy son will sin no
more ;
My sister, in the land of bliss, the garden of her God,
And softly now she slumbers 'neath the cold and silent sod.

Oh ! would that I could call her up, ere she has slumbered
long !
For ah ! her heart was mercy's seat, her soul was full of
song ;
She glories in the beautiful, but blighted, she is gone,
And I am left on life's dark tide to sigh and weep alone.

My mother dear, how much it grieves to think I was not
there,
To close her eyes in death's cold sleep, and hear her dying
prayer ;
To bid farewell to her who had devoted to me been,
And wept full many a time to think I was the child of sin.

Oh! when I think of happy home and childhood's blissful
years,
I cannot gaze in memory's glass, but turn away in tears;
I cannot bear to think how blest I once was at her side
When I beheld her mind expand with glowing thrills of
pride.

Four years have nearly passed since I, my mother, to thee
knelt,
Or clasped within thy arms, thy heart against my own
have felt;
It seems an age since I have pressed in mine thy gentle
hand,
Tho' we are separated not by far or foreign land.

Oh! would, my mother, that I were as pious as she proved,
Who on the wings of angels went, to be by seraphs loved;
I know t'would joy thy heart to see thy prodigal return,
For much thou lov'st thy son of song, tho' thou for him
dost mourn.

THE DROWNED LOVERS!

The reader will recollect the fate of the lovers, who were recently found
in the River Schuylkill, at Philadelphia.

Ah! who can tell how much of grief
Those hapless hearts have known?
How blissful, but alas! how brief,
Their hours of faith have flown?

Perhaps a parent fondly feared,
Their future fate had spoken;
For one unkind and cruel word
Hath many a fond heart broken.

She by a father doomed to part,
Perhaps had mourned for years ;
Ah ! who can tell how long her heart
Had been baptized in tears ?

Perhaps that cruel sire had said—
“I will not this approve !”—
And, Oh ! how hard it is to wed
The man we may not love !

But tho' it is a bitter part,
From hope and heaven to fall ;
I'd rather bear a broken heart,
Than never love at all.

Methinks at midnight now I see
Her steal from happy home ;
With him she loves, thro' misery,
In distant lands to roam.

A moment to the couch she creeps,
To take the last fond kiss ;
And o'er her much loved mother weeps,
To think of blighted bliss.

Oh ! can she leave that sacred breast,
That beats alone for her ?
A moment more those lips she pressed,
Then dashed away the tear.

And to her lover's arms she rushed—
Poor broken-hearted one !
While in the moon's bright beams she blushed
To think what she had done.

Where oft with Ellen I have strayed
On Schuylkill's flowery shore ;
They came its waters to invade,
But to return no more.

Her lover grasped her lily hands,
With agonizing care;
Then knelt upon the silver sands,
And breathed to heaven a prayer.

"Oh! look," he said, "upon that wave,
And think thee of thy vow;
There is our resting place—our grave—
Does death alarm thee now?"

"I've loved thee," cried the mourning maid,
"When hope illumed thine eye;
I am in death's dread robes arrayed
With thee I live or die."

One long embrace, one last fond kiss,
And then the deed to prove;
"Farewell! cold world," he cried, "Oh! this
Is everlasting love!"

Around their wrists the 'kerchief tied,
Bound close their mutual charms;
And thus the hapless lovers died,
Within each other's arms.

And now in yonder cypress shade,
They slumber side by side;
Together in one grave are laid,
The bridegroom and the bride!

THE DREAM OF OTHER DAYS.

THE dream of other days, how bright,
But mournful 'tis to me;
When in my soul there shines the light
And love of memory?

The cherished joys of childhood's hours,
Bring back my fleeting years;
And to the harp, in beauty's bowers,
I turn to hide my tears.

The friends of youth, long since at rest,
Again around me seem;
Again I clasp them to my breast,
In memory's magic dream;
The home and hearth where oft we met,
Once more are in my gaze;
Oh! would that I could now forget
The dream of other days!

I see at school the little girl,
Who won my boyhood's heart;
With eye of light and lovely curl,
And lips just thrown apart;
Graceful as the gazelle, I see
Her o'er the green hills rove;
And turn in tenderness to me,
For all her soul was love.

I steal from learning's lofty hall,
To clasp her in my arms;
Not now at childhood's feet to fall,
But worship woman's charms;
I see her in my manhood's pride,
In beauty brightly blaze;
Again she lingers at my side,
In dreams of other days.

She leans upon my bosom now,
Her heart is pressed to mine;
I feel it beating as her vow
She breathes of love divine;
I see her face, so mild and meek,
I hear her soul-felt sigh;
A smile is on her dimpled cheek,
A tear in her dark eye.

That vow is broken, and that breast,
To guile and grief is given;
My heart no more with hope is blest,
I fall alas! from heaven!
I float alone down life's dark stream,
A wreck in beauty's gaze:
Oh! sweet, but sad to me, that dream—
The dream of other days.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A VERY INTELLIGENT LADY OF THIS CITY.

I saw the gay and graceful youth,
At beauty's feet in homage bow;
And lingering on his lip in truth,
I heard him breathe affection's vow.
He wooed and won her heart and hand,
For him she left her happy home;
Forsaking friends and native land,
With him she loved afar to roam.

Oh! if there is one pang, one dart,
That hath in it all woes combined;
One dagger thro' the human heart,
That murders the exalted mind;
'Tis felt by woman in those hours,
When she beholds her hopes decay;
When sweet affection's cherished flowers,
Are thrown, like worthless weeds, away.

The fair Ophelia loved, and fain
Would trust his violated vow;
Still to her heart would hug the chain,
Ungrateful man hath broken now;

She little thought the hand she pressed
In wedlock, would her sorrow prove ;
Would aim an arrow at her breast ;
And blast her brilliant dream of love.

The man who bids the bosom bleed,
Which he had vowed his bliss should share ;
Who triumphs in the damned deed,
And dooms a fond heart to despair ;
Is a vile coward who, on earth,
Should hug the hungry tiger's form ;
He knows not aught of woman's worth,
His breast no blissful feelings warm.

He should be doomed to wander where
Earth's angel, woman, never trod ;
And be in caves or caverns there,
The scoff of man and scorn of God ;
He ne'er should gaze on eyes of bliss,
As beautiful as those above ;
Should taste not witching woman's kiss,
Nor hear the language of her love.

Far in a foreign land she sleeps,
Far, far from friends across the wave ;
No kindred eye now o'er her weeps,
'Mid strangers she hath found a grave .
Like flowers that now are fading there,
And fragrance to the air impart ;
She pined and perished in despair,
By him who wooed and won her heart.

THE POST OFFICE.

THE SPECTATOR IS STANDING AT THE LITTLE WINDOW.

A DASHING damsel, in rich robes arrayed,
Before that hole her blooming face displayed,
"A letter, sir?" "What name?" said Mr. Boon,
"Miss Julia Jackson Johnson Clay Calhoun."
"There's none, fair Miss"—the words were scarcely
spoken,
Ere she cried out, "Oh! Lord my heart is broken,
My lover borrowed all the cash I had,
He's run away—wont write—and I'll go mad."
Stand by, ye gods, and let the lady pass,
Her heart breaks easier than her looking glass.
Then Cuffee came, a dingy dandy bright,
With lips an inch thick, and with eyes of white;
"A letta, sah?" "What name?" is heard again,
"From Massa Sambo to Miss Dinah Jane,
She want to hear from Noo Yawk, dat is all,
De latest fashioned bustle for de ball,"
"There's none for you, clear out," the clerk replied;
And then a merchant came, inquired and sighed,
The letter stated that the man he trusted,
Had sold his goods, gone off, and somewhere *busted*;
Another one—the letters to him handed,
His ship and cargo had been lost and stranded;
His cheek is blanched, he strikes his beating breast,
A ruin'd man—your fancy paints the rest.
Up stepped a booby, right before his *betters*,
"Sir, *Mr. What d'ye call him* wants his letters."
"And who the mischief's he?" the clerk inquires,
"I have forgot," he cries, and then retires.
Then came a half starved poet there to bicker,
And in his head was running love and liquor;

He tore the letter open, and, 'twas funny,
 He nearly fainted at the sight of money,
 He hadn't seen a penny in a week,
 It cured his sore eyes, but he couldn't speak;
 He ran home to his garret and his *junk*—
 The rhyming rascal for a month was drunk;
 Just like a worm fence did he walk, and stutter,
Hic jacét, was the next thing, in the gutter.

Now came an aged lady to that "hole,"
 A deep anxiety was in her soul;
 She was a mother, Oh! how dear that name?
 Dearer to me than all the feasts of fame.
 She was a mother—yes, she had a son,
 For whose dear sake her heart had been undone;
 He was a wild youth—always most beloved—
 And yet she knew not where her son had roved;
 He left her when a lad, with many tears,
 She had not seen him in six weary years.
 "This, Madam," said the clerk, "will soon reveal!"—
 She seized the letter—'twas a sable seal;
 'She gasped for breath, then tore the seal apart,
 While sorrow preyed upon a parent's heart,
 I saw the tear that eloquently speaks,
 Steal silently adown her aged cheeks;
 Her bosom heaved, as she the letter read,
 For oh! her son, her much loved son, was dead!
 Far in a foreign land her hope, her pride,
 Within a stranger's arms, had drooped and died;
 No mother's hand his dying couch had spread,
 No mother's form was seen around his bed;
 There is no bosom like a mother's known,
 There is no solace like her sweet soft tone;
 There is no place, where'er our feet may roam,
 Where we can die so calmly as at home.
 When Death's dread angel shall his dark wings wave,
 And I am sinking to the sombre grave;

'Twill silence all affliction's fierce alarms,
To breathe my life out in my mother's arms;
There let me suffer, let my last sigh there,
Be breathed to heaven and her in silent prayer;
Let one fair hand, whose heart once broke its vow,
Bind faded garlands round my pale cold brow;
Oh! let one form, beloved thro' lingering years,
Bend o'er my tomb and shed affliction's tears.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE AMERICAN LYCURGUS IN LEARNING, LIBERTY AND LAW.

'Tis not alone in lofty halls,
Where learning sits enshrined,
His eloquence sublimely falls,
And marks his mighty mind;
But in the temple of the free
His thunder tones have rung—
His father's love of liberty
Falls from his tuneful tongue.

Sublime in sentiment and soul,
To him all wreaths belong;
His polished periods richly roll
Along the chords of song:
He wakes to war the mournful wire
On Ireland's lovely plains;
He wakes to liberty his lyre,
And weeps o'er Erin's chains.

Whether in council or at court,
Or at the harp or hall—
Whether in seriousness or sport,
His graceful accents fall—
He is in grandeur still the same;
Time hath no merit hurled—
His trophies, treasured up by fame,
Are wonders of the world.

Time can no triumph o'er him own,
Though snows his brow may bind;
Reason still sits upon her throne,
The monarch of his mind;
The glory of his by-gone hours
Through ages yet shall last;
Fame gathers up his present flowers,
To bloom with all the past.

Ah! had he lived in that proud day,
Ere Greece became the grave
Of glorious men, long passed away,
The brilliant and the brave,
The marble cenotaph sublime,
The column and the crown,
Would still transmit, to future time,
His record of renown.

Yet while the love of liberty,
Of learning and of song,
Shall warm the proud hearts of the free,
Or shall to fame belong,
The mem'ry of his magic mind
Shall wander o'er the wave,
And win from millions of mankind
A garland for his grave.



LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Love wandered one day round the globe in his glory,
His light airy chariot by doves was conveyed ;
His regalia and emblems, that 'lumine his story,
Around were in beauty and brilliance displayed.

The bow and the billet were there, and the dart,
And the wreath round the banner in beauty unfurled ;
Transfixed on an arrow was seen a huge heart,
As a type that love conquers and governs the world.



THREE-SCORE AND TEN.

'Twas noon—and every living thing
Was writhing 'neath the sun's bright ray ;
The panting fowl had spread its wing,
And flocks in thicket shadows lay.
The drowsy herd, the cot behind,
Beneath the spreading oak reclined,
And in the distant field o'ercome,
The ploughman looked and longed for home ;
Cast his scorched eyeballs to the sun,
And thought the day would ne'er be done.
'Twas at that burning hour of day,
An aged wanderer lost his way,

And through the deepening forest bent
His weary steps, till almost spent
With heat and hunger, thirst and toil,
For he had travelled many a mile.
No home had he, nor friends nor store ;
The bag upon his side he bore
Contained the little all of worth
The weary wanderer owned on earth.
The man was gray, and almost blind,
His coat was pierced by many a wind ;
Beneath the knee his small-clothes tied,
And o'er the ankle at the side
His gaiters buttoned :—such is then
The sum of three-score years and ten.
There was a something in his face,
That seemed to tell of deep disgrace,
Though not his own—of hope's delays
To him who had seen better days.
All night and day he through the wood
Had wandered, without bed or food,
Save what his scanty scrip contained,
Which soon by hunger he had drained.
He shuddered as he looked around
And saw no object, heard no sound
Of human step—alone to die,
With none to close his aged eye,
Was horrible ! when, lo, with joy,
His dim eye saw a laughing boy,
Approaching in his thoughtless glee,
His hoop and dog his company.
The boy with feelings ever known
To youth, when left with age alone,
Welcomed the wanderer on before,
Up to his mother's cottage door,
And called her forth. She came with pride,
A lovely child on either side ;
She came with pride, for in her breast
There was a pious feeling blessed,

That told her ne'er her heart to close,
'Gainst sympathy for others' woes.
She was a Christian in the heart,
And hence she bade not him depart
Unblessed with kindly help; for she
Listened with sorrowing sympathy,
As thus he told, with tears, again,
The tale of three-score years and ten.

THE TALE.

Pity, kind lady, pity him,
Whose sorrows brought him to your cot,
Whose eyes with age and woe are dim,
For sad, alas! has been my lot.

O pity him whom others spurn,
Whose head is gray with grief and years;
Nor frown when you my story learn,
The history of a life of tears.

I was not always as you see,
A wanderer in the world alone;
Born in the lap of luxury,
Home, friends and fortune were my own.

Ah, well do I remember yet
The scenes of childhood's blissful years,
The friends that at my father's met,
Ere I had known or grief or tears.

My parents died just as the morn
Of manhood broke upon my brow;
But life had not become forlorn;
'Twas mine at beauty's feet to bow.

I loved and was beloved, and soon
I called her mine with more than joy ;
And wedded wealth soon claimed the boon,
The brightest boon of heaven—a boy.

And ere two years of blissful life
Had passed in still unchanging charms,
A lovely girl my worshipped wife
Presented to its father's arms.

I then was happy, blessed with all
That adds to purest pleasures here ;
Wealth, friends and favors at my call,
O, to my heart my home was dear.

'Twas then the cloud of war arose,
From England o'er Columbia's shore ;
And brothers called their brothers foes,
Amid the bloody battle's roar.

My country called, and I too came,
And drew my sword ; my purse was free ;
I fought not for the boon of fame,
But for my country's liberty.

But yet my name was high—my word
For sums expended made amends ;
My voice was in the council heard,
And Greene and Fayette were my friends.

O, who my anguish may relate,
When to my home I went once more,
And found it still and desolate,
My loved ones weltering in their gore !

The cruel Indian had been there ;
My wife lay scalped upon the bed ;
My daughter gone, I knew not where,
My son beside his mother dead.

That much-loved wife but lived to tell
Who thus had robbed me of life's charms;
Then on my bosom fainting fell,
And died in my distracted arms.

I went into the open air,
That heaven might hear my helpless grief;
There was none else for me would care,
Or offer to my heart relief.

'Twas dark—I looked, and lo, the roof!—
A spark—the work of Indian ire;
O'ercome with grief, I stood aloof,
Till midnight glittered with the fire.

When dawned in heaven the morning sun,
I found myself alone in life;
I was indeed a wretch undone;
I had no children, home or wife.

Thus doomed in early life to fall
From all that hope had pictured bright;
My wealth, I gave my country all,
And bared my bosom in her fight.

The phantom death I sought for years,
But lived to see my country free;
Ay, in a dungeon and in tears,
To taste the fruits of poverty.

Ere yet the wounds of war had healed,
For paltry debt—I blush to tell—
I, who had bled on Freedom's field,
Was dragged into a prison's cell.

There, in that loathsome dungeon hurled,
I pillowed my unhappy head;
Till turned into the wide, cold world,
To starve, alas! or beg my bread.

Full many a mile my weary feet
Have wandered through the forest gloom ;
But soon they must their last bourn greet ;
They soon must travel to the tomb.

Pity, kind lady ; O regard
A poor old man whose days are few ;
Relieve a wretch whose lot is hard,
And God will bless and prosper you.

He ceased, and, as his touching tale
Had caused the lady to turn pale,
He gently questioned her, why she
Had felt so much of sympathy,
And why her tears so promptly fell,
When he did of his children tell.
“Alas!” replied the lady, “mine
Has been a fate allied to thine ;
Thou know’st the heart that grief doth know,
Will soonest feel for others’ woe.
I, too, was doomed to see my mother
A victim, with a younger brother,
To Indian fury ;—I was borne
To Indian lands, too young to mourn,
But can remember well the day
They bore me from my home away.
With them I lived from year to year,
And shed full many a bitter tear,
When they the story told. Till, late,
One evening at the wigwam gate
A trader lingered, as it proved,
Lingered, because he dearly loved,
But feared to tell the chief, for he
Had long devoutly destined me
For his own son, a savage youth,
Whom I could ne’er have loved in truth.
Soon as the Indians were at rest
I with the trader fled, and blessed

The hope, that I should once more see
The father of my infancy.
But ah! when many a waste was passed,
And I amid my friends at last,
My father had departed—nay,
I have not seen him to this day;
But fortune has been kind to me,
And not one taste of misery
Were mine, could I but see once more
My father at my cottage door.”
“Your name?” the trembling wanderer sighed,
And, as she spoke, with rapture cried,
“My daughter!” then delighted pressed
His lost child to his aged breast,
And wept with joy, till from the field
The husband came, and both revealed
The bliss that neither could impart,
The ecstasy that fills the heart.

The old man found a happy home,
Nor e’er did from that cottage roam.
Blessed with a daughter’s love, the day
Of life declined, lit with the ray
Of peace, and thus the old man passed
The evening of his life at last,
With not a single cloud o’ercast.

But calm and bright,
He saw composed his setting sun
Go down, and when the day was done,
His country’s and his own race run,
Retired to rest at night,
Blessed by the remnant of that race
He left behind his path to trace.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The following poetical story really occurred. The Prodigal Son returned home to his mother's house, sick, penitent, and broken hearted ; after having wasted his property, and destroyed his health.

I saw her as she softly stole
To where her son in silence slept ;
Oh ! there was sorrow in her soul,
As to his couch in tears she crept ;
She raised to heaven her hands and sighed,
While grief did many a pang impart ;
"It is ! it is ! my child," she cried,
And held him to her bleeding heart.

A tear-drop fell upon his cheek,
She kissed his pale and pensive brow ;
Her heart was far too full to speak,
She only gazed upon him now ;
Beside her prodigal she knelt,
And raised her streaming eyes above ;
A world of bliss her bosom felt—
Oh ! twas a mourning mother's love !

She knew that he had madly loved
A being bright as angels even ;
That all his holiest hopes had proved
Like meteors, in a moonless heaven ;
She knew despair was on his brow,
That fate had doomed their souls to part ;
She knew a violated vow
Had broke the minstrel's mourning heart.

She knew that he had suffered long,
That hope had withered and decayed ;
Alas ! she knew her son of song
Had trusted, and had been betrayed :
"Poor penitent," she softly cried,
"He has forgot his woes in sleep ;"
"I love thee, mother, still" he sighed—
She turned away to think and weep.

She thought of all his youthful years,
Of all his childhood's happy hours;
Ere grief, ere treachery and tears
Had withered up affection's flowers;
She thought how once his heart was blest,
When, like the Ark, it had its dove;
When hope and bliss were in his breast,
The luxury of woman's love.

She fell upon his bosom now,
As oft in childhood she had clung;
And bathed with tears his burning brow,
While fondly o'er his form she hung;
Oh! may that son, in virtuous strife,
A blessing to her bosom prove;
And own there's nothing like, in life,
A mother's everlasting love!



MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

OH! sweeter than upon the flute,
The music that fair fingers make;
Sweeter than lays of lyre or lute,
That die along the moonlit lake;
My mother's voice, that woke my ear
In childhood, to affection's feeling;
When, at her knee, I learned to hear,
The moral truths she was revealing.

Oft in the scenes of solitude,
Where Nature's quiet things rejoice;
In glen and grove, and lofty wood,
I hear that holy, heavenly voice;
And when from yon high hall above,
The stars, like angels' eyes, are peeping;
Then comes that gentle voice of love
Upon my ear, when I am sleeping.

And when to weep I am inclined,
And sorrow preys upon my soul;
Oh! when despair hath seized my mind,
And I have drained the damned bowl;
That voice hath cried—"Beware, my son,
Yield not thy spirit up to sorrow;
Thou canst not, shalt not be undone—
'Twill be a fairer day to morrow."

Oft when in pleasure's flowery arms,
I sipped the sparkling wine-cup's wave;
Revelling in all her radiant charms,
That soft persuasive voice to save,
Stole on mine ear—"Oh! whilst thou art,
In mirth's gay hall, thy revels keeping;
Thy mother, with a breaking heart,
The errors of her son is weeping."

Dear mother—weep, Oh! weep no more,
Thy minstrel son all sin hath spurned;
His wild career at last is o'er,
To virtue's path he hath returned;
No longer shalt thou sigh for me,
And light shall be thy sorrow's measure;
No more thou'lt taste of misery,
But much, my mother, much of pleasure.

Three years, three long and lingering years,
Have passed, my mother, since we met;
But time thy image more endears,
As every sun doth rise and set:
Oh! could I clasp thee to my heart,
This moment to thy fond arms rushing;
Language could not my joy impart,
Or feelings from my bosom gushing.

THE BROKEN HEART.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

He found her in her father's hall,
The gay, the graceful and the fair;
The worshipped idol of them all—
An only child—a father's care:
The suns of less than twenty years,
Had tinged her cheek with rosy hue;
The pangs of treachery and tears,
Her gentle bosom never knew.

Her hazel eye had much of heaven,
That shone reflected from her heart:
And to her graceful form was given
A charm, more exquisite than art,
The ringlets of her fair hair rolled
Adown her swan-like neck of snow;
And glowed in light, like grapes of gold,
Upon her beauteous breast below.

A cupid crept in every curl,
In every blush a bliss was seen;
And Oh! her teeth, of Persian pearl,
Were lovely as her mind and mien;
Her soul was felt in every glance,
Her heart was on her lip of love;
She dreamt and woke from passion's trance,
The bitterest pang of life to prove.

The gay Lothario bowed before
That blissful being, young in years;
And vowed her beauty to adore,
With many feigned, and faithless tears;
He wooed her, like a villain vain,
And won her, with a villain's art;
Awhile he played with love's soft chain,
Then tore the last link from his heart.

Far to a foreign land he went,
Nor even said—"I sigh to part!"
No fond adieu the villain sent,
To soothe the pangs that pierced her heart.
Ev'n like a faded flower he threw
That beauteous being from his breast,
And trampled feelings that he knew
The fondest faith and love had blessed.

She pined and perished like a rose
Dashed rudely to the earth by storm;
Her gentle heart's awakened woes
Preyed on her frail and fairy form,
She loved him as if he had proved
No dark deceiver in the past;
Thro' all her deepest woes she loved,
And fondly loved him to the last.

She hugged her sorrows to her heart,
And breathed her life away in sighs;
Till Death's dark angel aimed his dart,
And angels bore her to the skies:
That mournful maiden sleeps alone,
In yonder city of the dead;
A fading flower, her burial stone,
Points out the spot where rests her head.

●
The man who wins with wicked art,
And marks unmoved his victim fall;
Knows not the worth of woman's heart,
And never should be loved at all;
In some dark dungeon he should dwell,
And know no bliss from beauty's eye;
His griefs no human tongue should tell,
Alone, unloved, the wretch should die.

THOUGHTS,

ON HEARING THE TOWN CLOCK STRIKE AT MIDNIGHT.

OH! Time, upon thy dark and dreary shore,
How many wrecks and relics now are strown,
How many millions of our race, no more,
Have to the grave, in grief like mine, gone down!

The brilliant and the beautiful, the brave,
The good, the gifted, with a soul sublime;
All, all are crumbling in the crowded grave,
Their names alone upon the tide of time.

The poor, the rich, the pompous and the proud,
And all the lofty learned of the schools;
Now, side by side, are mouldering in their shroud,
With all the vain philosophers and fools.

The kings and conquerors, who shook the world
With triumph, have to thee become a prey;
Crowns have been crushed and crumbling have been hurled,
And with their potentates have passed away.

Rome is in ruins, and old Greece hath gone
Down to her marble mausoleum dread;
Athens hath now become her burial stone,
Miltiades sleeps with the mighty dead.

Cæsar and Scipio are gone, with all
The host of men of mighty minds sublime;
Their triumphs and their trophies doomed to fall
Amid the midnight of approaching time.

Where now are Seneca and Socrates?
Who once within their temples towering stood;
Great Alexander's name remains to please,
Napoleon's star of glory set in blood.

Oh! Time, thy tooth o'erturns the works of man,
Decay is stamped on every human thing ;
His lofty towers and temples—all we scan,
Go down with crumbling castles and with kings.

We smile, we sigh, and many tender tears,
O'er those we've loved and lost, we duly shed ;
But soon, alas! are run our youthful years,
And we are found amid the festering dead.

How beautiful or blissful matters not,
Nor yet how high the marble of thy tomb ;
Time will destroy, and thou shalt be forget,
Wrapt in the shroud of dim oblivion's gloom.

Th' eternal pyramids of Egypt, yet,
Shall melt and mingle with the dust of yore ;
The sun himself, sublimely too, shall set,
Earth pass away, and Time shall be no more.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

SEPTEMBER 11th, 1777.

To sing the beauteous morn that broke,
When valor and when vengeance woke,
When England's Lion rent his chains,
And thunder shook the sanguine plains ;
When Freedom's Eagle, thro' the sky,
Dashed lightnings from her lurid eye ;
When Washington the son of war,
Drove, thro' a sea of blood, his car,
The glorious task be mine.
The sun arose, in lucid light,
High o'er the boding brow of night,

The light blue clouds, like ringlets rolled,
The sky seemed but a sea of gold,
The sunbeams danced upon the deep,
Like smiles upon an infant's sleep,
And orange rays, upon the peak,
Like blushes o'er a lady's cheek ;
And where the glittering dew appears,
Like beauty smiling thro' her tears,
And softened sounds, o'er rocks expire,
Like sighs that sweep the *Æolian* lyre ;
But ah ! that sun his light did throw,
O'er many a weeping widow's woe,
And those soft sounds were but the tale,
Of many a weltering warrior's wail,

At bloody Brandywine.

Hark ! hark the trump of war awakes,
And vengeance from her vigil breaks ;
The dreadful cry of carnage sounds—
It seems that hell lets loose her hounds,

To crush Columbia's band.

Pulaski saw the signal rise,
He heard the thunder pierce the skies,
And snatched his sword and flashed his eyes,

And waved his daring hand ;

His war-horse, headlong down the hill,
Like lightning, sought the sound so shrill ;
He saw the dreadful foe advance,
Two streaming standards met his glance,
Two columns moved with awful tread,
That seemed like armies of the dead,
Knyphausen and Cornwallis led,

Tow'rd mighty Maxwell's line.

Pulaski tilted round and round,
And held the leaping charger's bound,
To view once more that groaning ground,

Of beauteous Brandywine.

Loud thunders thro' the concave rise,
A volley rattles round the skies,

Louder, still louder round and round,
And peal on peal the rocks resound ;
From rank to rank, resounds the clash,
And brilliant blades in vengeance flash ;
Brave Maxwell stands the stormy strife,
Nor dreads he now his dauntless life ;
Full on Knyphausen's hostile band,
He fell, with bayonet, blade and brand,
Again, again, the foemen fled—

Again they sought the bloody bed,
The banners blazed, the battle burned,
To right, to left the victory turned ;
Till breathing flames of bursting fire,
Brave Maxwell bade his men retire,

And straightway cross the stream.

A horseman dashing down the hill,
Came, like the wind with trumpet shrill,
And bade Pulaski's legion wheel—

'Twas like a fitful dream.

Fly to the ford—O fly—O fly !

Each moment did the horseman cry ;
Great Washington there waits your hand,
To crush Knyphausen's hostile band ;
Fly ! fly and wield the conquering blade,
Nor let Cornwallis lend him aid ;
One moment lost, a hundred years
Can ne'er repay or bring arrears.

Pulaski heard the dreadful shock,
His war-horse thundered down the rock,
And at his side, one moment seen,
Were all the ranks of gallant Greene,
And o'er the distant hill afar,
Brave Sullivan came to join the war,
But lo ! Cornwallis had retired,
And hope in every heart expired ;
Greene was recalled to feel his fate,
And Sullivan doomed in doubt to wait,

The clarion of command.
Pulaski held his horse that strained,
Like tiger tied, or lion chained,
But quick he saw and soon explained,
The fiery blazing brand.
The foe had passed, prepared for fight,
And fallen with fury on the right ;
Greene saw that Sullivan's fate was sealed,
His cheek was pale—he paused—he wheeled
And bounding down the bank like light,
He dashed thro' dust to join the fight ;
But Sullivan's soldiers fled the plain,
Nor dared to face that foe again :
Stained with his blood he waved his hand,
And, shouting, begged them but to stand.
Pulaski reined his charger round,
Wheeled to the right, and gained his ground ;
One moment stood on stirrups high,
To view the van and hear the cry ;
The wind swept round—the clouds of smoke,
Revealed them, and in distance broke—
Charge, wheel and charge, he said and flew—
A field of bayonets faced his view ;
He led the way, his dauntless ranks,
With fire and steel, cut down the flanks,
And to the column's centre dashed,
Where bayonets blazed and lances flashed ;
And on he rode, thro' walls of fire,
That closed around with roaring ire ;
Reeking with blood, he gasped for breath,
And wheeled in one wide blaze of death,
And dealt his blade, amid the yell,
Till horseman down on horseman fell,
The foe gave way—they fled amain,
But concentrated soon again.
Once more ! Pulaski cried, once more,
And dashed headlong amid the gore ;

Like whirlwinds quick his chargers wheeled,
And many a hostile horseman reeled ;
High o'er their heads the hero rode,
Till his bright blade was drunk with blood,
And slaughter sick with gore ;
The sun went down, veiled in a cloud,
Like many a hero in his shroud,
That slept along the shore.
Meanwhile brave Greene approaching near,
Brought up with wrath the raging rear ;
One rush of fire the hero stood,
'Twas followed by one gush of blood,
With planted blades the British kneeled,
No more they rose—in death they reeled ;
Pulaski's war-horse, warrior proof,
Nailed many a heart with his high hoof ;
Pulaski plunged—a warrior wheeled,
His blade struck full—Pulaski reeled :
His bearskin flew, and quick displayed,
The wound the warrior's weapon made ;
He tilted round—a bolder blow,
In slaughter stretched the savage foe ;
It cleft his skull, and blood and brain
Came spouting forth upon the plain :
Off to the right again he wheeled,
And saw brave Weedon take the field ;
Virginia's vengeance was displayed,
With many a flashing flame and blade ;
Rank sunk on rank, in death to writhe,
Like wheat before the cradler's scythe ;
And Pennsylvania's patriot band,
That never knew a coward's hand,
Supported Weedon's daring ire,
That seemed but one exhaustless fire ;
By La Fayette the band was led,
In freedom's cause the hero bled,
His arm was wounded, and behind,
His scarf was streaming in the wind :

But still he waved his bleeding hand,
And urged to death the dauntless band,
And on they rushed, with raving ire,
Through the red sea of flaming fire;
It seemed to him that saw the sight,
As heaven and earth had met in fight,
Hot lava streamed across the vale,
Like shooting star or comet's tail,
On every wind was heard the wail,
Of pain and agony;
Ascending ghosts arose on high,
Like snow-white birds that seek the sky,
And hovered o'er to hear the cry,
And shout of victory.
Retreat! retreat! the clarion cried,
Retreat, great Washington replied;
One fault has turned the fate of war,
But valor has not left her car;
The knell of vengeance yet shall toll,
Along these hills the sound shall roll,
And golden harps, with heavenly lay,
Shall sing the valor of this day,
While Freedom's flag shall wave.
With Vandyke, Clayton and M'Lane,
And Bayard, statesmen of acclaim,
Shall live, O Delaware, the fame
Of all thy warriors brave.

TO "ESTELLE."

No. 1.

Ah! lady, when thy Lydian song
Breathed magic music on mine ears,
It woke a vision that hath long
Been buried with my youthful years;

Oh! while I listened to thy lays,
Deep, deep, indeed, was their control;
Again the dream of other days,
With all its light, was in my soul!

And hast thou mourned, alas! for me,
As o'er my harp hath hung thy head?
I've tasted much of misery,
And many a tear of sorrow shed!
But oh! 'tis bliss to know that thou
My spirit's chain one hour hast riven;
No sin hath darkened yet my brow,
By woman that was not forgiven.

I mingle with the giddy gay,
I smile with those who shed no tears;
They little think how passed away
The light and love of earlier years!
They tell me I am happy yet,
And speak of pleasure's brilliant blaze;
But, oh! Estelle, can I forget
The blighted bliss of other days?

They think, because I weep alone
And hide my heart by hope unblest,
That all my earlier griefs are gone,
And healed again my bleeding breast:
As yonder moon to marble tomb,
Its melancholy light imparts;
So may a smile, alas! illumine
The grave of love, in broken hearts.

For oh! Estelle, that light but shows
Departed hopes enshrouded there;
It shines upon a world of woes,
A heart long darkened by despair;

Ambition blasted, blown away,
I weep alone in beauty's bowers,
I've seen my holiest hopes decay,
Oh! yes, Estelle, like fading flowers. -

But may the ills, that I have known,
Thy brow ne'er cast their shade upon,
May life's fair stream, with flowers o'ergrown,
Flow blissfully and brightly on;
And may this earth be bright to thee,
And blissful to thy bosom prove:
But never may thy young heart be
The dark and dreary tomb of love.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Some days ago, Dr. William S. Jenkins, of Kentucky, made me a present of the heart of a beautiful woman, who died of love. The artery and veins are accurately injected with red and blue wax. When gazing upon that broken heart, so rudely trampled upon by a heartless man, I am filled with feelings of burning and bitter indignation. Coquetry is a privilege granted by the laws of chivalry exclusively to the fair sex, and he who trifles with female affection, deserves to be the scoff and scorn of his race, and should never know the luxury of love.

Ah! proud deceiver, pulseless now thou art,
A mournful captive in a minstrel's hand;
Can it be true that this is woman's heart,
So cold, so still, so lost to all command?
There was a time when love could bid thee beat
In bliss, or melt in melancholy woe;
When thou could'st breathe the deep sigh of deceit,
Or break with anguish none but thou could'st know.

A woman's heart, how fathomless! unknown
To fools and to philosophers—the sage
Hath never solved thee—thou hast been alone,
The wonder of the world in every age;

Thou art a hell or heaven, beyond all ken,
A restless thing of wickedness or worth,
Thy unseen sceptre rulest mighty men,
Thou devil and thou angel of the earth!

Man cannot be compared to thee, in all
That's mighty or that's mean to mortal given ;
By thee mankind was doomed, alas! to fall,
When Eden's angel, Eve, relinquished heaven ;
'Twas such a tiny bauble as thou art,
That had o'er proud Mark Antony control ;
That swayed the mighty Macedonian's heart,*
And captivated Julius Cæsar's soul.

The proudest princes at thy feet have kneeled,
Crowns have been crush'd and glorious empires hurl'd ;
Kings too, and conquerors been doomed to yield,
And own *thee* mighty mistress of the world ;
Ay, for a woman's heart the Trojan towers
Were doomed to fall, and pass with time away ;
The palaces of Priam, and his powers,
Went down to dust, to darkness, and decay.

A woman's heart once saved an empire, too—
Saved Rome from ruins, stopped the tide of war ;
When Coriolanus from the field withdrew,
And left, for peaceful scenes, the crimson car ;
A mourning mother moved his noble heart,
A weeping wife unnerved his manly soul ;
They knelt before him, plead and prayed apart,
And Coriolanus bowed to their control.

The heart of Pocahontas dared to save
The English captive from Powhatan's knife ;
Like Desdemona, she adored the brave,
And risked her own to save the Briton's life ;

* Alexander the Great loved the beautiful Campaspe.

And woman's heart hath battled and hath bled
For freemen's rights, upon the reeking field;
When Joan of Arc the Gallic forces led,
And England's Edward was compelled to yield.

A woman's heart! while I now gaze on thee,
I think, alas! of all my youthful years;
When I at beauty's shrine bowed down my knee,
Ere I was doomed to shed affliction's tears;
A woman's heart hath been my bane and bliss,
The solace and the sorrow of my soul,
I tasted heaven and hell both in one kiss,
Then drank damnation in the accursed bowl.

Yet for that heart I would resign all worth,
And all the glittering gauds to mortals given;
Fame, fortune, friends, and every thing on earth—
Almost my very soul's fond hope of heaven;
For it I'd suffer on the reeking rack,
The pangs and penalties it might impart:
Ay, till each bone and sinew, too, should crack,
Could I now claim that pure, that heavenly heart.

Alas! poor heart, how cruel was the blow
That broke thy dream of bliss, and blasted thee!
The anguish thou hast known full well I know,
For mine hath tasted much of misery;
Yet for the heaven I've known I'd feel again
The hell that followed it, and be the slave
Of that same love, and wear the galling chain,
Which gave *thee* up to grief and to the grave.

Ah! who can tell how oft the secret sigh
Hath swelled thy bosom, bursting with its grief;
How many tears have trickled from thine eye,
Poor broken heart? how bright thy bliss but brief!
The man who wronged and ruined thee, should know
No joys of love, that generous bosoms swell;
But in some cave or cavern, far below,
With tigers and terrific wolves should dwell.

TO MRS. L***.

OF BALTIMORE STREET, WHO SENT ME A HANDSOME PRESENT.

IF Eve could half thy graces tell,
Or half thy virtues knew;
I blame not Adam that he fell—
I should have fallen too;
I would have taken, from her hands,
A hundred apples given;
And followed her to foreign lands,
For where she was, was heaven.

Oh! Woman, in that magic name,
There's joy divinely sweet,
And what are all the flowers of fame,
If laid not at her feet?
The Bard hath never known a bliss,
Like her approving smile;
Nor luxury like love's fond kiss,
That can each woe beguile.

Oh! if a friend, on life's dark tide,
I need my bark to steer,
Be faithful woman at my side,
To cherish and to cheer;
Her love no power on earth can stay,
No cruel coldness blast,
She loves him still, be what he may,
And loves him to the last.

I've seen her to the dungeon go,
Where gloomy ruin reigns;
And hug, in agonizing woe,
The victim in his chains;
Lady, these virtues all are thine,
They dwell within thy breast,
And with religion's joys divine,
Be thou for ever blest.

TO THE SOUTH STREET BEAUTY.

No. 1.

Oh! fairest of all that the poet may prize,
Bewitching and beautiful creature ;
An angel I see in thy exquisite eyes,
And the graces in every feature.

Lips laughing with love, and a cheek not of art,
That shames the most lovely of roses ;
And Oh! in thy fond little fluttering heart,
The sweetest of virtues reposes.

As you pass No. 12, and the heart-broken Bard,
If you smile not he's sure to reprove you ;
Tho' his heart is the grave of a former regard,
By St. Paul! how the poet could love you !

On the last day you passed and the bright beaming smile
Chased away for a moment my sorrow ;
I thought could I sigh on those lips for a while,
I'd be willing to die on the morrow.

To gaze on thine eyes and to bask in thy glance,
To the poet were bliss beyond measure ;
Oh! yes, I could fall at thy feet in a trance,
Or perish in exquisite pleasure.

Oh! yes, thou remind'st me of one I have seen,
And to whom all the graces were given ;
And could she be now what I know she has been,
This earth would be happy as heaven.

T'other night I rose up and I said, I will go
To see Nature's most lovely production ;
But a lady took hold of my arm and said—"No,
My dear sir, you've had no introduction."

Then I said, my dear Miss, such a bliss to forego,
Is surely a very great pity;
But no stranger, I am, I would have you to know,
To the ladies of Baltimore city.

And just as I spoke, Oh! you passed by the door,
I started to hear the silk rustle;
Ye gods! you were fairer than ever before,
And Oh! what a *beautiful bustle!*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

He was the glory of his age,
The wonder of mankind;
Statesman, philosopher and sage,
A man of mighty mind;
In living light the hand of fame
Recorded his renown;
To millions of mankind his name
Shall still be handed down.

From pinching penury he sprung,
And step by step arose
Where learning's awful accents rung,
And triumphed o'er his foes;
Amid the Fathers of the free,
The mighty statesman stood;
The friend of man and liberty,
The blessed gift of God.

Amid philosophers he shone,
In science' halls of pride;
To all the brilliant nations known,
O'er old Atlanta's tide:

Error in science doomed to fall,
By his proud hand was hurled :
His wond'rous powers astonished all
The wise men of the world.

The mysteries that Nature shrouds,
To him were freely given :
He snatched the lightning from the clouds,
The thunderbolt of heaven ;
In majesty of mind he reigned,
Bade nature's laws conform ;
He raised his daring hand, and chained
The spirit of the storm.

Like mighty Jove then stood the sage,
Astonished in his pride ;
The terror of the tempest's rage
Was trembling at his side :
Fame, from Olympus' lofty height,
Beheld his glorious march ;
And wrote his name in lines of light,
On heaven's mighty arch.

TO "ESTELLE."

No. 2.

Oh ! lady, say not that the muse to thee
Hath given no grace in magic minstrelsy !
Twice have I hung upon thy Lydian lyre,
While peace my pensive spirit did inspire ;
Oh ! let me listen, let me lean mine ear,
The music of that harp of heaven to hear ;
Thou singest religion, that alone can save,
And tear the triumph from the greedy grave.

The power to teach, to thee, Estelle, is given,
How angels tune their holy harps in heaven;
The power to sing of His atoning love,
And lead me to the golden gates above;
To bid me cherish hopes beyond the sod,
And in the blooming garden of our God,
To gather sweet affection's lasting flowers,
Blest with eternal sunshine and with showers.

Oh! yes, Estelle, I have adored that One,
Who, high above, sits awful and alone;
Who bids yon glorious orb above us rise,
And hung Redemption's rainbow 'round the skies;
Who scans the soul, who melts the heart of steel,
Bids trembling nations at his footstool kneel,
And who, when last Creation's clock shall toll,
Will search the secrets of the immortal soul.

And I have loved that Being's matchless might,
Who hung the heavens with glittering globes of light;
Mute with amaze I have surveyed his power
Seen in a fly, a feather, or a flower;
Great in a plant, as in a planet's light,
Nor greater in a mammoth than a mite,
His boundless mercy I in all things scan,
But most of all that mighty work called *man*!

His goodness, too, all nature's course controls,
Seen in the sun, and felt in human souls;
Enjoyed by insects, and by sages blest,
The feast of reason, and the fount of rest.
As well the skeptic might attempt to prove
Man never felt the luxury of love,
As doubt the glorious Deity, confessed
By every hope that fills the human breast.

I love the suffering Saviour, too, who hurled
The serpent sin, and saved a dying world;

But why am I not blest?—Thou know'st it well,
I love the world, the wicked world, *Estelle!*
I do not love with all my heart that God,
Nor bow obedient to his chastening rod;
I have a woman's heart, but not her zeal,
God's holy will, but not his grace, I feel.

Chained in a dungeon lies my struggling soul,
And hateful habits hold o'er me control;
The syren pleasure spreads her witching charms,
Woos me and wins me to her cruel arms;
But when I wake from that sweet dream to pain,
I weep to find I am a wretch again.
Oh! would *Estelle* I were but what thou art,
So high in hope and holy in the heart;
For all the virtues have to thee been given,
I see in thee what angels are in heaven.

TO HOLDEN B. HILL.

OH! if there is a joy on earth,
Which angels envy, 'tis alone,
To know one generous heart of worth
Is truly at all times our own.
One heart in which we can confide,
Whose friendship cannot pass away;
Whose kindness nothing can divide,
Whose feelings never can decay.

In such a heart 'tis sweet to live,
By every generous feeling met;
A heart that can our faults forgive,
And can as truly too forget:
"To err is human"—'tis "divine"
To know those errors are forgiven;
If I refuse to pardon thine,
How can I ask the same from heaven?

I'd rather have a Howard's heart,
Than Homer's harp by soul refined;
Than painter's pencil, sculptor's art,
Or all the Grecian sages' mind;
For in that heart there was a heaven,
Where all the angel feelings met;
And glory to it has been given,
For who that heart can e'er forget.

My gentle friend, thy heart is worth—
If ev'n its worth can ere be told—
All, all the glittering gauds of earth,
And all Golconda's mines of gold;
When I thy kindness shall forget,
May heaven forget me in the day
When yonder sun and stars shall set,
And all creation shall decay!

TO MY MOTHER.

Oh! thou, upon whose bosom first,
My infant form reclined;
Ere reason in its brilliance burst
Upon the midnight mind;
I long to look once more on thee,
Oh! never more to part;
To kneel once more beside thy knee.
And hug thee to my heart.

My mother, many a weary mile,
I've wandered since we met;
But fortune, fame, nor beauty's smile,
Could bid me to forget;

Tho' courted and caressed I've been,
In grandeur's gayest hall;
Tho' friends in fairest forms I've seen,
I've loved thee more than all.

Oh! would thy prodigal could prove
How much his heart is thine;
For well I know in lasting love,
Thine own is ever mine;
Whate'er my fortune mar or make,
In folly or in fame;
Tho' all the fickle world forsake,
Thou wilt be still the same.

No more shalt thou by grief undone,
Weep o'er thy erring child;
No more shall mourn thy minstrel son,
From virtue's path exiled;
For thee I will all error spurn,
And hope with thee for heaven;
O'erjoyed to make the rich return,
For all the grief I've given.

Dear mother, some may call it weak,
To bow before thy shrine;
And childish thus in song to speak
Affection's vows divine;
And if 'tis womanish or wild,
To love, or love impart;
Oh! let me rather be a child,
Than man without a heart.

TO THE SOUTH STREET BEAUTY.

No. 2.

I SEE no more the summer moon,
In silver clothe the city round;
Faded are all the flowers of June,
The leaves are withering o'er the ground;
Sweet summer evenings, too, are past,
And thus have brightest hopes decayed;
The loveliest things but seldom last,
The richest roses soonest fade.

Sweet angel of the earth, no more,
I mark thee in the moon's pale light;
The fairest belle of Baltimore,
Alas! has vanished from my sight;
I see no more the fairy form,
No more that blue and brilliant eye;
No more that beauteous bosom warm,
On which 'twere ecstasy to die.

In dreams I gaze upon thy charms,
And like a bee the red rose sips;
I clasp thee in my anxious arms,
And sigh upon thy lovely lips;
I gaze, and with a happy heart,
Upon thy face and fair hair curled;
I kiss thee, as I swear thou art
The loveliest woman in the world!

And tho' in dreams such bliss is given,
To feast upon thy fancied charms;
Oh! lady, 'twere an earthly heaven,
To be the idol of thy arms;

To look upon thy lovely face ;
To press the lips that all adore,
To gaze upon the form of grace,
Thou beauteous belle of Baltimore !

Like Adam, in his Eden bower,
From thy fair hand I'd ruin take ;
I'd bow to beauty's magic power,
Though empires fell and thrones did quake ;
Yea ! tho' the angel's flaming sword,
Should bid from Paradise depart ;
My angel still should be adored,
For oh ! a heaven is in thy heart !

There is a heaven within thine eyes,
The light of love shines on thy brow ;
And could I gaze into those skies,
I'd see two angels peeping now ;
The roses on thy cheek so fair,
The cherries, on thy lips of love,
Are ripening in the sun-rays there,
That fall from those bright orbs above.

When last I saw thy charming face,
And heard thy silver voice of mirth ;
I thought thy form, so full of grace,
Must be of heaven and not of earth ;
Beneath thy brow of beauty shone,
The soul's expression there enshrined ;
And high above, on reason's throne,
Sat the proud mistress of the mind.

Thou fairest belle of Baltimore,
Oh ! could I now but kneel to thee ;
Of bliss my breast could ask no more,
For it were ecstasy to me !
How could I languish on thy lip,
While gazing on thy magic charms ;
The nectar of the gods I'd sip,
And die in peace within thy arms.

LINES,

ON SEEING A HUMAN SKULL WITH A CANDLE IN IT.

THOU monument of life, where, where has fled
That greater light that lit thy magic cave ?
It dwells not in the mansions of the dead,
It hovers not within the sable grave !
Has Charon borne it o'er the Stygian wave,
To Pluto's dreary realms of pain and woe ;
Where the three furies in distraction rave,
And shudder in the pensile vaults below ?

Or doth it amble o'er Elysian meads,
Supernal scenes beyond the ambient sky ;
Where joy immortal all the Graces leads,
Where the pure spirit cannot, cannot die ?
Thou wilt not speak ; and dim is now thine eye,
Where lustre once could speak without a breath ;
There once the violet gave its azure die,
But now, alas ! is seen the glare of death.

Shadow of life, the phasy lamp illumes
The cells where once the soul immortal grew ;
Emblem of death, from thee, on shadowy plumes,
The nival spirit bade a long adieu :
On swift winged pinions it unheeded flew,
Nor left a trace of habitation there ;
Still as it fled a lingering glance it threw,
Where once mortality was blooming fair.

I saw thee when the smile of beauty spread,
In days long past, a crimson on thy face ;
I saw thee when with light and airy tread,
Thou lead'st the dance with every winning grace !

I've seen upon thy temples, fancy place
The flowing curl of pure nigrescent dye ;
And through the mirror veil of silken lace,
Have seen young Cupid laughing in thine eye.

That haggard brow where once fair Venus sate,
I've seen encircled with the wreath of praise ;
There virtue smiled with breast of joy elate,
And called the crimson blush when man would gaze !
Yea ! I have seen thee when the genial blaze
Of science, roused thee in the warm dispute,
Strike, with thy eloquence, the mind's amaze,
And opposition easily refute.

Thy ruby lips then warbled pleasure's song,
Sweet melody to every feeling heart ;
Yea ! often would the tender notes prolong,
Till from thine eye the stealing tear would start :
And I have felt the sound, like Cupid's dart,
Sink in my soul, for thou wast nought but love ;
Yea ! often it to me would joy impart,
As tho' harmonious choir had sung above.

Where now, alas ! is all that once was dear ?
Where are the lips that like the rose would bloom ?
Where is that speaking eye, and limpid tear ?
Alas ! they sunk, they perished in the tomb :
And could not beauty's cheek escape the doom,
Where that pure test of innocence would rise ?
Could not that blush, that breath of sweet perfume,
Surmount thy fate ?—No ; every beauty dies.

O what a wreck of all that once was fair,
Is here presented to astonished sight ;
O desolating death, thou wouldst not spare
One feature, that was once of nature bright !
Doomed is the polished form to endless night,
Robbed of each beauty that allured the soul ;
Now only lit with that poor fading light—
See how in horror death's wide sockets roll !

O time, thou murderer of unhappy man,
How couldst thou thus in darkness shade this brow;
Our space allotted dwindles to a span,
Man's cool reflections scarce will it allow :
More cruel too, for Oh ! fair virtue now,
Would kindle in that breast a flame divine ;
That eye, affection's counterpart, endow
With beauties that in Paradise would shine.

THE BALTIMORE BEAUTY.

Oh ! I have gazed on the dark dazzling eyes of old Spain,
And the beautiful forms of France ;
On the cherry-cheeked beauties in Britain that reign,
And gladden the heart with a glance ;
To the angels of Italy oft I have knelt,
With a feeling that never can be
By aught but the heart of the Troubadour felt—
But a Baltimore beauty for me !

You may talk of the grace of the Georgian girls,
As fair as the angels above ;
Of their ivory arms, and their clustering curls,
And their rosy lips breathing of love ;
You may talk of the Peries of Persia, whose gaze
Is so witching and winning to thee,
That the dazzled eye turns from its beautiful blaze—
But a Baltimore beauty for me !

Of the dark eye, that charms in the damsel of Spain,
Of the forms, that in Persia appear ;
Of the cheek, that's so charming to Albion's swain,
The charms are all centred in her :
With the grace of a Grecian, the sense of a sage,
And a heart full of goodness and glee ;
She's the charm of existence, the light of the age—
Oh ! a Baltimore beauty for me !

GUARD UNEXPLE.



CUPID IN EXILE.

YOUNG Cupid roved upon the strand,
In tenderness and tears;
Far from his love and native land,
And all that life endears.

He stood upon the sounding shore,
And saw the ship depart;
He turned his eye to home once more,
While sorrow pierced his heart.

Then as on Hope's sweet anchor nigh,
He leaned, with joy sincere,
He breathed to sorrow one last sigh,
And dashed away a tear.

TO THE FRANKLIN STREET BEAUTY.

WAKE, lady, wake—the moon is bright,
The first sweet morn of May appears;
All nature smiles in love and light,
The glades are gay with April's tears;
The groves are bursting into bloom,
And beauty beams in all the flowers,
Dancing on Winter's dreary tomb,
Come tripping forth the rosy hours.

Oh! lady, wake—the fields are green—
Come forth and list the wildwood lyres;
In Nature's mighty church are seen,
And heard the hymns of feathered choirs;
The monarchs of the mountain bow,
Their heads—the gurgling fountains gush;
A hundred hills are smiling now,
Beneath Aurora's brilliant blush.

Come let me lead thee to the wild,
Where waterfalls their music make;
Where yonder moon so lately smiled,
In light, upon the lucid lake;
Or let me be in yonder bowers,
The worshipper of woman's charms;
There let me bind thy brow with flowers,
And clasp an angel in my arms.

There let me wake to love the lyre,
And sing my soul-felt lay to thee;
There let my daring heart aspire,
To feel life's dearest luxury;
And, lady, let me humbly bow
Before thy charms in rich array,
Oh! let me bind thy beauteous brow,
And gaily crown thee queen of May.

Wake, lady, wake—the fair, the young,
Now wait to woo thee to the bowers;
Amid green woodland wastes have sprung,
To grace thy head, the fairest flowers;
But tho' all Nature wins my heart,
And beauteous every flower I call;
Oh! angel of the earth, thou art—
Yes, thou art loveliest of them all.

The only thing in Nature's range,
That gazing on we never tire;
The only charm that knows no change,
Is woman's face, that all admire;
I could for ever softly sigh
Upon thy lips, that blush is love;
And gaze on thy voluptuous eye,
So like an angel's eye above.

Wake, lady, wake from that sweet dream
That dazzles to betray thy bliss;
I'll lead thee, love, by strand and stream,
And court thee with a Cupid's kiss;
Beneath yon cool, umbrageous shade,
My soul shall feast upon thy charms;
And sighing on thy lips, sweet maid,
I'll softly slumber in thy arms.

TO MY MOTHER.

DEAR Mother, when upon thy breast,
My infant head reclined:
When in thy arms I oft was blest,
With thy caresses kind;
O then thou, too, wert young and fair,
As beauteous as the rose,
While bending o'er to breathe thy prayer,
For all my future woes;

And when thy babe no longer heard,
Was wrapt in cradled sleep :
Then thou wert gay, as is the bird
That o'er the lawn doth leap ;
But when the fever came, and on
My little cheek had spread ;
Then came the light footstep, upon
The tip-toe, o'er my bed ;
And there I saw thee hang in love,
In breathless agony ;
Like some soft spirit from above,
Weeping o'er misery :
And now old age hath scattered snows
Upon thy ringlets gay ;
'Tis sweet to think upon the woes
Of childhood's early day ;
And what, my mother, can I pay
For all thy kindness shown ?
What can I give in manhood's day,
For all the love I've known ?
'Tis vain to ask ; for were I made
Of purest virgin gold,
Thy love for me could ne'er be paid,
Tho' I for thee were sold !
But henceforth shall my pleasure be,
To gratify thy heart ;
And tho' I pine in misery,
Still joy to thee impart ;
And virtue pure shall be my guide,
Till death shall close my eyes ;
That thou, in death, may'st view, with pride,
Thy first born son arise.

THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

When Robert Fulton had finished, and was about to put in operation the first Steamboat, called the Clermont, it is said that thousands had assembled on the wharf to witness the sight, and that he stepped "on board amidst the audible and visible scoffs and sneers of the ignorant multitude." But the scene was changed when they saw her ploughing the dark blue waves of the Hudson.

How had the heart of Fulton swelled,
On that eventful day,
When on the Hudson he beheld,
His Clermont take her way.

The voice of thousands round him rose,
And envy's hiss was there;
He heard the scoffs of all his foes,
Fly echoing thro' the air.

But soon his giant genius stood
High o'er the silver tide;
He viewed his work, pronounced it good,
And felt a generous pride.

The hour arrived and all was still—
As silent as the grave;
She moved—as by her own self-will,
And walked upon the wave.

Then Genius triumphed, and the cries
Of loud acclaim arose;
Fame blew the news around the skies,
And Fulton had no foes:

Save envy with benighted soul,
And she but gnawed her heart;
For Fulton now had reached the goal,
The pinnacle of art.

Columbia's genius dropped a tear
O'er Fulton, when he died;
The world his memory will revere,
And speak of him with pride.

And Fulton's fame with Franklin's shines,
Upon the glorious page:
With Franklin's too his laurel twines,
And greener grows with age.

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### LAST LINES OF THE BARD.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

My weary head must soon repose  
Upon its bed of clay;  
For heavy, heavy are the woes  
That cloud my life's young day.

I soon shall sleep to wake no more,  
Till heaven's loud trump shall sound;  
My harp the winds will harsh sweep o'er,  
Or dashed, fall to the ground.

The Muses oft in yonder cell,  
Have taught me music's strain;  
And I have loved the Nine full well—  
The solace of my pain.

My lyre is on the willow hung,  
It sighs no more its lays;  
Its strings, bewildered, are unstrung,  
The north-wind thro' it plays.

All, all is lost, to me so dear,  
 Save ruins and a name;  
 The sigh is mine, and mine the tear,  
 But not the wreath of fame.

Yet will I not forget in death,  
 Thy generous love to me;  
 I'll bless thee with my latest breath—  
 Yea, through eternity.

God grant that you may never feel,  
 The ills that I have known;  
 But may life's current softly steal  
 Where sweetest flowers are strown.

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LINES,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED ME TO TAKE SOME BRANDY.

OFFER me not the blasting bowl,  
 My tongue may not its horrors tell;  
 A curse is in its dark control,  
 It is the harbinger of hell.

The rosy apple Adam ate,  
 Which first the subtile serpent gave;  
 Contained the *spirit* of man's fate,  
 Which gives its millions to the grave.

The gifted and the glorious fall,  
 When they that spirit's power once own;  
 And reason, deaf to duty's call,  
 Tumbles from her exalted throne.

A serpent's charm is in the bowl,  
 That may a moment's peace impart;  
 But 'tis damnation to the soul,  
 A deadly dagger to the heart.

Say not it gives to friendship birth,  
For if on that I may rely;  
Oh! let me have no friends on earth,  
Alone, unloved, oh! let me die!

Art thou my generous friend? Then swift  
Apply the vampire to my vein;  
But never, never dare to lift  
The wine cup to my lips again.

Place on my heart the Egyptian asp,  
Bring hemlock to my dying lip;  
And in death's dusky angel's grasp,  
Oh! let me then the Upas sip.

But offer not the mad'ning bowl,  
That kills or curses all who taste;  
Plunders the purse, and sinks the soul  
Into a wild and fearful waste.

Young man, beware! thou dost not know,  
In thy convivial moments free;  
What anguish, and what wond'rous woe,  
The future treasures up for thee!

I've seen a youth, of fortune, fame—  
Beloved and honored by the world;  
By this one vice sent down to shame,  
And from his envied height soon hurled.

I've seen proud Genius' noble heir  
Chained in a dark and dreary cell;  
Howling the horrors of despair,  
Amid the fancied fiends of hell.

Retrace thy steps ere manhood's noon,  
Taste, touch not now the poisonous wave;  
Or thou wilt fall, and mingle soon,  
With mouldering millions in the grave.

## THE DAMNING BOWL.

THE wine cup hath a witching power,  
And woos like woman's rosy lips ;  
But ah ! it wins but to devour  
The victim that its sweetness sips.  
Unlike the rosy lips of love,  
It will a pang of woe impart ;  
Oh ! yes, the wine cup can but prove  
A Upas poison to the heart !

More fatal than the serpent's fang,  
That crawled o'er Eden's cradled bliss ;  
It poisons peace with many a pang,  
And kills you with a flatterer's kiss ;  
It blasts affection's fairest flowers,  
While vice o'er virtue holds a spell ;  
It drowns the soul's exalted powers,  
And makes the happiest heart a hell.

Oh ! dash to earth the damning bowl,  
Ere reason flies her ruined throne ;  
Genius, beware ! ere thy proud soul  
Shall be eternally undone :  
'Tis fatal to the child of fame,  
By all the noblest gifts refined ;  
It sinks him down to sin and shame,  
And murder's the immortal mind.

It nerves the dread assassin's steel,  
When to the midnight couch he creeps,  
And softly stoops, or deigns to kneel,  
To stab the slumberer while he sleeps ;  
It bids him with the mark of Cain,  
With demons only seek to dwell ;  
Yea ! bids him lift the steel again,  
And rush in ruin down to hell.

How many wrecks the tide of life  
Is bearing, with a blasted name!  
Behold the broken hearted wife  
And mother, mourning o'er their shame!  
Upon a gloomy tide of tears,  
Have gone the hopes they could not save;  
Gone, too, the joys of younger years,  
All garnered in a drunkard's grave.

Oh! haste the hour when every voice  
To temperance shall the nations call,  
And millions of mankind rejoice  
To see the mighty demon fall!  
When temperance' banner o'er the free,  
By virtue's hand shall be unfurled—  
Oh! may she stand in liberty,  
And wave it o'er a sober world.



TO MISS M. E. G.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE WRITTEN WHILE ABSENT.

Ah! sweet to me,  
The memory  
Of those I late have known;  
But now I sigh,  
With tearful eye,  
To think I am alone.

We never know  
Our joy and woe,  
Till from those bosoms torn;  
Which once have burned,  
But now have turned,  
And left us but to mourn.

'Tis sad to tell  
That word, farewell,  
And leave a loved one's view;  
But for that grief  
There's no relief,  
When we're forsaken too.

The tear will start,  
The heaving heart  
Our anguish then will tell;  
And bid us know,  
How much of woe  
Is in that word, farewell!

I am alone,  
Yet I have known  
A happier hour than this;  
But hope is fled,  
And pleasure's dead,  
And what is human bliss?

It is a light,  
That gilds our night,  
When hearts with rapture fill;  
Then like love's ray,  
Will pass away,  
And leave them darker still.

I am alone,  
Yet I have known  
The luxury of love;  
And I have felt,  
As I have knelt,  
How false the heart will prove.



Friendless alas!  
My hours I pass,  
From every loved one torn;  
No heart is mine,  
Alone I pine,  
And meditate and mourn.

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### A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

The following lines were written in a high stage of fever. They represent the muse coming down from Parnassus to my garret, and taking me up to witness the coming of the gods from Olympus. In the description, I have neither followed Homer nor the Heathen Mythology, but have written according to my own fancy. That I have imitated Homer is certain, because I could not avoid it. The scene represented by my imagination during the fever, was very grand.

STARTING, I cried, what sounds are those I hear?  
A hundred heavenly harps broke on mine ear;  
A form unearthly and divinely fair  
Stood not on earth, but equipoised in air;  
Her fair hair rolled in ringlets to her feet,  
Her eye was soft and exquisitely sweet;  
A wreath of roses round her brow was twined,  
To mark the temple of the Muse's mind;  
And thus she spake—Oh! son of song, arise,  
My chariot waits to waft thee in the skies,  
To-night I lead thee to sublime abodes,  
Where on their golden thrones will sit the gods,  
From high Olympus to Parnassus driven,  
They come to hail the Muses blest of heaven.  
She said, and round my brow a garland rolled,  
And o'er my shoulder hung a harp of gold;  
High in an ivory chariot, gaily hung,  
With Flora's flowers, I seized the Muse and sprung;  
The steeds obedient to the long lash given,  
Sprung through the air and hurled us on to heaven;

And as through space with lightning speed we played,  
A hundred harps sublimest music made;  
The graces danced around the rosy car,  
Lit by the light of beauty's brilliant star;  
Upon Parnassus I with joy surveyed  
The sacred Nine, in loveliest robes arrayed;  
Around their brows the richest wreaths were twined,  
The glorious meed of merit and of mind;  
And thus they spake: Oh! son of song behold!  
The gods now leave their gorgeous thrones of gold;  
Jove with fair Juno at his side surveys  
The heavens and earth, and see his arm upraised!—  
I looked and listened while the thunderer spoke;  
And from his eyes the lurid lightnings broke;  
Creation trembled at the awful sound,  
Which long ran roaring thro' the vast profound;  
From every point went forth his thunder rods,  
Who cried aloud—I am the god of gods!  
Who dares against the thunderer's will rebel,  
Shall groan within the gloomy gates of hell;  
To darkest dungeons and to fiends consigned,  
Shall feel the wrath of Jove's all mighty mind;  
Or crushed to earth, his corse to vultures given,  
*Shall be the scoff of man, the scorn of heaven.*  
He said, and soon the shouting gods obeyed,  
And sought their chariots for the Muses' shade;  
First came great Jove, his gondola of gold  
Adown the heavens in glittering grandeur rolled;  
Next in the train, high on his crimson car,  
Came dashing down the dreadful god of war;  
His shining shield threw back the starry light,  
And flashed afar upon the gloom of night;  
The stamping steeds, with heads thrown back in ire,  
Their swelling nostrils breathing floods of fire,  
Came thundering down, their red manes hurled on high  
Like flames that float within a star-lit sky;  
To all was seen, ev'n in his humblest nod,  
The grandeur and the glory of a god;

The lovely Venus, in her sea-shell bower,  
Rolled on in all her princely pomp of power;  
With eyes of love and lips just thrown apart,  
She waved her hand and pressed it to her heart;  
Into her breast the beauteous Cupid stole,  
And told the tale of his deceitful soul:  
Then proud Minerva held the lengthened rein,  
Born of the mighty Jove's immortal brain;  
Her lofty brow shone with a lustrous light,  
And threw a glory o'er the gloom of night;  
The powerful Vulcan, with the thunderer's rods,  
Drove madly on and dashed by all the gods;  
A stream of fire from every wheel was hurled,  
And one deep dreadful thunder shook the world;  
Next came the bloated Bacchus, and he laughed  
And raved, while he the golden goblet quaffed.  
Thus came they all, in pomp that should be given  
To mark the coming of the gods from heaven.  
Great Jove then bade me mount his awful car,  
Ride round the heavens and visit every star;  
I seized the reins—the reverent steeds obeyed,  
And thro' the glittering globes I was conveyed.

At this period of my poem my fever subsided, and I am sorry that I could not describe my transit.



## AN ESSAY ON THE MIND AND BRAIN.

A SEQUEL TO THE "CONVERSATIONS WITH A LADY IN GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY."

MAN is a curious machine, and, in the language of Scripture, "is fearfully and wonderfully made." Like a mill, he operates by a forced existence. In breathing, the oxygen of the atmosphere combines with the iron in the blood, giving it a red color, and it is supposed, and partly proven by experiments, that the blood of forty men contains iron

enough to make a plough-share weighing twenty-seven pounds. The Holy Scriptures speak of the flesh of the blood, which has been a puzzle to many persons, but it is a fact that there is solid flesh in the blood, and it may be washed until it is as white as snow. This flesh is called fibrine. The blood is composed of three parts, called *serum*, *red globules*, and *fibrine*; but there are a number of substances in it. From this fluid are secreted saliva, tears, sweat, milk and other fluids. There are thirteen different substances in one of the fluids secreted from the blood.

It is my opinion that the nerves of the body, coming from the brain, are, in one respect, like the wires of a galvanic battery, or the chain of an electric machine. I believe that we live, move and have our being by means of galvanism or electricity, and, in some respects, they appear to be the same, though, in others, very different. Medical societies and universities have offered large premiums to the anatomist who should discover by what means sensation is transmitted through the nerves. If a pin is stuck in the toe or finger, the sensation is instantly conveyed to the brain, in some manner similar to that by which the galvanic fluid is conveyed along the wire. The transmission of sensation along the nerves must be instantaneous, because we cannot tell what is the matter until judgment is exercised in the brain, and pronounces that a pin has wounded the toe. The transmission of sensation, the perception, and verdict of judgment, are all performed in an instant. The wires of a galvanic battery, when applied to the muscles of a dead man, will cause him to spring upon the table, and perform all the motions of life. I never performed the experiment without starting back with horror. A young man who had never before been in a dissecting room, and who came in just as I applied the wires to the dead body, was so alarmed that he fainted. The man, whose body I was galvanizing, had died of lockjaw, and his countenance was awfully distorted.

But man is not more wonderfully than fearfully made.

There are membranes, covering the vital parts of the body, which are so delicate that they will not bear their own weight when dissected, and which, if ruptured, would instantly prove an outlet to life. He is so fearfully, so delicately made, that it is wonderful that every fall, nay, sudden jar that he receives, does not instantly destroy him. Glorious, indeed, is that mighty Being who fashioned him in so wonderful a manner!

The human brain is divided into two parts, like a *bean*, one of which, in front, is called the *cerebrum*, and the other in the back part of the head, the *cerebellum*. It is agreed by all metaphysical anatomists, that the thinking power, or principle of the mind, is placed in the front part of the brain, or cerebrum. The celebrated philosopher, Descartes, whose head was remarkably large, tells us that the seat of the soul is in the pineal gland, which is so called from its resemblance to a pine apple. The phrenologists, on the contrary, assert that the different faculties of the mind are placed in different parts of the brain, and that the brain is more or less enlarged by the greater or less faculties of the mind. Now, according to a parity of reasoning, if an active and powerful mind enlarges the brain, then a large brain must contain an active and powerful mind; that is, if the doctrine of the phrenologists be correct, but upon this subject, the wise are divided in opinion.

There are exceptions to all general rules. Henry Clay has not a very large head, and the head of chief justice Jay was not remarkable for size; but, on the contrary, Daniel Webster, Mr. Preston of South Carolina, and Mr. Woodbury, have large heads. I would here beg liberty to say, that I have a particular friend who has an enormous head on his shoulders, notwithstanding the fact that he criticizes my doctrine. My hat is to his head as the hat of a boy is to mine, and yet my head is not very small.

There is another fact to be mentioned, which I had not room for in the "Conversations with a lady in Green Mount Cemetery," and which is this: A man may not

appear to have a large head, and yet have a very large brain, or that part may be large which contains the mind. Some heads are small behind and large before, and others are small in front and large behind. Some heads are deep from the ear upward, while others are the reverse. In all the heads of idiots that I have examined, the skull runs immediately back from the eyes in an oblique direction, or inclined, so that the part of the brain which thinks is very small. I met an idiot in the Hanover market, whom I stopped for the purpose of looking at his head. The cerebrum could not have been half the ordinary size, so inclined was his forehead, and his chin so projected, that his head and face resembled the shape of a hog's head. I pitied the poor fellow from my heart, for he had not even sense enough to know why I was looking at his head. Of all human misfortunes, idiocy and natural derangement are most deplorable. Nothing is so mortifying to a parent. Yet it is often the case, that men of distinguished minds have very weak sons. Take the son of the celebrated Cicero, the Roman orator, as an example, who was sent into Greece to be educated by a renowned philosopher. The philosopher, not satisfied with the books already written, wrote new ones for the use of young Cicero, but at last sent him home to his father with the mortifying intelligence, that he could make nothing out of him. It is said, that the son of the illustrious Walter Scott has been heard to boast that he never read the works of his father. It is my opinion that, in nine cases out of ten, the child derives its *talents* from the mother, and the *person* from the father. It is very singular that so many distinguished heads have been covered by light hair. You meet with but few persons comparatively speaking, who have red or brown hair; yet the number of persons of great talents who have sandy hair is very great, I shall mention some from memory; Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, whose hair is now gray, David Ritzenhouse, the great American astronomer, Shakspeare, Napoleon Bonaparte, Sir William Wallace, Lord Byron, De-

foe, the author of Robinson Crusoe; John Bunyan, author of the Pilgrim's Progress, and Queen Elizabeth of England, all had brown hair; but I would rather possess the heart of a Howard, united with the moral qualities of a Socrates or Seneca, than to possess the combined brains of the whole of those whom I have mentioned.

I have observed that a majority of those who are naturally deranged have small heads, and that a majority of those who suffer much from *mania a potu*, or madness from rum, have large heads.

The largest intellectual brain or cerebrum, is contained in a head which is deep from the crown to the ears, the forehead of which is broad and runs up perpendicularly, and sometimes projects considerably over the face. Shakspeare had such a forehead as I have described, and it was remarkably high. His head was as large as Cuvier's or Lord Byron's. John M. Clayton of Delaware, has a very fine head and large. The celebrated Dr. Mitchell of New York, and the immortal Dr. Franklin, had large, well proportioned heads.

Several years ago, I met with a work which described the head of the famous Servin, the infidel. His head, by measurement, was nearly equal in size to two ordinary heads. He was a wonderful man truly, and had his talents been properly applied, he might have been a brilliant ornament of society, and rendered himself of great service to mankind. But, as Wm. Gwynn, Esq. of this city, observed to me one day, such men are the children of passion, and are carried away by their impulses. The observation sprung from a generous heart, and is correct. So it was with Servin. Nature appeared to have bestowed upon him every thing good, and he made himself every thing bad. He possessed an elegant person and an unbounded mind. He appeared to be gifted with all the talents of man. He was an orator, a writer, a poet, a philosopher, and excelled in them all. He was master of all the sciences, and understood and spoke fluently many living and dead lan-

guages. He had made himself acquainted with medicine, theology and law, and disputed learnedly with the professors of them all. He would listen to a sermon, return home and preach it over again almost *verbatim et literalim*, and then, in a sermon of his own, confute every argument, for he was a great logician. He was skilled in almost all the mechanic arts; could make whatever he pleased, and astonished the most ingenious mechanics by excelling them in their own arts. He was master of the fine arts, was ~~an~~ *sait* in painting and sculpture. In short, he appeared to *know* every thing, and *do* every thing by intuition.

But, alas! on the contrary, he was dissipated and degraded in his habits, reckless of honor, a liar, a cheat, a slanderer, envious, malicious and cruel. He loved no one, and was beloved by none. He would stoop to any meanness to obtain his object, and lie to cover an error. He was blasphemously wicked, and perfectly regardless of any thing sacred or divine. He was an infidel of the first grade, and rejected, with disdain and imprecations, the doctrine of futurity and the immortality of the soul. He died, in the bloom of life, in a common brothel, with a glass of liquor in his hand, cursing and denying God to the last. How does the heart of the Christian and philanthropist sigh at such a picture? Strange, indeed, is human nature, for it always deals in extremities.

There are two doctrines with respect to the nature of the human mind. The first is, that it is a pure spirit, united in some mysterious way with the brain. Of a pure spirit we cannot form the slightest conception, neither have we any idea by what means or in what manner it is united with the brain.

The second is, that the mind is material, or is an effect arising from the motion of the brain, which motion is produced by means of impressions or sensations made through the medium of the senses. The materialists contend, that if the mind were a pure spirit, it would have cognizance of itself, and some conception of the manner in which it is



chained down to matter—that being independent in its nature, it could scan its own nature. They also contend that if mind is a pure spirit, it cannot be diseased, as it has no parts, and as disease can only exist in living matter.

Dr. Rush was inclined towards materialism—and the equally celebrated Dr. Priestly, the great philosopher of England, was an advocate of that doctrine. The materialists tell us that the brain is composed of millions of fibres, and that when these fibres move, we think. Millions of these fibres are supposed to move in the course of a short conversation. By the constant motion of the brain, the brain or mind is strengthened and enlarged, and so we find it to be the case in the other parts of the body. Observe the right arm of the blacksmith, and of all mechanics who lift great weights. It becomes larger and extremely strong, for nature adapts herself to all emergencies, if not suddenly overpowered. In dissecting the dead body, we find that the muscles, arteries, veins, nerves, &c., are larger in the right arm and leg than in the left, because they are more used.

Dr. William Rush, son of the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush, published, some years ago, a very ingenious and interesting essay on the subject. He compared the fibres of the brain to a printer's types. If the compositor set them up in order, an impression taken from them would give an exact meaning of the author, and could be read with pleasure by any one; but if the same type were stirred up in confusion, or thrown into *pi*, as the printers designate it, then an impression from them would be nothing but unintelligible jargon. So, he says, it is with the fibres of the brain. If they move in regular and proper order, we think properly and reasonably; but if they move irregularly, or confusedly, we have irrational and confused thoughts, and are deranged or crazy.

Now this doctrine does not, in the least, affect the immortality of the soul, for Scripture tells us, that mortality shall put on immortality. It is a matter of moonshine

whether the mind is material or not; whether it is a pure spirit or not; for the same God who called man originally from the dust, can again bid him become a living soul, when the last trump shall awaken the slumbering millions of the dead. The great object is, of being prepared for the wonderful change, when, like the silk-worm, we shall be transformed.

The materialist tells us, that when man's brain ceases to operate in death, the mind is quiescent, that he may lie in the grave millions of years, and have no more idea of the elapse of time than he has of the time which elapsed before he was born. That he will awake to judgment as if but a moment had elapsed. The materialists cannot reconcile the doctrine with reason, that the soul of man immediately after death goes to happiness or misery; for, say they, if he is already judged and doomed, what is the use of the general judgment?

Thus, I have given, and that hastily, from memory, the two doctrines respecting the mind and brain. Having left all my books and philosophical instruments at home, in the state of Delaware, I can neither refer nor experiment. Whether I will be believed in what I have advanced, I cannot say, but to me it is clear that the immortality of the soul is not in the least affected by the materiality or immateriality of the mind. I believe in the great fundamental principles of the Christian religion. I believe that there is a mighty and sublime Being who made, and who guides and governs the universe, for it is as reasonable to believe that he governs it, as to believe that he made it. But, of one thing we may be very certain, that our great business is not to know whether the mind is material or not, nor whether a large brain contains a more powerful mind than a small one, but to feel that we are prepared for the change which must result in our happiness or misery. The philosophy of the world is but a shadow, a mockery; it will not stand by us in the awful hour of death, when the dim shores of time are receding from our view. I never read of but one

infidel who died with calm indifference, and that one was David Hume, the celebrated historian, who expired playing cards and cracking jokes. The last moments of Voltaire were horrible. Religion can alone banish fear in a dying hour. When the talented and pious Addison was expiring, he sent for his step-son, a dissipated and skeptical young nobleman. When he came to the bed side of the great author, he said to him, with a calm smile—"See how fearlessly and happy a Christian can die!" I hope, my dear reader, that we shall so walk before God and man, that we may also prove to a wicked world how fearlessly the Christian can die. I hope, that the sun of our lives may go down unobscured by a cloud, and that we may meet in that glorious land, where sorrow is a stranger and bliss is everlasting.



## TO THE COTTAGE MAID,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A WRITTEN POETIC EPISTLE.

WHEN from old ocean's deep, by magic spell,  
Fair Venus rose, in all her magic charms ;  
The shouting sea-nymphs woke the silver shell,  
And hailed her rosy bloom, and polished arms.

The Naiad train, attentive from the wave,  
And every nymph, rose on the breezy air ;  
While the pleased goddess all her graces gave,  
And shook the dew-drops from her waving hair.

High on the billowy surge she blew her shell,  
Around her floating chariot, many a sound  
Of glad'ning triumph, bade old Triton swell  
His thund'ring conch, and wake the sea-gods round.

And thou, fair maid, if aught of oaten reed,  
Can swell thy praise, in music more refined  
Thou hast a nobler beauty—nobler meed,  
The rich, celestial beauty of the mind.

If the dark caves of ocean could inspire,  
The tuneful shell when love sprang up from gloom,  
What great incentive to my sounding lyre,  
Must be the charms, the pride of Ellen's bloom.

Throned is expression, love and every grace,  
In thy fair form, which none can prize too high ;  
For heaven, as tho' she left her native place,  
Shines in the lustre of thy beauteous eye.

Sweet as the strains of wild Æolian lyre,  
Is the dear song that warbles from thy tongue ;  
Methinks almost thou caught'st from heaven the fire,  
Or that empyrean choir had softly sung.

O for some Handel's soul-inspiring art,  
That I might sing of love and virtue meek ;  
That I might paint the virtues of a heart,  
Which even glows on Ellen's crimson cheek.

Some Grecian pencil, with a Raphael's blush,  
Some Angelo, with shades still more refined ;  
Might will essay to picture—but no brush  
Can paint the heavenly beauties of thy mind.

But O how sweet is love's adoring sigh,  
How dear the modest blush on thy fair cheek ;  
How dear the dancing splendor of thine eye,  
Brilliance that charms, and brilliance that can speak.

Soft as the zephyr in the vernal shower,  
Is the mild whisper of the maid I love ;  
Gentle as shadows in the evening bower,  
Soft as the silver dew that decks the grove.

Say beauteous Ellen, thou divinely fair,  
Shall my fond hope still live without alloy ;  
Or must the thrilling horrors of despair,  
Sink to my heart, and canker all my joy ?

O that were cruel, and blest Hope replies—  
She lives to love, she knows no other meed ;  
Go read thy story in her beaming eyes,  
Go, and permit not thy true heart to bleed.

I envy not Golconda's golden coast,  
Nor all the silver mines of Peru's store ;  
Rich in thy love, thou art my highest boast,  
Rich in thy love, I ask—I wish no more.

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## MEMORY.

TO ELLEN —, OF OTHER YEARS.

OH ! when the summer's sun hath come,  
And fields are decked in flowers,  
And laughing love, when day is done,  
Departs to beauty's bowers,  
And when the moon moves high in heaven,  
And gladness to the earth is given ;  
And when the beetle softly sings,  
And many a flowret sweetly flings  
Its odors on the evening air,  
Soothing and soft'ning every care—  
Oh ! then it is I think of thee  
With mingled mirth and misery ;  
'Tis then I think of all the hours  
We passed in summer's shady bowers  
Of every wish and every word,  
And every hope that then I heard  
Fall from thy lovely lips, and oh !  
Of vows that wake my soul to woe.

Yes, at that hour to evening given,  
 When Luna leads her shining train,  
 When stars are singing hymns in heaven  
 To angels listening to their strain,  
 Oh! then I steal unto that spot,  
 By thee and by the world forgot,  
 Where oft we met, and there to muse  
 On moments passed, and to peruse  
 The lineaments of feelings felt  
 Upon that spot when first I knelt  
 To weep and worship at thy feet,  
 Moments, alas! too madly sweet  
 To last—and who, without a sigh,  
 Can muse upon the hours gone by;  
 On all the joys that youth hath known,  
 Nor weep to wake and find them flown,  
 To wake and find the heart untrue  
 That o'er the spot a rainbow threw.

Beneath that aged oak, where we  
 Have sat in other years,  
 I sit again to think of thee,  
 And meditate, in tears;  
 To think, alas! what I am now,  
 And was ere manhood marked my brow,  
 When on that same encircled spot,  
 Which ne'er by me can be forgot,  
 I sat and watched in moonlight glee  
 Thy slender form once more to see  
 Stealing along to meet once more  
 The lad who loved the ground that bore  
 Thy beauteous being, and the air  
 That fanned thy cheek's red roses there—  
 O blissful hours and blissful hearts,  
 That knew no guile, that knew no arts,  
 When hope was new and love was young,  
 And truth dwelt on each trembling tongue—

Would that such hours were still my doom,  
To pave my pathway to the tomb!  
And, Ellen, 'neath that shady tree,  
We've met since manhood marked my brow;  
We've met in sadness and in glee—

Would I could meet thee now  
Beneath that tree, where oft I stray  
In mem'ry at the close of day;  
Each object hath thy charms, each flower  
Speaks of the joys of many an hour;  
But thou, that gav'st them all their charms,  
Art absent—in another's arms!  
Can'st thou be happy? Or forget  
The vows breathed here when last we met?  
Oh! dost thou never think of years  
Of youthful bliss, nor blush in tears?  
Is thy dark dazzling eye ne'er cast  
Upon the spectres of the past?  
Does silent mem'ry plant no dart,  
No dagger in thy frail, false heart,  
When thou on me dost bend thy gaze  
In thy dark dreams of other days?  
Say, do no dreams of sorrow spring,  
Spirits of murdered love to wring  
Thy heart, which once I fondly dreamt  
Held heaven from every heart exempt?  
And yet I fain would gaze on thee  
Again beneath that aged tree  
And fain would think those hours renewed,  
Those hours so much with bliss imbued!  
Fain would believe as I believed,  
Again, alas! to be deceived!

Oh! yes, thou angel, fain would I  
Believe in love's delusions now;  
Fain would I cheat the very sigh,  
And lines upon my thoughtful brow;  
But nay, this lone and lovely spot,  
Which may not, cannot be forgot,

Calls forth from memory's weary waste  
The vows that love hath vainly traced,  
And tells of blasted hope, of woe  
That withers up the heart, that, oh !  
Too fondly thought one woman worth  
All else that breathes of bliss on earth ;  
Ay, thought her all that could be given  
By hope, by happiness, or heaven ;  
And from the dream awoke to find  
Itself undone by womankind ;  
To see the bubble burst, tho' bright  
With all the things of love and light.

And yet I may not, cannot chide  
The heart that hath undone ;  
I cannot summon now that pride  
Which first thy frailties won ;  
I cannot kill thee with a kiss,  
Nor dream of thee without a bliss ;  
I cannot call thee false, and yet  
I know thou didst thy faith forget ;  
I cannot wish thee aught than all  
The joys that may to mortals fall ;  
I cannot even think of thee  
Without a thrill of ecstasy :  
Tho' by another now caressed,  
It blesses me to see thee blessed,  
For love, when pure and deep its aim,  
Will ne'er one selfish feeling claim ;  
And wert thou now upon this spot  
Thy errors all would be forgot,  
And tears would start, and transport be  
Mingled with much of misery.  
Oh! fare thee well, one long farewell!  
I cannot, must not, may not dwell  
Upon the pleasures of the past,  
Too exquisite, alas! to last ;



The mem'ry of those happier years  
Hath been full oft baptized in tears;  
But whatsoe'er may be my lot,  
Thy name canst never be forgot.

---

JOHN GILPIN, JUNIOR.

Good citizens of Baltimore,  
Pray listen to my ditty;  
I sing the race John Gilpin run,  
Just inside the city.

Musing along the rugged road,  
Did John in silence ride;  
When lo! he did look out, and saw  
Death trotting at his side.

Hallo! said Death, let me get in,  
To walk here's so much trouble;  
His fingers on his nose, John cried—  
My team wont carry double.

You've tried to take me in before,  
At many a time and place;  
I dare you now with me to run,  
And dare you to your face.

Death, on his pale horse, shook his bones,  
And gave a ghastly grin;  
I'll run a race with you, he cried,  
And thought he'd take John in.

If in this matter I should lose,  
And you should win I say,  
I hope, sir, as a gentleman,  
You'll take *me* for the pay.

John put his fingers to his nose,  
And worked his hazel eye;  
You cannot take me in, he said,  
For if you do I'll die.

Away went Gilpin down the hill,  
No race was e'er so hard;  
Away, on his pale horse, went Death,  
The buggy and the Bard.

Away his hat flew out behind,  
His papers all were gone;  
Says Death, I'll catch you if you fall,  
I thank you, sir, said John.

The people all ran out to see,  
For soon the news was spread;  
And every one cried out, hurrah!  
For Gilpin was ahead.

How far, sir, do you ride to day?  
They one and all did cry;  
John chewed his quid, and calmly said—  
You know as well as I.

The women they pulled off their caps,  
The ragged children ran,  
And screamed as loud as they could bawl,  
To see so strange a man.

Away, away went Gilpin still,  
As swiftly as the wind;  
And tho' Death whipped and spurred his horse,  
He left him far behind.

A creditor, upon the road,  
Held out his hand for pay;  
Said John I'm sorry I cant stop  
To talk with you to-day.

A lady from her window waved  
Her 'kerchief in his view;  
I'm sorry you can't call, she cried,  
Said John, I'm sorry too.

Still onward in the race he went,  
The horse like lightning flew,  
The dogs howled out a wild hurrah!  
Cows lowed, and cats did mew.

When at the end his steed did stop,  
'Twas in a woful plight;  
The buggy broke, and lo! he looked,  
And Death was out of sight.

Well, well, said Death, you need'nt fear  
A thing in all the nation;  
I don't, said John, for I can beat  
Death, doctor, and all creation.

Good citizens, when next he rides,  
I'll let you know the place;  
That you may all go out to see  
John Gilpin run a race.

---

## LINES

TO HER WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

TAKE back, take back the faithless kiss  
You once consigned to me :  
For, oh ! there is no longer bliss  
In its cold memory.

Take back, take back the broken vow  
You breathed with tender tongue ;  
For it can give no pleasure now,  
That oft my heart hath wrung.

The day hath passed, the hour is flown,  
When these could bliss confer ;  
Your heart hath, long since, turned to stone,  
And mine's a sepulchre.

And mine's the tomb of truthless love,  
Whence passion hath been driven ;  
And yet, had thine but held the dove,  
Mine might have been a heaven !

Then, tell me not of vows sincere,  
That dwell in woman's heart ;  
Oh tell me not that woman's tear  
Is never known to art.

Take back the ring, the pledge, and all  
That may remind of thee ;  
For ev'n my thoughts, alone, recall  
Too much of misery.

Take back the lock of hair, and take  
The portrait you have given ;  
But nay, I cannot—they awake  
Remembrances of heaven !

O, yes, they tell of hopes now dead,  
And suns for ever set ;  
They tell of joys, alas ! that fled,  
'Tis pleasure to regret.

They tell, ah ! yes they tell of one  
So frail, and yet so fair :  
That is sweet to be undone.  
For her to feel despair.

But sweeter far the memory  
Of hopes we once have known ;  
Tho' joy is mixed with misery,  
And love itself hath flown.

Farewell. Ten annual suns have set  
Since we had converse sweet;  
Yes, ten have set since we have met,  
And ten may ere we meet.

---

## TO JULIA,

WHO SENT ME HER CARD, WITH THE REQUEST THAT I SHOULD WRITE  
ON LOVE.

BEWARE, dear Julia, oh! beware  
The little god of love;  
He'll bring thee joy, perhaps despair,  
From his abode above.

He seems all beautiful, and blest  
With every winning art;  
Hug not the boy unto thy breast,  
For ah! he'll pierce thy heart.

He has two quivers—he conceals  
The arrow, dipt in gall;  
Beware his smiles and his appeals,  
Oh! shun his arts and all.

In boyhood's day alone I strayed,  
To gather a girl some flowers;  
Roaming thro' sunlight and thro' shade,  
Thro' blooming groves and bowers.

Rocked in a rosebud red, I found  
The lovely little boy;  
His glittering wings he spread around  
My bosom in his joy.

My minstrel lad he softly said,  
My mistress is at rest;  
He sighed, then hung his pretty head,  
And wept upon my breast.

Oh! take me to your arms, he cried,  
And let me not depart;  
I clasped the boy, but soon I spied  
The arrow at my heart.

I threw him from me but too late,  
To save me from his skill;  
He plunged the dart with force—oh! fate,  
The wound is bleeding still!

And wretchedness has been for years,  
The hapless minstrel's doom;  
But time will ere long stay his tears,  
When gathered to the tomb.

Dear Julia, do not fall in love,  
Least sorrow should be thine;  
And all thy brilliant hopes should prove  
As mutable as mine.

---

### THE SAVIOUR.

The following thoughts, came into my mind on a Christmas morning.

HE came not like the conquerors of the earth,  
To seize the sword and drive his crimson car  
O'er kings, and crumbling crowns, and empires made  
The wrecks of proud ambition; nor to rise  
Upon the ruins of a thousand thrones,  
Baptized in guiltless blood, and bathed in tears

By mourning mothers shed. He came not like  
The Macedonian madman, in the pomp  
Of gorgeous grandeur and the pride of war,  
To conquer peaceful cities, and survey,  
'Mid slaughtered thousands, towers and temples fall,  
As fell the towers of Troy—nor yet did he  
Like Cæsar cross the Rubicon, to be  
A conqueror or a corse—Oh ! no, he came  
In meekness and in mercy, but to save  
Benighted nations, and to nobly give  
The promise of salvation unto all.  
He came to conquer, not to crush ; he came,  
Without a sword, to triumph over death,  
And revolutionize a dying world.  
Possessed of all the glory of a God,  
He came with all the meekness of a man,  
To teach humility, and point the way  
That leads the wanderer to the land of love,  
Above all human learning and all law,  
The sages of old Greece and Rome were mute ;  
And fanes of false philosophy to earth  
Before him fell ; the proud Pantheon's gods  
Crumbled upon their pedestals of gold,  
And from the Thunderer's hand the sceptre passed.  
His mighty power and meekness were the same,  
To humble haughty grandeur, or to bind  
The broken spirit, for he was the Prince  
Of power as well as peace. He came to die  
That man might live forever—Oh ! what love !  
How deep and how unbounded ! How sublime  
The story of his sufferings, and the scene  
Of his last dying agonies for man !  
Methinks I see the Star of Beth'lem rise  
Upon the shouting shepherds, and methinks  
I see it sinking, in a sea of blood,  
On sacred Calvary. The hour is past,  
The mighty deed is done—a world redeemed,  
And man no longer the polluted slave

Of sin and sorrow, but the child of grace.  
The harps of heaven have hymned the Saviour's praise,  
And angels swelled the anthem; should not man,  
Upon this glorious morn, bow down his knee?  
The hour is coming when the nations far,  
That know not God, shall kneel before his throne,  
And claim the promise of redemption given.  
The empire of religion then shall be  
The empire of the world, and human hopes,  
And human hearts be mingled, or shall make  
One common faith, the beacon light to heaven.

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### THE DREAM.

I beheld one night in a dream my heart's idol. She was young and lovely,  
as she once appeared to me in the blissful dream of other days.

We met—'twas delicious—the moon was on high,  
Like a bride in the bright blue saloon of the sky;  
'Twas the spring-time, and birds sang their songs in the  
grove,  
Where my heart once awoke to the spirit of love;  
But alas! 'twas a vision that cheered me in vain,  
For I never, no, never shall see her again!

We met in the moonlight—the roses of June  
Were all blushing beneath the sweet smile of the moon—  
And she seemed in her beauty as brightly to move,  
As when first I bowed down at the footstool of love;  
But alas! 'twas a dream that departed in pain,  
For I never, no, never shall see her again!



Oh ! she looked like an angel descended from heaven,  
For the light of young love to her spirit was given ;  
On her cheek was again the bright bloom of her youth,  
And her rosy lips spoke still the language of truth ;  
She was still to my heart the same beautiful dove,  
That first entered and taught it the language of love ;  
But alas ! 'twas a vision that charmed me in vain,  
For I never, no, never shall see her again !

Oh ! would that that vision thro' life could but last,  
But the day-star of hope from my spirit has past ;  
No, the light that illumined my bosom before,  
On my heart's dreary waste can, alas ! shine no more ;  
On my brow, pale despair has erected her throne,  
And I weep o'er the past, but I weep all alone ;  
Oh ! the dream has now vanished that pleased me in vain,  
And I never, no, never shall see her again !

Ah ! would that the years of my youth could return,  
And my heart with the fever of former days burn ;  
And I would that the hopes that I cherished in vain,  
Could shine on my soul in their beauty again !  
But why should I wish what so early decayed ?  
They would come back again but to flourish and fade ;  
The love that once reigned in the home of my heart,  
Again would delight me, again would depart,  
Like the beautiful dream that has left me in pain,  
For I never, no, never shall see her again !





**WASHINGTON MONUMENT.**

## LINES,

On seeing the sunlight fall on the head of the statue of Washington, on the Washington Monument, on the Fourth Day of July.

FATHER of Freedom, on thy brilliant brow,  
Where reason sat the monarch of the mind ;  
I see heaven's glorious sunlight streaming now,  
As still thy glory shines upon mankind.

Father of Freedom, at thy sacred shrine  
A nation kneels, in homage to thy name ;  
To catch the spirit of thy deeds divine,  
And send it down the tide of time to fame.

The thunder of a thousand hills this day,  
Rolls on the Pæan of thy praise afar ;  
While on thy lofty brow the sun's bright ray  
Now shines, like glory's everlasting star.

A halo should for ever circle thee,  
Thou friend of Freedom and of deeds sublime ;  
For had'st thou spurned thy love of liberty,  
Thou might'st have ruled, a despot o'er this clime.

A thousand thrones, in glittering glory, ne'er  
Could have betrayed or won thee to betray ;  
Thy noble soul was never born to fear  
A traitor's tempting or a tyrant's sway.

In all things noble and in all divine,  
The child of glory and the heir of fame ;  
Fair Baltimore hath reared a glorious shrine,  
Where thousands bow in homage to thy name.

## THE INFIDEL SON.

EXTRACTED FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

OH ! Infidelity,

Most dreadful, damning doctrine ! where thou art  
Engrafted in the mind, Hope's rainbow fades,  
And the bright sun of faith goes down in darkness.  
At thy approach all human ties are broken,  
Those ties that bind man to his fellow man,  
By high and holy feeling. Turn thine eye  
To France, the land of fashion and of folly,  
Clime of the gifted, beautiful and brave,  
The cradle of philosophers and fools !  
Behold the madness of God's image, man !  
A brother's hand even in a brother's blood  
See there imbrued, while from the guillotine  
The purple gore of many a guiltless heart  
Hath stained the earth, and cried aloud to heaven.  
And why did murder stalk in Gallia's halls,  
Red with the reeking tide of noble hearts ?  
Why did the flame of civil discord flash  
Thro' all her cities, and the tide of war  
Roll like a torrent, tumbling from the Alps,  
Upon her flowery fields ? Go to the tombs  
Of her philosophers, and they shall tell  
Why thousands perished on the fatal block,  
And mourning mothers wept. Go to the tomb  
Of the terrific Robespierre, whose hands  
Reeked with the gore of princes, and inquire,  
Why demons, flushed with power, devoted France  
To awful ruin, rapine and revenge !  
A tongue shall tell, in terror to thine ear,  
'Twas Infidelity, the scourge of man  
And scorn of angels.

Young Leander looked  
For truth among the skeptics, and denied  
Himself the bliss to search thro' Sacred Writ,  
And gather proofs, which in their mighty power,  
Must put the puny skeptic to the blush,  
And banish all sophistic arguments  
From honest hearts. Oh! fatal error this!  
For had he given but half the midnight hours  
To study Scripture that he madly gave  
To Rousseau, Voltaire, and to Diderot,  
His reason would have rescued him from ruin.  
But ah! the fatal doctrine which at first  
He had thro' pride adopted, now became  
Fixed in his soul, and while he deeper drank  
The deadly doctrines taught by heartless Hume,  
And the gay Gibbon, he still deeper plunged  
Into the maze of error and despair,  
Until his doubts even to the Deity  
Extended, and immured his mind in gloom.  
His faithful mother in the distance heard  
A rumor of the wild career he ran,  
And wept and shuddered even to contemplate  
The future ruin that himself had wrought.  
She was a woman blessed with wisdom's age,  
And much she mourned her only son should give  
His mind to infidelity, and deem  
Creation but the work of chance, and man  
A creature without substance or a soul.  
With tearful eyes, and trembling hands, she took  
Her pen in awful language to portray  
To her poor erring son the glorious truth  
Of pure religion and the gospel's light,  
And to arrest him in his wretched course  
Down, down to ruin and eternal night;  
And thus her burning words—

My darling child,  
Renounce thy errors, nor still longer bid

Thy mother's heart to bleed. Blaspheme no more  
Against that glorious Being, at whose nod  
Nations must kneel and tremble, and whose power  
Is seen in all things. Oh! canst thou deny  
The existence of that awful One, who hung  
Yon glittering globes in heaven?—whose mighty hand  
Made man a mystery even to himself,  
A miracle in nature? Look around,  
O'er all this flowery earth, and thou shalt see  
The finger of the Deity in all  
That moves or meditates, that breathes or blooms.  
All nature cries aloud, there is a God!  
And savage man, whose eye hath never yet  
Gazed on the gospel, will not dare deny  
The glorious truth. The Indian hears his voice  
In the hoarse thunder and the ocean's roar,  
And sees him in the setting sun, and all  
That's beautiful or brilliant or sublime!  
He bows before Him in the storm of night,  
When in his fiery chariot he rides by.  
The Ethiop and the Arab, and the poor  
Benighted Hottentot, and Tartar, own,  
Tho' crude their notions, an Almighty power.  
Oh! if the human soul is not immortal,  
Whence comes its vast capacity to learn,  
And power to search into the secrets hid  
By nature from the prying eye of man?  
Why do we shudder when the thought comes in,  
That after death the spirit shall be lost  
In dark annihilation? Oh! Leander,  
Would heaven have given the human soul such proud  
Capacities to shine thro' this short life,  
And then be quenched for ever? Nay, its powers  
Are infinite, and could the soul of man  
Be taught a thousand years, it then would have  
Capacity ten thousand times as great  
As when at first in learning's fields it roved.  
And Oh! Leander, ev'n the strong desire

For immortality, but proves the soul  
 Of man to be immortal. Else why dread  
 The doom of death, so natural to all?  
 Pause then, my son, in thy too rash career,  
 Lest death should overtake thee, and beyond  
 The gloomy grave thou should'st too late, alas!  
 Discover thou'rt in error, and lose heaven.  
 'Tis better to believe, for if in death  
 Thou should'st find nothing, thou'lt have nought to  
     lose;  
 But if 'tis true—Oh! then what glory's thine!



## LINES.

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY, WHO WEPT OVER MY MISFORTUNES, AFTER  
 READING THE "DREAM."

OH! weep not for me, let thy tears fall no more,  
 For the days that are gone I can never restore;  
 No, the light which once shone on my heart, now the tomb  
 Of an ill fated love, I can never relume.

'Tis gone, yes, 'tis gone in its beauty and bliss,  
 And it shines now on lips that another may kiss;  
 I have sighed on those lips in my pleasure and pain,  
 But I never, no, never shall kiss them again!

I have leaned on her bosom of beauty in joy,  
 For I knew not a serpent was there to destroy;  
 I have bowed at her feet and obeyed her proud nod—  
 Oh! I've worshipped fair woman far more than my God.

I have wandered the world like a ship on the sea,  
 But the dove of my heart ne'er returned unto me;  
 Oh! lady, could tears but that light now restore,  
 I would weep o'er the past and would wander no more.



But the dream of those days has gone by like a star,  
Sweet as dreams of yon spirit-land lovely afar,  
The Eve of my Eden I could not retain,  
And I never, no, never shall see her again !

I despair—'tis my nature—my soul must be stirred,  
And my heart must love something if 'tis but a bird ;  
Then, lady, weep not, for tears cannot restore—  
No, the Bard and the Beauty can meet never more !

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### THE DYING YEAR.

GIVE me the golden harp once more,  
And let me touch its strings sublime ;  
I mourn departed years of yore,  
And weep upon the tomb of time ;  
For oh ! affection's flowers are dead,  
The promised joys of youth have pined ;  
My hopes, alas ! have long since fled,  
They were but meteors of the mind.

Gone are the dreams of boyhood's years,  
My friends have faded in their bloom ;  
Baptized in many a tide of tears,  
They fell in an untimely tomb ;  
I've seen them, one by one, depart,  
Like birds that seek a southern sky ;  
I've wept, and with a breaking heart,  
To think that they so soon should die !

The lips that loved me, ere their blight,  
Their roses have too early shed ;  
And eyes that beamed with love and light,  
Alas ! are long since dim and dead ;

The heart that beat for me alone,  
Shall beat in joy for me no more ;  
The angel of the earth is gone,  
And love's illusive dream is o'er !

Oh ! take the harp, I cannot bear  
To listen to its mournful lays ;  
Upon my brow now broods despair,  
That darkens all my manhood's days ;  
I am not what I once have been,  
I am but what the fates would make ;  
The child of sorrow and of sin,  
Oh ! take the harp, my heart will break !

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### THE FLOWERS.

Reflections occasioned by having recently received from a very intellectual lady of Georgetown, District of Columbia, some flowers which were gathered in Scotland in the year 1762, and which retain their color, notwithstanding eighty years have rolled down the torrent of time since they bloomed in their beauty. They have certainly faded in a measure, but I mean that it is astonishing that any color should be retained through so long a period. They have entirely lost their odor. To the lady who so kindly sent them to me, I return a thousand thanks. Among the many presents of flowers, &c., which I have received from ladies of this and other cities, I never before possessed a flower eighty years old.

O'ER Scotia's hills, in beauty's gay built bowers,  
Once bloomed in brilliance these now faded flowers ;  
Upon the air their fragrance once was shed,  
The eyes that saw them bloom are dim and dead ;  
The race of him who nursed them now is o'er,  
The breast they once adorned shall beat no more,  
The hand that plucked them, in the grave is cast,  
*They* linger still to link us with the past.

Since beauty blest these lovely flowers in bloom,  
What millions have descended to the tomb !  
How many martyred millions of mankind,  
Have sunk beneath the sorrows of the mind !  
How many hearts have bled and broke, to prove  
The pangs and penalties of faithless love !  
The forms that bowed to beauty in her bowers,  
Have faded and for ever, like these flowers.

Full many a heart, life's anguish doomed to know,  
Hast lingering loved, or withered in its woe !  
Of all the woes that in this world we feel,  
Of all the pangs that passion may reveal,  
The keenest yet the human heart hath proved,  
Is still to love and yet not be beloved ;  
To hug the chains that in the bosom burn,  
And find in faithless hearts no fond return.

What storms and tempests have convulsed the earth,  
Since these fair flowers in beauty had their birth !  
Crowns have been doomed to crumble and decay,  
Kings, conquerors, and captives, passed away ;  
Princes and potentates, in pomp sublime,  
Have floated down the mighty tide of time,  
'Mid ruined empires have in dust decayed,  
Flourished to fall, and like these flowers to fade.

Where are the millions who, on Scotia's shore,  
Then lived and loved ?—alas ! they are no more,  
The gay, the gifted, beautiful and brave,  
Have long been gathered to the greedy grave ;  
Shrouded in death lies many a lovely form  
Whose heart once beat with hope and wishes warm ;  
Whose eye once beamed with bliss and beauty bright,  
And blest full many a heart with love and light.

Sweet Scotland, oft I sigh to tread thy shore,  
Thy mounts to climb, and maidens to adore ;  
I long to linger in Ben Lomond's shades,  
Where many a wild flower flourishes and fades :  
Amid thy gay, green solitudes sublime,  
How sweet to muse, nor mark the march of time—  
To see the sun ascending hills above,  
The emblem of a Saviour's light and love !

Lady, I long to visit, on swift wings,  
The tombs and temples of old Scotia's kings ;  
Her castles, where once moved the great and gay,  
But crumbling now, with ages long grown gray ;  
Where minstrels sung full many a war-song sweet,  
And Norman knights bowed down at beauty's feet.  
Sweet days of chivalry, when bards inspired,  
Sung woman's worth, and valor's bosom, fired.

I sigh to stand amid the palace scene,  
Where Scotland's Mary moved, a lovely queen ;  
Upon whose face were seen the marks of mind,  
And shone the light of intellect refined.  
Alas ! that she should pine and perish too,  
By one whose heart no kindred feeling knew ;  
Baptized in blood, like Essex, in her bloom.  
She passed from gloomy dungeons to her doom.

I long to linger near the magic spot,  
Where genius first inspired the mind of Scott—  
Where Burns reposes in his rural shade,  
A mighty minstrel, and by nature made ;  
Who though a simple shepherd now we scan,  
Was in his mind the model of a man ;  
Who gave to millions, then unborn, his name,  
And bound his brow with fadeless wreaths of fame.

Sweet land of love and learning, how I long  
To tread where trod thy classic sons of song ;  
I sigh to gaze upon thy mighty men,  
Who charmed the world with pencil and with pen,  
Thy halls of science fain my feet would tread,  
Sacred to mind and to thy mighty dead ;  
Those glorious men who had immortal powers.  
But now have faded like these once gay flowers

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THE FAREWELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM OF A LADY IN VIRGINIA.

HE met her in her father's hall,  
To bid a last farewell ;  
And at her feet once more to fall,  
His tenderness to tell ;  
He said—"My faithless fair, we part,"  
And pressed her lily hand ;  
"I leave thee with a broken heart,  
To seek a foreign land."

The moon was shining on the shore,  
The ship was by the lea ;  
And back he turned to gaze once more,  
Then went upon the sea ;  
She saw the gallant bark depart,  
And thought of future years ;  
She felt she had a fickle heart,  
And turned away in tears.

Full many a night she fondly gave  
To wander on the lea,  
And gaze upon the moonlit wave,  
That gallant ship to see ;

The bark came back, the sails were bent  
Upon the silver shore;  
The lady from her lattice leant—  
But he returned no more.

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## LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY BEAUTIFUL, ACCOMPLISHED, AND AMIABLE  
YOUNG LADY.

SHE has gone to the grave in the bliss of her bloom,  
Where in beauty she calmly reposes;  
And the angel of death, as he bent o'er her tomb,  
Dropped a tear on her cheek's lovely roses.

And he gazed on the smile that illumined her lip,  
As soft as the smile of Aurora;  
And he sighed that his scythe such a flower should nip,  
In the glow of its beautiful glory.

'Tis ever thus, too, in life's sunshine or shade,  
When in hope we too gaily have started;  
We find that the fairest most early do fade,  
And the dearest are soonest departed.

Oh! Hope, what a syren thou ever dost seem,  
A bubble on early life's ocean;  
A rainbow that rises on memory's dream,  
Or the smile on the cheek of emotion.

She is gone, and her friends have encircled her tomb,  
To drop there the tears of their sorrow;  
She has gone to the land where her beauty will bloom  
Thro' one everlasting to-morrow.

Tho' her fair head is pillowed upon the cold sod,  
And her young heart in silence reposes ;  
She dwells in the beautiful garden of God,  
The fairest among heaven's roses.

On the bosom once beating with love's holy thrill,  
The shadows of death have descended ;  
The warm heart of friendship lies pulseless and still,  
And the gay dream of hope is now ended.

She dwells in the land where the rose never fades,  
Where no tear of affection is stealing ;  
Where the sun never sets, and the night never shades  
What the spirit of love is revealing.



#### THE GIRL I MET IN MARKET STREET.

Oh ! never, while this heart shall prove  
The fount of feeling, or shall beat,  
Can I forget, or cease to love  
The girl I met in Market street.

She was indeed divinely fair,  
I've knelt to her and ought to know ;  
The ringlets of her rose-wreathed hair,  
Were rolling down a neck of snow.

Her eyes, ye gods ! how full of light,  
And lovelier even than her curls ;  
They seemed to my enraptured sight,  
Like brilliant diamonds set in pearls.

Her brow was beautiful and high,  
By all the grace of form defined,  
'Twas lovelier even than her eye,  
For 'twas the mansion of the mind.

I love a pretty mouth—a bee  
 The sweetest flowret always sips;  
 A lost one, in its ecstasy,  
 Was hovering round her honied lips.

Gods! what a luxury it was  
 To snatch one sweet, tho' even in haste.  
 'Tis strange—I cannot tell the cause—  
 My mouth was watering for a taste.

Her form surpassed the sculptor's skill,  
 Her bosom beat with feelings warm;  
 Her small white hand had power to kill,  
 Not by its strength, but by its charm.

She was an angel, and I fain  
 Her fairy form would once more meet;  
 In dreams I see that girl again—  
 The girl I met in Market street.

### SLANDER.

WHAT is slander?

'Tis an assassin at the midnight hour  
 Urged on by Envy, that, with footstep soft,  
 Steals on the slumber of sweet innocence,  
 And with the dark drawn dagger of the mind,  
 Drinks deep the crimson current of the heart.  
 It is a worm that crawls on beauty's cheek,  
 Like the vile viper in a vale of flowers,  
 And riots in ambrosial blossoms there.  
 It is a coward in a coat of mail,  
 That wages war against the brave and wise,  
 And like the long lean lizard that will mar  
 The lion's sleep, it wounds the noblest breast.  
 Oft have I seen this demon of the soul,  
 This murderer of sleep, with visage smooth,



And countenance serene as heaven's own sky ;  
But storms were raving in the world of thought :  
Oft have I seen a smile upon its brow ;  
But like the lightning from a stormy cloud,  
It shocked the soul and disappeared in darkness.  
Oft have I seen it weep at tales of woe,  
And sigh as 'twere the heart would break with anguish ;  
But like the drop that drips from Java's tree,  
And the fell blast that sweeps Arabian sands,  
It withered every floweret of the vale.  
I saw it tread upon a lily fair,  
A maid of whom the world could say no harm ;  
And when she sunk beneath the mortal wound,  
It broke into the sacred sepulchre,  
And dragged its victim from the hallowed grave  
For public eyes to gaze on. It hath wept,  
That from the earth its victim passed away  
Ere it had taken vengeance on his virtues.  
Yea, I have seen this cursed child of Envy  
Breathe mildew on the sacred fame of him  
Who once had been his country's benefactor ;  
And on the sepulchre of his repose,  
Bedewed with many a tributary tear,  
Dance in the moonlight of a summer's sky,  
With savage satisfaction.



### THE DREADFUL DRAGON.

THEY tell me of the Egyptian asp,  
The bite of which is death ;  
The victim yielding with a gasp  
His hot and hurried breath.  
The Egyptian queen, says history,  
The reptile vile applied ;  
And in the arms of agony,  
Victoriously died.

They tell me that, in Italy,  
There is a reptile dread,  
The sting of which is agony,  
And dooms the victim dead.  
But it is said that music's sound  
May soothe the poisoned part;  
Yea, heal the galling, ghastly wound,  
And save the sinking heart.  
They tell me, too, of serpents vast,  
That crawl on Afric's shore,  
And swallow men—historians past,  
Tell us of one of yore.  
But there is yet one of a kind  
More fatal than the whole!  
That stings the body and the mind;  
Yea, it *devours* the soul.  
'Tis found almost o'er all the earth,  
Save Turkey's wide domains;  
And there, if e'er it had a birth,  
'Tis kept in mercy's chains.  
'Tis found in our own gardens gay,  
In our own flowery fields;  
Devouring, every passing day,  
Its thousands at its meals.  
The poisonous venom withers youth,  
Blasts character and health;  
All sink before it; hope and truth,  
And comfort, joy and wealth.  
It is the author, too, of shame,  
And never fails to kill.  
Reader, dost thou desire the name?—  
The SERPENT OF THE STILL.

## VIRTUE.

"THE PATHS OF VIRTUE ARE THE PATHS OF PEACE."

OH ! I have sighed to be like those  
Who walk in virtue's peaceful path ;  
But round me rose a thousand foes,  
The fiends of wretchedness and wrath ;  
I sought that bugbear of the brain,  
Called happiness, but ah ! to me  
I found that pleasure was but pain,  
And mirth itself was misery.

Hope spread her rainbow round my soul,  
And fancy wove her magic spell ;  
I lifted to my lips the bowl,  
And found within my heart a hell ;  
Ambition's baubles 'lured my sight,  
But dazzled only to decay ;  
Like meteors of a moonless night,  
They flashed and faded far away.

I sought the bubble bliss in fame,  
In fortune, and in friendship free ;  
But found, alas ! it was the same  
In liquor, love and luxury ;  
The bubble, as I grasped it, broke,  
Tho' o'er my soul a light it cast,  
And from the dazzling dream I woke  
To pain and penitence at last.

Oh ! Solomon, like thee I found  
All was but vanity's control,  
That pleasure's gay and giddy round  
Was but vexation of the soul ;

And now, tossed on the stormy sea  
 Of passion, prejudice and pride ;  
 I sigh, sweet piety, for thee  
 To be my guardian and my guide.

I sigh to walk in virtue's path,  
 (My soul from sin and sorrow free—  
 Free from my God's avenging wrath,)  
 In light, in love and liberty :  
 My soul is sick of joys that die,  
 Oh! would that I to God were given!  
 Oh! that my heart could look on high,  
 And claim one holy hope of heaven!

When conscience, with a scorpion tongue,  
 To anguish goads my writhing soul,  
 For all the gifts of God I've flung  
 Away, I seize the maddening bowl,  
 And while the demon of despair  
 Dethrones the monarch of the mind,  
 I breathe in penitence a prayer,  
 And weep, oh! yes, I weep to find  
 That I've abused the gifts of God,  
 And spurned his goodness plainly shown ;  
 Oh! would that now his chastening rod  
 Would bid my sorrowing soul atone!  
 One hour of pious joy is worth  
 A thousand years of earthly bliss ;  
 For if there's peace upon this earth,  
 And heaven below, 'tis this, 'tis this!

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#### A POET'S GARRET.

How pleasant 'tis to be a poet,  
 Especially if you don't know it ;  
 To rhyme on sentimental themes,  
 And analyze a lover's dreams ;

The ladies, when they chance to meet  
The ragged rhymers in the street,  
Will turn and cry out—"Did you know it?  
There goes the sentimental poet."  
"Law! Ma, set joking now apart,  
He never wrote the *Broken Heart*!  
That's not the celebrated Uzzard;  
He looks more like a turkey buzzard."  
"That is the man," returns Mamma,  
If you don't think so, ask your Pa;  
You must not judge men by their looks,  
No more than you would birds or books;  
The sweetest birds that grace the heathers,  
Are seldom clothed in flashy feathers;  
Men that the greatest talents bless,  
Are rarely fond of dandy dress;  
You always find that men of sense,  
To pomp and pride have no pretence;  
They stand upon their merit given,  
Not by the tailor, but by heaven;  
The purse-proud fool may boast his gains,  
The booby, with an ounce of brains,  
May dash with curricule and cash,  
And to his ponies lend the lash;  
The gaudy coxcomb, in your gaze,  
In borrowed plumes, may brightly blaze,  
But still throughout the world you'll find,  
The man is measured by the mind:  
Of poets never judge, or scholars,  
By absence of fine dress or dollars."  
You're right, Mamma, I said, I know it—  
I'll introduce you to the poet;  
This Uzzard is my worthy friend;  
To Broomstick street our steps we'll bend;  
I'm sure we there will cage the parrot;  
I'll lead you, ladies, to his garret.  
Up a dark, dirty stairway, long,  
We went to see the son of song;

And there he was like some big bug,  
 Laid out upon a ragged rug;  
 As independent as a sawyer,  
 And with a tongue like any lawyer;  
 He seemed enraptured with his life,  
 And only wished he had a wife,  
 To write off manuscripts, and mend  
 His old clothes, given by a friend;  
 Upon that rug, spread on the floor,  
 He'd taken many a hearty snore;  
 And wished, as oft that rug he spread,  
 That all men had so good a bed;  
 One meal a day alone he bore,  
 The reason was he had no more;  
 His hat was made in eighteen thirty,  
 His ragged pantaloons were dirty;  
 His waistcoat, of all colors made,  
 Was hung up for a window shade.  
 His coat at first was made of green,  
 In eighteen hundred and seventeen, }  
 But now 'twas hard to tell, I ween,  
 Which was the color, or the nap,  
 'Twas like a many colored map;  
 One shirt was all the poet shed,  
 And when 'twas washed he went to bed:  
 For stockings he ne'er spent a penny,  
 The reason was, he hadn't any;  
 His bursted boots had ne'er been blacked;  
 A three leg'd stool, a tumbler cracked,  
 A broken pitcher and a pail,  
 A one-eyed cat without a tail,  
 A corn-cob pipe, an old horn spoon,  
 A jackleg knife and tin spittoon,  
 Composed his all that I could scan,  
 And yet he was a happy man!  
 "Well," said Mamma, "I think you lead  
 A pleasant life." "I do, indeed—

I've always lead a genteel life,  
And had I now a handsome wife,  
To love me and be my physician,  
There's nought could better my condition."  
"In fame, said Miss, there must be bliss,  
To make a man endure all this."  
"That's not the cause," replied Mamma,  
"If you don't think so, ask your Pa;  
Contentment is the cause—we find,  
True happiness dwells in the mind."  
Ladies, said I, you've heard the parrot,  
And you have seen a poet's garret.

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### ANSWER,

To the question from a lady—"What is the *beau idéal* of a Poet's fancy?  
In other words, what, in your estimation, are the requisites of loveliness in a  
lady, both in person and mind.

Oh! give me the form that is graceful and fair,  
With a heart full of feeling, that constant will prove;  
With a beautiful brow never clouded with care,  
And a lip ever breathing the language of love.

Give me one in whose eye I can fancy there's heaven,  
Where the angel affections are sweetly enshrined;  
To which all the soul of expression is given,  
A mirror of modesty, mercy, and mind.

With a spirit that spurns at a tyrant's control,  
When he tramples affection all gentle and true  
Let her be of that lofty, that generous soul,  
That would banish the wretch who to ruin would woo.

And yet I would have her so modest and mild,  
 That she'd melt into tears when my sorrows I named ;  
 That she'd blush when I praised, like some beautiful child,  
 And sigh on my lips, when I lovingly blamed.

With a mind cultivated, not boastingly wise,  
 I could gaze on such beauty with exquisite bliss;  
 With her heart on her lips, and her soul in her eyes,  
 What more could I wish in dear woman than this ?

To such a fair creature how soon could I kneel,  
 And pour out the passion long locked in my heart ;  
 An undying devotion my bosom would feel,  
 All pure and untainted by treacherous art.

Oh! yes, tho' my heart has long been the tomb  
 Where young love lies enshrouded, a creature so fair,  
 Could recall it to life, and again bid it bloom  
 In the beauty that blest it, ere doomed to despair.



### I AM FREE.

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,  
 Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.—ADDISON.

Give me liberty or give me death.—WIRT'S PATRICK HENRY.

I AM free, I am free, I have broken the chain  
 Which bound me to Bacchus and fettered my soul ;  
 Oh! never, no never shall I e'er again,  
 Indulge in the dark dreary dream of the bowl.

The demon hath fallen, his power is passed,  
 My heart feels no longer the anguish of hell ;  
 I have loved, I have lifted the goblet the last,  
 And no more with the demon my spirit shall dwell.



To the bosom of beauty I now can look up,  
With a heart all unstained by the curse of the cup :  
At her feet I can bow with a bliss never felt,  
When in love and in liquor united I knelt.

Oh! would that the dream from my spirit were past,  
For I've loved and I've lifted the goblet the last ;  
No more to my lips shall love's wine cup repair,  
For it left on my brow a dark cloud of despair.

Sweet woman thy prayers have not been all in vain,  
Thou'lt restore me to virtue and gladness again ;  
To my soul a sweet solace thy spirit has given,  
And thy 'suasion has changed my heart's hell into heaven.

I have loved thee in smiles and I've loved thee in tears,  
Oh! how beautiful now the bright vision appears!  
'Tis a dream of the heart that can never decay,  
'Tis a light of the soul that can ne'er pass away.

I am free, I am free, I have conquered at last,  
The curse of the world from my spirit has past ;  
I have dashed from my lips the damnation I knew,  
And the bowl hath no longer a bliss in my view.

From the grave I have risen to live my life o'er,  
But the bowl shall ne'er blast as it blasted before ;  
I have crushed it, I've cursed it, I've cast it away,  
And a new sun now shines on my heart's happy day.

How my mother will smile when she hears that her son  
With the curse of the world is for ever now done !  
Dear mother, bow down, let thy prayer be for me,  
For I never again shall give sorrow to thee.

Oh! virtue, how bright are thy bowers I tread!  
How brilliant thy roses that bloom o'er my head !  
How peaceful thy pathway thro' which I have past—  
I am free, I am free, I have conquered at last.

## ANSWER TO EPHRAIM GRATE, ESQ.

Oh! yes, thou art right, there's a hell for the heart,  
In the deep and the dark damning wave of the bowl;  
It will smile on us first, but the smile is a dart  
That is barbed, tho' bright, for the sorrowful soul.

And why has my heart ever tasted that hell?  
Thou askest, and I must an answer record;  
Ah! yes, let me suffer in sorrow and tell—  
I have worshipped fair woman far more than the Lord.

At the feet of proud woman I've worshipped and wept,  
Ev'ry feeling of faith I most fondly have given;  
And while on the precipice fondly I slept,  
To woman I gave my heart rather than heaven.

I am wrong, yet like Adam I bowed at her knee,  
To gain but a smile from her heavenly face;  
In her heart there is heaven and yet she is free,  
To doom her adorer to exiled disgrace.

Ah! twice I have bowed to the beautiful—yet,  
Tho' in sorrow I've sighed, I would bow to her still;  
Tho' my heart bears a record of tearful regret,  
There's a witchery in woman's adorable will.

'Mid the flowers of affection I wooed her to win,  
But twice have I failed—thou canst read my own fate;  
Despair has invited to sorrow and sin,  
And repentance, *so snail-like*, is ever too late.

But I'll dash to the earth yet the dark damning bowl,  
From my errors in horror I hope I may part;  
I know 'tis the sacrifice sad of the soul,  
I know, yes I feel, 'tis the hell of the heart.

## THE STOLEN KISS.

It was a lovely night in June—the air  
Came sighing from the south, and every breeze  
Breathed the rich breath of roses. Not a sound  
Disturbed the silent city—every pulse  
Of life was locked in slumber, and the moon,  
High in her silvery chariot, was alone  
A witness to the larceny of love.  
The boudoir of the beautiful, the gay,  
The fair Ophelia, opened to my sight  
A garden of fresh flowers, and in the midst  
A centre table, scattered o'er with books,  
The tales of rich romance and chivalry.  
Beside it stood her golden harp, which oft  
Her fairy fingers, in the summer's eve,  
Had waked to all the witchery of song,  
In Lydian strains, or sweeter lays of love.  
On tiptoe to that paradise I crept,  
As did the serpent steal into the bowers  
Of Eden, and the bosom of fair Eve ;  
But not like him to steal away the pearl  
Of precious innocence. The hellish heart  
That wins but to betray, and tramples on  
A pure and fond affection, is a fiend  
That knows no generous feeling, and should hug  
Hyenas to his breast, and never know  
The pure delights and luxury of love.

I stood in beauty's boudoir gazing round,  
Intoxicated with the breath of flowers,  
And fixed by some sweet spell, like that which holds  
The spirit in delirious dreams of bliss.  
Where was the angel of that Eden ?—where  
The gay, the graceful, and the fair Ophelia ?  
Oh ! there, before me, on a crimson couch  
Reclined the heavenly creature—round her brow

**Her lofty intellectual brow, as fair**

And smooth as alabaster, there was bound  
A wreath of roses, emblems of her beauty.  
I gazed with rapture on her graceful form,  
That painter's pencil and the sculptor's art  
In vain might strive to rival—it was small,  
Yet perfect in its symmetry ; 'twas frail,  
Yet full ; nay more, voluptuously lovely.  
The moon, emerging from a fleecy cloud,  
Revealed, to my enraptured view, a face  
As lovely as the houries have in heaven.  
Oh ! 'twas ecstatic—'twas a face so fair,  
So full of love, and gentleness, and bliss,  
That fancy cannot make its image now,  
Nor love forget its lineaments—it was  
Indeed a picture of surpassing beauty.

Entranced I stood still gazing on the face  
Of the fair young Ophelia—on her cheek  
The roses of her sixteenth summer bloomed,  
And her red luscious lip, ye gods ! they were  
Like two sweet slices of ripe watermelon !  
A soft sweet smile stole o'er them, as oft steals  
The sunlight o'er the petals of a rose.  
Enraptured still I gazed upon her charms,  
Each moment more enraptured, till my soul  
Seemed spell-bound by her witchery, as birds  
Are fascinated by the serpent's power,  
Save that *her* charm was loveliness. I stood  
Fixed like a statue, while my fluttering heart  
Beat audibly, and every feeling seemed  
Transfixed in form. Again she sweetly smiled,  
And as I snatched a burning kiss, a voice  
Loud as a peal of thunder, cried, beware !  
Starting I woke, and found two dazzling eyes  
Gazing on me—I was *mesmerized*.

## MILLER'S WORLD ON FIRE.

THE heavens were parted—on his golden throne,  
The angel Gabriel sat and sighed alone ;  
That when his voice should roll around the sky,  
Creation must in reeking ruins lie ;  
A moment sighed o'er man's unhappy doom,  
O'er nature's wreck, and her terrific tomb ;  
Then snatched his trump, and starting from his seat,  
Ten thousand thunders rolling at his feet ;  
He blew a blast that o'er creation spread,  
Rent tombs, and roused the nations of the dead ;  
And while he swore creation's clock sublime,  
Should toll no more the mighty march of time ;  
Dark caves and caverns echoed back the roar,  
And ocean rolled her millions to the shore.  
Then Gabriel seized a brand with giant grace,  
And hurled it blazing thro' unbounded space ;  
The angels, at the golden gates above,  
Let fall their harps, and fled to mighty Jove ;  
Who, midst the gods, now gazed with awful ire,  
Upon creation kindling in one fire ;  
Wild shrieks and screams from all the earth arise,  
And in one yell ran roaring round the skies ;  
From heart to heart the mighty terror ran,  
And man, affrighted, called for help on man ;  
The world's on fire, ten thousand voices cried—  
Save us, oh ! save us, millions more replied.  
I looked, and lo ! to my astonished gaze,  
Ten thousand worlds rushed by me in a blaze ;  
Ten thousand fragments flamed the heav'ns around,  
Ten thousand thunders shook the vast profound.  
The groaning globe, from its attraction riven,  
And wrapped in one wide flood of flame, was driven  
With all its shrieking millions, thro' the gloom,  
To melt and moulder in great nature's tomb.

From star to star I saw the flames arise,  
Like lightning leaping up the vaulted skies;  
Or like wild comets glittering in my gaze,  
Till all creation burst in one blaze;  
One groan of anguish by the earth was given,  
One shout of horror from the hosts of heaven;  
And ev'n the gods, upon their golden thrones,  
With terror trembled at the dreadful groans  
Of dying nature. Oh! the awful sight!  
To see world burst on world, one lurid light  
Illumine all that wide spread sea of glass,  
Melting and mingling in one mighty mass;  
To see the millions that were writhing there,  
And hear their shrieks in penitence and prayer!  
Terrific scene! The gods in grandeur sate,  
And, silent, mourned their melancholy fate;  
Great Jove himself, of men th' immortal sire,  
Surveyed the mighty ruins wrapped in fire;  
And sighed, as o'er creation's vault he leant,  
Where suns and systems in one blaze were blent,  
That man, by disobedience, thus had brought  
The wrecks of worlds, and his own ruin wrought,  
I looked again from whence loud thunders came,  
And the whole heavens were wrapped in floods of flame;  
The gods, affrighted, from their thrones had fled,  
All but the mighty Jove—around him spread  
The sea of fire—creation, crumbling, fell,  
In one red ruin blending, hot as hell;  
World upon world, like melted metal, poured,  
And down the vast abyss of ruin roared;  
I saw the skies in flaming fragments fall,  
And one eternal night encircled all.

Starting I woke, and strange indeed to tell,  
The segar I had smoked a moment, fell,  
And set my shirt on fire, and this, 'twould seem,  
Had been the cause of all my dreadful dream;  
As good a cause, I think, and dream as true,  
As Miller's was or will be—don't you too?

## THE CATHEDRAL BELL, BALTIMORE.

Heard at distance on Sunday evening, while meditating on a tomb, alone,  
in a Catholic burial ground.

How sweetly sounds that evening bell ! how soothing is its  
toll !

It comes like mellow music on the meditating soul ;  
It speaks, as with a tongue from heaven to every heart of  
care,  
And, like an angel whispering, it calls the soul to prayer.

It seems to speak of Him who loved the world, and deigned  
to give  
His blessed Son to die, that man—ungrateful man—might  
live ;  
That glorious Son, who to mankind his gospel page unfurled,  
And hung redemption's rainbow round a dark and dying  
world.

O thou, most holy, only church ! at whose all sacred shrine  
The God of heaven, in truth, pronounced devoted and di-  
vine,  
What millions in all ages since have at thy altar knelt,  
And all the luxuries of faith, of hope, and love have felt !

The infidel in vain may strike ; in vain the fool may mock ;  
In vain all opposition, too : 'tis built upon a rock ;  
"The gates of hell shall not prevail" against its holy name ;  
When ages, yet unborn, have passed, the church will stand  
the same.

From age to age, alas ! the church has been severely used,  
By persecution butchered, and by bigotry abused :  
But still she sends out from the ark of peace the gentle dove,  
And holds out to the world around the olive leaf of love.

Ah! would that all mankind were thus inclined to live in peace!

The heart would be a heaven on earth, the storms of strife would cease;

The dagger would no longer drink the guiltless victim's gore,  
And every man would go in peace, ay, go and sin no more.

O happy day! it were, indeed; the angels high in heaven  
Would tune their harps of gold, and sing the truce of mercy  
given;

But man, because he *will not* join the holy church of God,  
Gives vent to vengeance, and uplifts fell persecution's rod.

Her doors are open unto all; the tree of life is there,  
And every one may of the fruit in rich abundance share;  
Come, one and all, a mother she will ever truly prove;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness, her paths are peace  
and love.

Sweet bell, thy tongue in mournful tones speaks to my  
silent heart,

And bids me to prepare, for soon I must from earth depart;  
And lie down in the grave alone, like him who slumbers  
here,

And who, like me, could once in life thy mellow music  
hear.

I love to muse, at evening hour, when thou art sounding far,  
And, while I listen, gaze upon yon bright and blessed star;  
And think of all the happy host that dwell, ye dead, with  
you,

Beyond the starry skies above—sweet evening bell, adieu!



## WHAT IS GOD?

When King Hiero asked the philosopher Simonides what he thought of God, the latter requested a day to think upon the grand subject. Upon being asked the same question at the end of the required time, the philosopher desired two days to consider, and at the close of two days solicited a third. The king then wished to know why he thus trifled with him. "Sire," said the wise philosopher, "the more I think on the nature of God, the less I know about him."

OH! thou sublime and glorious God,  
Author of all, oh! what art thou?  
Creation trembles at thy nod,  
And millions at thy foot-stool bow.

Kingdoms and crowns are dust to thee,  
A thousand thrones before thee fall;  
For, in thy might and majesty,  
Thou reignest Sovereign o'er them all.

In each, and every thing, thou art  
The unseen centre and the soul;  
Of the whole universe, the heart,  
Thou bid'st the beauteous system roll.

We stand, astonished at thy power,  
When gazing on yon sky of light;  
We mark thee in a fly or flower,  
As in the glittering globes of night.

We hear thee in the awful blast,  
And see thee in the brilliant bow;  
The ocean speaks of thee when, cast  
By storm, its boiling billows flow.

We feel thee in the silent soul,  
Brightly in bliss, but undefined;  
Where reason sits without control,  
Mysterious monarch of the mind.

The human soul!—how strange it seems,  
With angel talents brightly blessed;  
Yet a vain world of vicious dreams,  
That knows no peace, that knows no rest!

Reason in ruins!—What! convulse  
A temple viewless as the wind?  
And can disease fix on the pulse  
Of that which sight nor search can find?

Philosophy becomes a fool,  
When grasping at a thought so high;  
Nobler than knowledge of the school  
Is that which teaches how to die.

Say, can philosophy e'er teach  
How matter mingles with the mind?  
Can metaphysics proudly preach  
How mind with matter is combined?

With thee, O God! the secret lies;  
As well might man attempt to go  
Into the secrets of the skies,  
As seek such mysteries to know.

King of creation's empire free  
Incomprehensible thou'st proved;  
It is enough to know that we  
Have been by thee redeemed and loved.



### THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

ANGELS of earth sent down from heaven,  
To wipe away the mourner's tear;  
Sweet ministers of mercy, given  
To soothe afflicted mortals here;

To lessen human misery,  
And to obey our blessed Lord ;  
Ye are devoted, yet are free,  
And angels' smiles are your reward.

Ye do renounce the earth, and all  
Its syren pleasures that betray ;  
And at your Saviour's feet ye fall,  
And humbly and devoutly pray  
That He may give ye strength to bless  
The sick, and in his footsteps move ;  
Thus imitating, in distress,  
His heavenly mercv and his love.

Ye seek not wealth, ye seek not fame,  
They are a bubble and a breath ;  
Ye seek a home in heaven, a name  
With angels, in the hour of death ;  
To helpless man ye comfort give,  
And smoothe his pathway to the sky ;  
In virtue's path ye calmly live,  
To learn the lesson how to die.

Like Him who had in Bethlehem birth,  
And sin and sorrow nobly hurled ;  
Who hung a rainbow round the earth,  
And saved from death a sinking world ;  
Children of charity, ye seek  
The sick and suffering without price  
Ye measure mercy to the meek,  
And oft from ruin rescue vice.

Methinks the heavenly harps on high  
Will welcome you, and crowns be given,  
When ye shall seek your home on high,  
Even at the golden gates of heaven :  
Methinks the angels blest above,  
Will meet ye with a smile and nod ;  
And lead ye by the cords of love,  
To the bright garden of our God.

Oh! in that land among the blest,  
Where none may shed affliction's tears;  
Earth's angels will find glorious rest,  
Amid the march of endless years;  
When suns shall sink and stars consume,  
And skies shall pass away above;  
You, still triumphant o'er the tomb,  
Will dwell in yonder land of love.

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## THE INFANT SAVIOUR.

METHINKS I stand within the manger now,  
Gazing upon the infant God, who lies,  
Smiling, upon the holy Mother's breast.  
Upon his face the light of love beams forth,  
And in his eye sweet mercy sits enthroned,  
While on his lofty brow the stamp of heaven  
Proclaims him more than mortal—now methinks  
I hear the shouting shepherds cry aloud,  
Glad tidings, from a hundred hills, and peace  
To all the fallen world, for, lo! a child,  
The great Redeemer of mankind, is born!  
Oh! glorious hour, when ev'n the greedy grave  
Gave up its victory, and in man's heart  
Death's dark winged angel left his sting no more!  
Oh! glorious hour, when his Almighty hand  
Hung the bright rainbow of redemption round  
A dying and degraded world, and bade  
The gentle moonlight of sweet mercy chase  
Away the midnight mists of sin and shame!  
Then man was truly made immortal—then  
The golden gates of heaven, wide open thrown,  
Welcomed him home to happiness; and then  
The happy angels, in the halls of heaven,  
Awoke, upon their harps of gold, the song  
Of gladness and of glory to the Lamb,  
Who came to die that wretched man might live.

## MY MOTHER.

I have just received a letter from my beloved mother, on the subject of my reformation. I have put on sackcloth and ashes, to mourn over my past follies. I have thrown away the gilded trappings of the world, have fled from the alluring arms of pleasure, and now breathe in heartfelt strains the following

## PRAYER.

OH! Thou Almighty God!  
Who from thy hand didst hurl into the heavens  
Yon glittering globes, that gild the brow of night,  
And all those suns and satellites sublime,  
That round us roll. Thou who didst o'er the earth  
Scatter profusion with a liberal hand;  
Bade beauty blossom in the green old wood,  
And fruits and flowers to clothe luxuriant fields;  
Oh! thou sublime and solitary God!  
Whose eye surveys Creation's utmost bounds,  
And at whose nod the noblest knee must bow,  
The noblest nations tremble—Thou, to whom  
The meanest look for mercy, look on me.  
Oh! God, when I shall to my quivering lip  
Lift up the damning bowl, dash, dash it down,  
And let my hand be nerveless. Let me see  
My mother's tears mixed with its maddening wave,  
And hear her sigh in every passing breeze.  
Ah! how oft when she hast bowed her knee,  
And to thy throne her supplications sent  
To save her much loved son, have I held up  
The accursed cup of wine, amid the halls  
Of revelry and ruin. Teach me to be  
A solace to that sorrowing mother's heart,  
To whom I should be grateful. Let me prove  
All that her heart would have me, for I know  
I should be then the noblest child of virtue.  
Save me, Oh! God, and save me for her sake,

I have no merit in myself I know.  
Hear thou her prayers, and may the child of song  
Return to virtue, ne'er to wander more.  
May he not break that aged mother's heart,  
But yet become the shining light, to gild  
The evening of her days. Save me, Oh! God.

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## TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO LATELY ASKED ME TO TAKE SOME BRANDY.

## No. 2.

Thou hast a generous heart I know,  
As all men have who drink;  
But wouldst thou to a world of woe,  
My sinful spirit sink?

Ah! wouldst thou to my loathing lip,  
Lift up th' accursed bowl;  
And bid the bard again to sip  
Damnation to the soul?

Were I to touch the wine cup now,  
It would its flame impart;  
Despair would burn upon my brow,  
And hell within my heart.

Oh! could'st thou hear my anguished sighs,  
Both when I wake and sleep;  
Thou'dst turn away with tearful eyes,  
Yes, turn away and weep.

The hopes of other years now flown,  
Ambition blighted too;  
All, all the latter woes I've known,  
Are now recalled by you.

Far better to this hapless heart,  
A dagger's death were given ;  
Than rob me of that better part,  
A *sober* hope of heaven.

Beware the wine cup, Oh ! my friend,  
Beware ill-fated love !  
These evils down to hell would send  
An angel from above.

When you shall lift the goblet up,  
Oh ! pause—its horrors scan !  
Then dash to earth the damning cup,  
And dare to be a man.

Think of your mourning children's tears,  
And all the painful past ;  
Think of the wretchedness and fears,  
That must be thine at last.

Think of the loss of fortune, fame,  
Of friends, and peace and pride ;  
Think of the dark and damning shame,  
The grave can never hide.

In sackcloth and in ashes now,  
I mourn my follies o'er ;  
And with repentant tears I vow,  
I'll *go and sin no more*.

Ye jolly friends, I found in need,  
And oft at midnight met ;  
If at the *bar* I do not plead,  
Don't think that I forget.







LOVE'S CHANGES.

## LOVE'S CHANGES.

**THERE** once was a time, in a beautiful bower,  
When Cupid mourned over the fall of his art!  
From a change in the fashions Love lost all his power,  
For no lady would let him come into her heart.

The ladies all cried, what a pitiful creature  
Dan Cupid must be, in his homespun attire;  
No splendor about him in form or in feature,  
Nay, nothing the hearts of the fair to inspire!

Dan Cupid was then a plain lad, without fashion,  
He loved the fair sex when they neatly were clad;  
The gay and the dashy, with jewels and cash on,  
Would'nt look on the boy, tho' his smile was so sad.

Never mind, said young Cupid, one day in the bower,  
As he pointed his arrow and fixed his bow strings;  
Like woman I'll change, to regain my lost power.  
And ride to her heart on a butterfly's wings.

## AN ESSAY ON THE NATURE OF MAN,

IN WHICH BOTH SEXES ARE PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

IN a former essay, I observed that the female brain was smaller than that of the male; but I should have observed, at the same time, that in proportion to the size of the body, it is as large as that of man. I am not one of those self-conceited men, who believe that women are inferior in intellect. Their natural endowments are equally as great, and were they educated in the same manner, or to the same extent, they would be equal in every respect to man, the proud potentate of the creation. But their powers of mind are not precisely the same as those of men. In efforts which bring into action the feelings and affections of the heart, as in novel writing, they are peculiarly gifted. They can almost awaken emotion in the marble bosom, and then there is so much polish, politeness, grace and beauty in their sentiments. I can tell, without a name, a novel written by a lady, or a poet, for they are alike in the expression of warm, gushing feeling, and in brilliant imagination. But in dry matters of fact, women seldom indulge. I have never read of a great female mathematician, and rarely of a female writer on political economy. On the contrary, they shine in poetry, of which feeling constitutes the soul. The male poet must possess a woman's heart, or his efforts will be inferior. Woman has a conception of the beautiful, the graceful, and the lovely, while man deals in the grand, the awful and sublime. Lord Byron detested the mathematics, because they contain fact instead of fancy.

Very intellectual women, we find by observation, are seldom beautiful. The formation of their features, and particularly their forehead, is, generally, more or less masculine. Miss Landon was rather pretty and feminine in her face, but Miss Sedgwick, Miss Pardoe, Miss Leslie, and the very celebrated Ann Maria and Jane Porter are the

contrary. One of the Miss Porters has a forehead as high as that of an intellectual man. I never knew a very talented man who was admired for his personal beauty. Pope was awfully ugly, Dr. Johnson was no better, and Mirabeau was the ugliest man in all France, and yet he was the greatest favorite with the ladies. Women more frequently prize men for the sterling qualities of the mind than men do women. Dr. Johnson chose a woman for a wife who had a red face, and who had scarcely two ideas above an oyster. He thought her the loveliest creature in existence, if we judge by the inscription he left upon her tomb. Poets, generally, are remarkable for their passionate admiration of female beauty. It is unfortunate that too many ladies, who possess great personal attractions, imagine that they need nothing else; that they have the *Magnum Donum Dei*, the great gift of God, and hence they neglect the cultivation of their minds. This is a fatal mistake, for it requires more to keep a conquest than to gain it, and they should remember that, as mothers, they are to become the great moral teachers of mankind. The great qualities which General Washington possessed were, no doubt, instilled into his mind by his noble mother. A very beautiful woman without mind, is like a splendid painting which fascinates us at first, but upon which we soon become tired of gazing.

Women are naturally more pious than men. It is easily accounted for. Their hearts are alive to the finer sensibilities of our nature, and their world is a world of love. They are far less selfish than men; feel more gratitude for favors received; have more honor, and a greater conception of the beautiful and good. They contemplate the greatness and goodness of God, and not only venerate but love him. Though the Turks will not admit that a woman has a soul, I believe that there will be found ten women in heaven to one man. Scripture will be a little altered, for ten women will cleave unto one man, instead of seven. If I have a friend, let that friend be a woman, for she will be faithful, and will go much farther to oblige me. It seems

that every thing in nature goes by extremes. Woman, virtuous woman, in her high and holy state, is far superior to man in all that is good, but when she falls into sin and crime, she becomes a devil incarnate. All history proves this assertion. But she has many things to extenuate her faults. She is, generally, first cheated into error by man. It is true that woman tempted Adam to eat the forbidden fruit, by which he fell, but on the contrary, she became the mother of the Saviour, and was the first at the Cross and the last to leave it. Woman first welcomed Christianity into Ireland, when St. Patrick made his appearance. If the beautiful Helen was the cause of the fall of Troy, by which the proud palaces of Priam were laid level with the dust, she was tempted away from her husband, in Greece, by Paris, the gay son of Priam.

I observed, in a former essay, that large heads are generally noted for intelligence. This rule seems to be reversed in very large men. By large men I mean those of gigantic stature, six feet six inches or more in height, and possessing great muscular strength. Such men are seldom distinguished for great talents. They are, also, in a great measure divested of the passions. It is a wise provision in nature that this is the case, for were they violent in their anger, they would annihilate those irritable little fellows, who, like game chickens, are always ready for a battle. I knew a gigantic man in the state of Delaware, whose muscular strength was so great, that he could crush a hen's egg, lengthways, in his hand, to atoms, and yet he was as docile as a child, and quietly submitted to petticoat government.

Dwarfs, on the contrary, are violent in their passions, and frequently quick in intellect. I do not know that I ever met with one that was an idiot, when well formed. They are, generally, extremely irritable, violent in anger, avaricious to excess, vain, and very fond of female society. Dr. Rush mentions a dwarf, who was so avaricious, that when his hands were filled by his friends with pennies, he would drop a part of what he had in attempting to grasp more.

Men of stature between the two extremes of the dwarf and

the giant, are most talented, though there are always exceptions to a general rule. Small men are, generally, found to possess more brilliant minds, and quicker tempers than large muscular men. Nature divides her gifts; to one she gives strength of body, and to another the powers of intellect. Cæsar, the mighty master of the Roman world, was but five feet high, though crowns crumbled at his touch, and the most flourishing empires fell before him. St. Paul, the great champion of the Christian religion, who stood boldly up before the collected wise men of Athens, was only four feet six inches high. The celebrated Dr. Watts, the poet and divine, was very small. An anecdote informs us, that he was in company with six large men, who made themselves merry in ridiculing his diminutive stature. "I am," said the doctor, "like a silver sixpence among six cents, not easily perceived, but worth the whole of them." The same truly good and great man says:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with a span;  
I must be measured by my soul,  
The mind's the standard of the man."

Large men are generally more moral than small men, and it may be accounted for by the fact before mentioned, that their passions are not so violent. It is something remarkable, that talented men leave so few children behind them, and that talent is so seldom inherited. Men of genius rarely leave gifted sons. John Quincy Adams is an exception. Thomas Jefferson left none, neither did Shakespeare, Newton, Bacon, Bonaparte, Cæsar or Alexander. Many great men have died bachelors, and many of the most distinguished women have died old maids.

The human passions were implanted in us for a wise purpose, that of self-preservation, and, therefore, in training the young, they should be curbed but never crushed, for then you render them servile and mean. The passions, in excess, are very dangerous to the animal economy, often

producing death as quickly as ignited powder. The celebrated Dr. Hunter fell dead on the floor of a hospital in a violent fit of anger, and the door-keeper of Congress dropped dead from great joy, when the glorious news came that Lord Cornwallis had been taken. The door-keeper's patriotism should have been perpetuated by a monument of marble. David Hume, the great historian of England, informs us that several died from joy at the time of the restoration of Charles the Second, to the throne. The passions of fear and grief have a powerful effect on the human body, when the agony is great or long continued. They bring on premature old age. The face becomes wrinkled, the hair turns gray, the eyes grow dim and are sunk, and the energies of the whole body are destroyed. Fear has been known to cause the hair to turn suddenly white, and grief has produced the same effect. A nobleman of Germany, was condemned to be executed for some offence against the state, and his fear of death, and grief at parting so soon with his beloved wife and children, were very great. On the morning of the day on which he was sentenced to die, the jailor entered, and finding a man with a white head, thought his prisoner had escaped. During the night his hair had changed from black to white. John Wesley gives an account of a shipwrecked mariner, who was thrown upon a small rock; where he stood, and, with horror, watched the tide as it first rose to his knees, then to his waist, and at last to his chin. When he was taken off, his hair was quite gray, caused by fear, though he was a young man. Grief also has the peculiar power of superinducing or causing sleep, as every whipped child will remember. I used, in childhood, to wish that my mother would whip me before going to bed, that I might sleep soundly. Persons who are grieving for the loss of relations, have no difficulty in going to sleep. The disciples of Christ slept in the garden of Gethsemane, while he was undergoing his agony, because their hearts were grieved. We are told, that the son of the French General Custine, slept nine hours just before he was taken from the dungeon to the guillotine.

The passions, as well as the faculties of the human mind, should be strictly cultivated and corrected. Give the rein to any one passion, and it becomes like a roaring, ravenous lion. I advocate colleges for the education of the female as well as the male mind, though I am aware that it is not to colleges alone, that we are to look for men or women of brilliant genius. Franklin was a printer's boy; Dr. Herschel was a fifer boy in the army; Simpson, the Scotch mathematician, was a poor weaver; Roger Sherman was a shoemaker, and Shakspeare was an ostler, scene-shifter and candle-snuffer in the theatre. The discoverer of electro-magnetism is a blacksmith in Rhode Island; and the most learned linguist in the United States, is also a son of Vulcan, working at the anvil. Look up mechanics, for human genius is no aristocrat. The gifts of nature are bestowed on all alike, without partiality. It is not the profession which dignifies or disgraces the man, but it is the man which dignifies or disgraces the profession. The mechanic may be as respectable, as powerful, and as learned, as the college-bred man, in a learned profession, if he will make himself so. I have given proofs of it in the examples above. But if he has a contemptible opinion of himself, he cannot blame others for entertaining the same opinion. Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, one of the late Cabinet at Washington, made money by boiling salt, to educate himself, and has arisen to political distinction in the councils of his country. Such men are the salt of the earth, and worthy of their fame, for they have risen by their own exertions.

Some of the noblest discoveries, both in the arts and sciences, have been discovered by accident. The great art of printing, which burst upon the world like the first light of the sun, dispelling the gloom of the dark ages, and illuminating the nations, arose from a man who was idly cutting letters on a chip and taking impressions on his hands. The first idea of the steam-engine, was gained from observing the top of a tea-kettle dancing, by being raised by the pressure of steam. Gallileo was led to the discovery of the telescope, by looking through a combina-



tion of spectacle glasses, and Galvanism was discovered by Galvani's wife, who brought the legs of a frog, which she was dressing for dinner, into his laboratory. She happened to touch the flesh of the frog with the bars of metal, and seeing the legs of the frog jump or quiver, she called the attention of her husband to it, who was thus led into a course of experiments, which resulted in a rude science, which his pupil, Volta, afterwards improved.

We are not to suppose that we can derive knowledge only from learned men. I have often obtained a knowledge of philosophical facts, by mingling and conversing with very ignorant and uneducated persons. An ignorant negro once taught me a fact in philosophy, which I, perhaps, never should have dreamt of. He had some live crabs in a basket, at night, and upon my wishing to look at them, he thrust his hand under the cover and into the basket. I cried out, "you fool, they will ruin your hand." "Oh! Massa," he exclaimed, "de crab no bite in de dark; he got no nose, and he no see dis nigger's hand, and he tink dat my fingers de claws ob he playmates and brudders." The negro was right, for he had been taught the fact by experience. Since that hour I have never spurned the most humble source of knowledge. An idiot in Philadelphia, who was afflicted with the *cacoethes loquendi*, or the itch for talking, once took me to task for my wild course of life, and in giving me advice, he uttered one of the best moral precepts I ever heard. It was worthy the mind of Socrates or Plato, though it was expressed in homely language.

If the human mind is a pure spirit, it is very singular that some of its faculties retain their vigor in old age, while others become almost extinct. The faculty of memory has many peculiarities. It is the first faculty that fades. I have paid much attention to the operations of my own mind, and have found that I can recollect whole pages and long conversations, yet when I am introduced to a gentleman I forget his name in five minutes, and the number where he resides. I forget the names of authors, whose

pages are as familiar to me as those of the New Testament, and many times I cannot call to mind the names of my most familiar friends in the street. When I was a student of medicine, there was one thing which gave my memory great trouble. But, by association, I got over the difficulty. A certain part of the body has two arteries and one vein in it. I could never remember whether it was two arteries and a vein, or two veins and an artery. The name of Boerhaave has two *a*'s and a *v* in it, and by thinking of *that* I could get the matter right, for the two *a*'s stood for arteries, and the *v* for a vein.

The faculty of imagination has a powerful influence over the body. Dr. Dorsey used to relate, in his lectures, the case of a man in the Pennsylvania Hospital, who had acquired a strong prejudice against taking calomel. The white powders he was taking, he suspected, and then firmly believed to be calomel. The doctor was astonished to find that he was profusely salivated, for he knew he had given him no calomel. To prove the matter, he took away the medicine, and, after coloring it red with cochineal, returned to him the same powders. The salivation ceased in the usual time.

Man is truly a wonder, but far more wonderful is the great Being who made him.

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### COMMODORE PORTER.

I sing the hapless hero's name,  
Who brave in battle stood,  
Who danger dared for deathless fame,  
And for his country's good.  
I sing of him who met the foe,  
Far on the stormy sea!  
Whose valor laid the tyrant low,  
Mid shouts of victory.

And where is he whose deeds sublime  
Now gild the glorious page,  
Whose brilliance down the tide of time,  
Shall light a future age ;  
Ay, where is he whose blade hath drunk  
A tide of tyrant's gore,  
Whose wrath beneath the billows sunk,  
The pride of Albion's shore.

O tell it not on Europe's strand,  
My country's shame 'twill be,  
An exile from his native land,  
Dishonored now is he.  
Dishonored ! no, the cruel shame,  
Stains not the hero's scroll,  
As bright and brilliant is his fame,  
As dignified his soul.

But on the heads of those who thirst  
For vengeance void of laws,  
On hearts of calumny that curst  
The hapless hero's cause,  
Shall fall the curse of him forlorn,  
Who was from crime exempt,  
And they shall meet their country's scorn,  
The nation's cold contempt,

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LINES,

TO THE LADY (A STRANGER) WHO EXPRESSED SO MUCH REGARD FOR ME.

AH ! lady, little dost thou think,  
How much of grief I've known ;  
How much, alas ! I'm doomed to drink  
The cup of woe o'erflown.

And canst thou think this heart of care  
    Could now a passion prove!  
So long devoted to despair,  
    So long the tomb of love?

Oh! once I bowed at beauty's shrine,  
    Charmed with love's silken chain;  
But never can this heart of mine,  
    Bow down in bliss again.

I woke the harp to woman's ear,  
    With all a minstrel's art;  
And as she leaned my harp to hear,  
    Love's arrow pierced my heart.

Oh! would that dream had never broke,  
    Till all my years had run;  
But ah! I started and awoke,  
    And found myself undone!

Ah! lady, could the minstrel tell  
    The tale of bygone years;  
'Twould bid thy gentle bosom swell,  
    And melt thy heart to tears.

The memory of that mournful hour,  
    We for the last time met;  
To blot there is no human power,  
    I may not now forget.

Oh! would I were what I have been,  
    Could feel as I have felt!  
'Twere heaven to see as I have seen,  
    And kneel as I have knelt.

## THE TOMBS IN GREEN MOUNT.

In company with two lovely ladies, I spent the afternoon of New Year's Day meditating among the tombs of Green Mount Cemetery. How appropriate was my visit to such a place! Another year had just gone down to the magnificent, but melancholy mausoleum of ages—to the great tomb of time, in which are deposited the ruins of reason, the wrecks of ambition, and the faded flowers of human hopes and human affections. Green Mount Cemetery is destined to be the most beautiful burial ground in America. Many monuments have been erected since I visited the spot in July, 1841. Some of these marble mementos are very plain, some very neat and tasteful, and others have been executed in splendid classic style. The monument to a mother is beautiful and chaste; the tomb of a lieutenant is elegant and appropriate; while that of Colonel Stewart is splendid. But there is one, which has been erected since I was last there, which is calculated to captivate a poet's fancy, the moment he beholds it. It is the most beautiful and appropriate monument I have ever seen any where. It combines every requisite. It is perfectly original, and belongs to none of the known orders of architecture strictly. It is at the same time plain, neat, chaste, beautiful, grand and splendid, if I may be allowed to combine such opposite characteristics. And, oh! how appropriate it is! It embodies the very traits of the character of the beautiful, amiable, and accomplished young lady, to whose memory it was erected. Through the elegant bronze railing which surrounds it, I read the name of *Greenway*. With the young ladies who accompanied me, I lingered some time round the hallowed spot, noticing the mementos of affection which had been placed there by those, in whose hearts her memory is enshrined. In marble urns, and also round the slab which lies before the monument, were placed green leaves and budding flowers; and in the branches of the mournful cedar, which stands near, I noticed little boxes, intended to entice the birds to come and sing over the grave of the young and beautiful. I like these marks of affection. They speak of refined feeling, of undying love, and of hearts that are no strangers to taste and tenderness. While I was musing upon them, a sigh involuntarily broke from my bosom, and a tear trembled in my eye, at the thought that death should level his dart at the young, the good, and the gifted, just as they bloom in beauty. I admire the taste which formed the model of this monument. The moment I saw it, before I had discovered to whose memory it was erected, the thought struck my poetical fancy that it was a miniature temple of innocence. Such it truly is. One of the ladies present informed me that she who sleeps beneath it was not only beautiful, graceful and gifted in an eminent degree, but as amiable and innocent as an angel. Alas! that such should so soon be snatched away! During the half hour I spent at the tomb of departed beauty and talents, I wrote the following lines with a pencil.

How sweet the thought that when to death and dust  
We shall go down, as all creation must;

Sweet friendship oft will seek the sacred spot,  
Tho' by the busy world we be forgot !  
'Twas bliss to die like her, who slumbers here,  
To clasp the hand, and feel affection's tear  
Fall on her fading cheek—to bid farewell  
To friends she loved, whose love no tongue may tell—  
To mark beside her dying couch, in tears,  
A mother deeply loved thro' seventeen years ;  
And hear around her many a deep drawn sigh,  
From those who grieved that she was doomed to die  
So young, so gifted, beautiful, and fair,  
Oh! this was bliss, tho' darkened by despair !  
Ah! yes, 'twas bliss to have the happy lot,  
To be beloved, and never be forgot :  
For I have seen the friendless droop and die,  
No loved one near his couch to close his eye ;  
No mother mourned him, and no tears were shed,  
No sigh was heard of sorrow for the dead ;  
No crowd was gathered round his grave—alone  
He slumbers, unremembered and unknown.  
Oh! thus to die and pass away, indeed,  
Is grief that bids the coldest bosom bleed !  
Not such the fate of her, whose spirit blest,  
On angel pinions soared to realms of rest ;  
Methinks I see her, in her dying hour,  
Fading away like some just blooming flower ;  
Beside her couch her much loved mother stands,  
And, weeping, lifts to heaven in prayer her hands ;  
Methinks I hear around her many a sigh,  
Of friends, who mourn that she so soon should die.

Beneath this slab in beauty still she sleeps,  
Where many a friend now wanders and now weeps ;  
Where fond affection loves alone to dwell,  
And many a heart is held by feeling's spell.  
When spring again shall come with balmy breeze,  
And flowers shall burst, and foliage grace the trees ;

Here shall the birds, a habitation given,  
Send up for her their holy hymns to heaven ;  
Here in the tree, whose branches o'er her spread,  
Or 'mid the garlands that adorn the dead ;  
Their dirges o'er departed beauty rise,  
Re-echoed back by angels in the skies ;  
Here shall the fairest flowers, that art can save,  
Adorn the beauteous garden of her grave ;  
The first born flow'rets of the spring shall bloom,  
In beauty, round her temple and her tomb.  
Full many a friend shall bow before this shrine,  
And breathe, in tears, affection's vow divine ;  
Yea, feel how keen are death's relentless darts,  
That oft divide, and desolate our hearts.

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### O THERE ARE TEARS.

O **THERE** are tears by beauty shed,  
Upon the lonely grave ;  
They fall for friends and kindred dead,  
And for the worthy brave :  
On sorrow's breast they melt in care,  
The fell musicians of despair.

O there are tears that brightly flow,  
When parted friends embrace ;  
They bid the beating bosom glow,  
Remembrance to retrace :  
And they are called the gems of joy,  
Pure and unmixed, without alloy.

O there are tears of wrath and wrong,  
That gush in boiling streams ;  
They nerve the arm of vengeance strong,  
And haunt the maniac's dream :  
They are the streams of rage and care.  
Sacred to anger and despair.

O there are tears in love's young eye,  
Bright as the dew's of morn ;  
And there are tears that none may dry—  
They chill the heart forlorn ;  
Where disappointments coldly fall,  
They often dew the sable pall.

And there are tears that burst the goal,  
Of nature's feeble eye ;  
They purify the sinful soul,  
To take its flight on high ;  
And they are tears of innocence,  
That spring from humble penitence.

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#### WHAT IS CHARITY?

'Tis not to stand,  
When in my hand  
You place the glittering ore,  
And bid me know  
My weight of woe,  
Or tell me I am poor.

'Tis not to name  
The rising shame  
That on my cheek appears,  
Or mark my sigh,  
Or pensive eye,  
Surcharged with sorrow's tears.

'Tis not to lend  
Or give a friend  
Of every good a part,  
'Tis not the blaze  
Of public praise,  
Or vauntings of the heart.



But 'tis a charm  
That thinks no harm,  
And doth the heart control,  
It is a joy,  
Without alloy,  
That elevates the soul.

It hath a tongue  
That ne'er hath wrung  
The beating breast of care;  
Its eye ne'er smiled  
At sorrow's child,  
Or mocked at pale despair.

'Tis something kind  
That fills the mind,  
And cometh from above,  
It dwells alone  
On nature's throne—  
'Tis UNIVERSAL LOVE.

---

### TO THE DUELLIST.

Did you hear not the wail on Potomac's green shore,  
Where the weapons of death the proud warriors wore?  
'Twas the wail of the genius of freedom and fame,  
She grieves for the victims of error and shame.

How long shall she weep o'er the trophies of pride?  
How long shall false honour her wisdom deride?  
How long shall the heart of humanity bleed,  
O'er the sin and the shame of the horrible deed?

O! let not the groan of the duellist's grief  
Ever break on the slumber of Vernon's brave chief;  
Blow ye winds of the west to the murderous clime,  
Where Hoboken shall mingle her horrors of crime.

O'er the tomb of Decatur pale pity still weeps,  
And the wild willow waves where the warrior sleeps ;  
To the tomb of sage Hamilton many repair,  
While Burr still remains but the ghost of despair.

But think not that sorrow shall weep for thy lot,  
Thou shalt die as a duellist—like him forgot ;  
O'er thy grave shall the raven oft utter his scream,  
And the lightnings of heaven in terror shall gleam.

There the dirge of the duellist horror shall sing,  
And the vault with the wail of the widow shall ring ;  
While the arm that offended shall moulder away,  
And the dust of the duellist mingle with clay.

When the blood of the brave for the nation is shed,  
Fame hallows his mem'ry and honors the dead ;  
But the duellist's doom, tho' from death yet exempt,  
Shall be his friend's scorn, and his country's contempt.

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### BLIGHTED JOYS.

O, SHE is fair  
As lilies are  
That deck the valley wild ;  
Or roses gay  
That bloom in May,  
For she is nature's child.

Her lovely eye  
Of azure dye,  
Shines thro' affection's tear—  
Like violets blue  
Weighed down with dew,  
When morning suns appear.

Her lips disclose  
Sweets of the rose,  
To tender feeling true;  
Here love reclines,  
Nor ever pines  
On blushing beds of dew.

Her ringlets fair,  
Of golden hair,  
Wave o'er her neck of snow;  
Where cradled lie  
The Graces sly,  
And smile at my fond woe.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas thus I sang,  
And mountains rang—  
The sweet symphonious lay,  
Beneath a bower,  
Which many an hour,  
Has swept into decay.

The lovely maid  
Sleeps in yon shade,  
Where rolls the silent wave;  
And from the bower  
I plucked a flower  
To deck her lonely grave!

Thus love's bright sun,  
And joys begun,  
At morning mock our fears;  
But e'er the kiss  
Confirms our bliss,  
They set in evening tears.

## THE FAIR GONDOLIER.

'Twas evening, in a shady grove,  
When first I heard the harp of love,  
The sun behind the hills had rolled  
Thro' one wide flood of flaming gold.  
And o'er the mountain monarch's throne,  
The moon in silver shadows shone,  
And on she trip'd thro' heaven's hall,  
Like bridal beauty at a ball.  
Her glances danced upon the deep,  
Like smiles upon an infant's sleep,  
And played upon the flowery peak,  
Like blushes o'er a lady's cheek,  
And o'er the silver surface far  
Shone the bright shooting of a star.  
A lovely lady thro' the brake  
I saw beside the lucid lake,  
She stood and gazed upon her shade  
Beneath the dark blue deep displayed,  
And oft she stretched her ivory arm,  
To grasp the tall ideal form.  
Upon her cheek the rich red gush  
Had from her heart conveyed a blush.  
A holy light dwelt on her face,  
Warm from the pencil pure of grace.  
Her clustering curls in ringlets rolled  
On her white breast like grapes of gold.  
Her azure eyes with softness shone  
Like stars that stud the heavenly throne.  
Where'er her silver sandals trod  
Red roses sprung and graced the sod.  
Where'er she turned her eyes around,  
Rich ripening peaches pressed the ground,  
And bending branches at command,  
Of clustering plums would kiss her hand.

She launched her bark—with long light oar  
She paddled from the flow'ry shore,  
And as her bark bent to the wind,  
It left no track or trace behind.  
Ah thus, she cried, man finds a grave,  
Nor leaves one trace in life's dark wave.  
Now far receded from the land,  
She smiled and waved her little hand,  
And struck the harp—the ling'ring lay  
Rung round the rocks and died away,  
And Echo, in her airy cell,  
Struck each note on her silver shell,  
And mocked the sweetly warbling wire  
Like sighs that sweep the Æolian lyre,  
O how, I cried, how sweet to be  
The mistress of such minstrelsy.  
I listened—all was still and lone,  
The lucid lake in silence shone,  
Save distant sounds that o'er and o'er  
Came mingled with the ocean's roar.  
Far, far the little bark now bore  
The lovely lady from the shore.  
Just on the verge of space her sail  
I saw still fluttering in the gale.  
How like, I cried, the boundless sea,  
The great lake of eternity,  
When souls embark forevermore,  
And gaze on life's receding shore.  
That hour is still to memory dear,  
    When from the shore  
    In the ocean's roar,  
She paddled a beauteous Gondolier

## CHARMS OF THE FAIR.

Like the star-rays that beam  
On the blush of the rose ;  
Like the fanciful dream  
In the noontide repose ;  
Like the moon's mellow ray  
On the red cherry's hue ;  
Like the dawn of the day  
To the mariner's view—  
Is the rich ruddy smile on the lips of the fair,  
The balm of the blest, and the solace of care.

Like the gold-gilded sky  
At the evening's close ;  
Like the ruby-red dye  
Of the opening rose ;  
Like the tulip beside  
The white lilies that bleach ;  
Like the rosy-rich pride  
Of the ripening peach—  
Is beauty's bright blush on the face of young love,  
The type of the virtue of angels above.

Like a star 'neath the waves  
In a perilous night ;  
Like the vi'let that laves  
In the dawn's dewy light ;  
Like the blue-bell when hung  
With the drops of the shower ;  
Like the chilly frost flung  
On the sensitive flower—  
Is the bright eye of woman dissolving in tears ;  
Oh ! then she most lovely and charming appears.

## TO MRS. D——N.

Who, when I was sick in days gone by and had but few friends to sympathize in my sorrows and pity my foibles, sent me the richest delicacies of the season; and who, in company with other generous hearted ladies, visited me, to condole with me and to persuade me, as with an angel's tongue, to walk in the paths of virtue and sobriety. The gentle, soothing and sympathizing eloquence of one lady has more influence in producing reformation than the heartless taunts of a thousand cold, unfeeling philanthropists.

As if some spirit from above  
Yon blissful land of light and love,  
Had to the earth been given;  
As if some angel down below,  
To heal my anguished wounds of woe,  
Had been despatched by heaven,  
I looked on thee,—for on thy face,  
The heavenly virtues I could trace;  
And there, too, free from guile or art,  
Shone the pure feelings of thy heart;  
As high and holy as are given  
To angels' hearts, now blest in heaven;  
And in thine eye I could behold—  
More precious far than gifts of gold—  
That sweet soul-soothing sympathy,  
That melts o'er other's misery.  
Never while memory shall remain,  
Whether in pleasure or in pain,  
In ease or agony;  
Shall I forget thy kindness shown,  
When in the world I wept alone,  
And mourned in misery;  
No, lady, while this heart's inclined  
To beat, and reason rules the mind;  
While gratitude shall hold control,  
Or sense of right shall rule my soul,  
Shall I forget thy generous heart,  
Or language that thou didst impart,

When ev'n thy look didst bid me know  
 Thou wert the friend of one in woe;  
 And that thine eye could shed a tear  
 For other's woes, that was sincere.  
 May all the joys of earth, nay more,  
 May heaven's rich blessings be thy store,  
     When I am far from thee;  
 To hear that thou art truly blest,  
 Will be, tho' I be then distressed,  
     A heartfelt joy to me.  
 Oh! may the partner of thy care,  
 Be blest with plenty, is the prayer  
 Of one who long has prized his worth,  
 And thinks him of the men of earth,  
 One of the best that ever breathed,  
 Or to the world a name bequeathed:  
 Adieu! may sorrow never roll  
 Across the sunshine of thy soul!

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### THE REVENGE.

The following lines were written on a tradition of an Indian's revenge for his murdered family.

THE Indian stood in stately pride,  
 His eye-balls rolling wild and wide,  
 And glaring on his prostrate foe,  
 Writhing beneath the expected blow,  
 His teeth were clenched, his nostrils wide,  
 And ever and anon he cried,  
 "My father, wife and children died  
     By thee, thou cruel one;  
 My cherished hopes of years are o'er,  
 My friends are bleeding on the shore,  
 Thy hands are reeking with their gore,  
     And I am all undone.



And shall they unavenged still sleep,  
And I still linger there to weep ?  
Nay, nay, I swear by sea and land,  
The hour of vengeance is at hand ;  
Thou'st robbed me of a father, wife,  
And children. What to me is life ?  
A desert wild, a waste of years,  
A scene of trouble and of tears ;  
My children, slain by thy white hand,  
Are waiting in yon distant land :  
I come, I come, with vengeance dread ;  
White man, I go when thou art dead."

He said, and seized his foe,  
Rushing upon the rocky height,  
That overhung the abyss of night,  
Where high he held the quivering form,  
Above the cataract of storm,  
And sung the death-song wild and high,  
With yell that echoed through the sky,  
Then with him plunged below :  
And long, when they had disappeared,  
From echoing caves and rocks were heard,  
The shrill and solemn sounding word,  
"I come, I come."



### ELLEN.

SHE is the flower  
Of nature's bower,  
Of life, and light, and love ;  
She seems as fair  
As angels are,  
Who sport in fields above.

Her soft blue eyes  
In radiance rise,—  
With pensive pleasure roll;  
Like love's first dreams,  
Their brightness beams  
A sunshine on the soul.

Like rose-bud hues  
That drink the dews,  
And sip the silver shower,  
Is the red rose  
Her lips disclose,  
Fair beauty's richest dower.

The rich red gush  
Of Ellen's blush  
No ripening peach may vie;  
'Tis from the heart,—  
The brush of art  
Dame Nature doth defy.

Like ringlets rolled  
In waves of gold  
Her tresses flow behind,  
O'er beds below,  
Of softest snow,  
They wave upon the wind.

But, ah! her smile  
Is mixed with guile,  
No joy it doth impart;  
More cruel far  
Than tyrants are,  
She triumphs o'er my heart.

## THE GLADIATOR.

" I see before me the gladiator lie ;  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his drooped head sinks gradually low.—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The arena swims around him—he is gone."—BYRON.

THOUSANDS were seated around the spacious arena, waiting with impatience for the coming sport. Sudden was heard the clarion's blast, and in a moment, every tongue was hushed. One by one—according to the custom of the times—the gladiators were paraded :—with slow and solemn steps, they paced the sanded floor of the amphitheatre, in the dreadful anticipation of certain death, by slow and lingering tortures. Their features bore the impress of their inward feelings : on one was pictured the blackness of despair ; the smiles of hope faintly lighted up the countenance of another ; and impatience to revenge the wrongs he had suffered, characterized a third. But there was one among them, who almost baffles the power of description. The changes of his countenance told the workings of a restless spirit at war with itself : his haughty carriage bespoke him higher, nobler, than the rest ; and in his pride he seemed to spurn the ground on which he trod. It was Ikena, a leader of the barbarian hosts of Britain. The chances of war had proved unfortunate to him ; the superior valor of his enemies had prevailed, and he was compelled to acknowledge them as masters. But, though his body did their bidding, by administering to the pleasure of a remorseless crowd, yet his spirit was unfettered. He might have *lived*—a slave ! but would not. His was not a spirit that would tamely brook the insults of a being like himself, even though that being was robed with unlimited power, and possessed of the highest station on earth. What Lucifer was among the stars of the morning, such was Ikena among the

sons of men. He would not *live*, a slave—to crouch beneath the glance of the imperious Roman, or bow in meek submission before the proud oppressor of his nation.

He turned his thoughts, for a moment, upon the character of the inhabitants of Rome. At that time they were deemed the most polished and enlightened nation on the face of the earth; yet, civilized as they were, they could find much pleasure in the mortal combat of man with man; and still greater in his encounter with the wild beasts of the forest: they witnessed with shouts of delight the agony of the combatant, treated with levity his misery and groans, and compelled him to fight until death's cold impress had sealed the fate of the miserable victim.

Not so with the Britons. Rude as they were, clemency and hospitality characterized their conduct towards their foes. Cruelty, with them, was not yet so refined, as to cause themselves, their wives, and their children, to view with any other feelings, than those of horror and disgust—the gladiatorial shows and combats which afforded so much pleasure to their conquerors. It is true, they immolated human victims upon their altars; but this was in accordance with their religious rites—in celebrating the worship of God the Creator, and upon altars dedicated solely to that service. The Romans sacrificed their victims on the altar of cruelty, and their own guilty passions were the gods they worshipped.

But this was not a time for reflections like these. He thought of his wife, his children, and the home of his early youth; but they soothed not the hour of his despair; they were like burning coals to his seared and desolating heart. The scenes which he once loved, were now like a dream that was past; and the bright hopes which once were inmates of his breast, had vanished like a glittering meteor of the night. A curse as deep, dark and deadly as the malediction of a fiend, was burning on his lips; but with almost superhuman power he suppressed it. It would have been too great a triumph to the conqueror, to know that he had power to disturb the self-possession and equanimity of his

mind. It was a trying moment ; the lion heart of the warrior was faint ; his eagle eye grew dim, and his noble and athletic frame was moved through all the springs of life, by the mental conflict. The clashing of the most powerful passions of the human heart, proved fatal to him—it was the war of death. He bowed his head in silence—his heart was broken !

How different would have been his fate had he been a Roman ! He might have lived to gladden the days of affectionate parents, or a much-loved wife, and beheld his children springing up in beauty around him. Had his feats of valor been performed under the extended wings of the Roman eagle, the laurel wreaths of victory would have been bound around his throbbing temples, and the trumpet of fame would have sounded, loud and long, the pæans of praise, to celebrate his triumph.

The inhuman audience gave one shout as Icena fell—it was a shout of revengeful malice, at being disappointed of their expected prey—but he heard it not ; the silence of the grave was around him, and “he slept in peace.”

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### FANCY.

FAIR fancy dwells  
In sylvan cells,  
Where mountain monarchs grow ;  
And wild winds rave  
O'er the dark blue wave,  
And the crystal cascades flow.

And in those cells,  
On silver bells,  
She rings her revelry ;  
And oft with fire,  
On the Lydian lyre,  
She wakens her minstrelsy.

In golden groves,  
With laughing loves,  
On silver slippers she  
In silence strays,  
At the rocks to gaze,  
And surge of the sounding sea.

On her fair cheek,  
Love's lilies meek,  
And pink peach blossoms bloom;  
There love's bright brush  
Gives the beauteous blush,  
And care finds a flowery tomb.

Her crowded crown  
Rolls curling down  
On her white breast below,  
Like grapes of gold,  
In a cluster rolled,  
On beds of the softest snow.

When morning breaks  
O'er lucid lakes  
Along the surf she strays,  
And loves her shade  
In the deep displayed,  
As over she bends to gaze.

In Echo's caves,  
Where dashing waves  
Foam o'er the ragged rocks,  
She tears her hair  
In the lightning's glare,  
And the thunder's roaring mocks.

## THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

AN ODE.

ALMIGHTY God! I sing thy power,  
When in that dark and dreadful hour,  
Thine eye looked down from realms of light,  
And saw creation wrapped in night—  
When sin and woe usurped the world,  
And death's black banner was unfurled;  
When from blest Palestina's shade,  
Religion fled an exile maid,  
And death and darkness ruled the land,  
With Superstition's wizard wand.  
Almighty God! I sing the hour,  
When all death's potentates of power,  
Assembled on the earth, to dare  
The vengeance of thine arm made bare,  
And to renounce thy ancient right,  
To rule the world of life and light.

High on the gorgeous throne of fate,  
Proud Satan sat, enrobed in flame,  
And while on man he gazed in hate,  
Hell smiled and shouted with acclaim;  
And as he spoke,  
Loud thunders broke,  
And bloody Crime exposed his awful form;  
While at the monarch's side,  
War snatched the sword of pride,  
And plunged at Virtue's bleeding bosom warm.  
Fell Superstition, Satan's child,  
Kneeled at his feet with shrieking wail,  
And cried, all hail, with visage wild,  
And every Pagan temple echoed, hail! all hail!  
With look severe and leering eye,  
Black Bigotry approached the throne,  
And cried, O king, thou ne'er shall die,  
Thou, thou canst rule the world alone;

And more he would have said,  
But from her flowery bed,  
Soft pleasure leapt with bosom bare,  
Bowed her white knee, and waved her hanging hair.  
Darkness and death exulting rose,  
To hail the monarch of his slaves,  
And at each pause and gloomy close,  
Hell echoed triumph thro' her deep dark caves.  
But see! ah see! there comes afar,  
A radiant light—a shadowy car;  
The harps of heaven resound above,  
With hymns of everlasting love,  
While down the skies, on wings of wind,  
Comes the blest SAVIOUR of mankind.  
Amid the fiends of dark renown,  
The Son of God in glory stood,  
From his high throne hurled Satan down,  
And all his attributes subdued.  
While Superstition gazed,  
And hell stood back amazed,  
He shook the heathen temples with his voice,  
And with a dreadful look,  
The thundering trumpet took,  
And bade the sons of men rejoice, rejoice!  
The idol tumbled from the tower,  
And death, O God, was conquered thine.  
Hell was the trophy of that hour,  
When Pagan priests fell from their shrine,  
Hail gift divine, when to the world  
The glorious gospel was unfurled,  
When death and darkness fell to earth,  
And gave to man a second birth;  
When clouds of error passed away,  
And heaven's own beams illumed the day.  
By me the Saviour's praise he sung,  
Aided by time's eternal tongue,



Who from empyrean scenes above  
Came down in everlasting love ;  
Who came mankind from death to save,  
And snatched the victory from the grave.  
Almighty God! thou, whose eternal name  
All nations worship, reverence and adore,  
Be thine the wreaths of everlasting fame,  
Be thine the praise of ages evermore ;  
O bring the hour when every rite,  
Thy glorious gospel shall engross,  
The Koran sink to endless night,  
Nor let the *Crescent* triumph o'er the *Cross*.\*  
When on that emblem he expired,  
He who the world with wisdom fired.  
All *nature* stood aghast and felt the change,  
The *Law* was void—the *prophecy* fulfilled,  
And every Jewish heart conviction thrilled,  
While sleeping nations rose to view the conflict  
strange !  
'Tis finished now, he cried ;  
Bowing his head, he died,  
And earth's firm fabric trembled at his voice !  
But harps of heaven rejoicing rung,  
Angels and men the anthem sung,  
And bade the world, the wicked world rejoice,  
And now, O God, send forth his word,  
Till every nation shall have heard  
The joyous Jubilee ;  
Send forth to Pharisee and Scribe,  
To every tongue and every tribe  
The light of Calvary ;  
Send forth thy Missionary bands,  
To foreign shores, to foreign lands,  
Till every knee shall bow to one,  
The God, the Father, and the Son,  
And Israel from the Talmud flee,  
To own the Christ of Calvary.

\* Alluding to Greece fighting under the banner of the Cross.

## THE PATRIOT.

FROM THE STORY OF EMMET.

I saw him at the dungeon door,  
With wild and wishful eye ;  
The bell struck one to strike no more,  
Ere he was doomed to die.

I heard the clanking of his chains,  
Mingling with echoes deep ;  
His face was pale, but pity's claims  
Alone could bid him weep.

With wand'ring eye, and wild alarms,  
And frantic in her fears,  
A beauteous maid rushed to his arms,  
And melted into tears.

She wept upon the breast of one—  
The generous and the brave ;  
She wept that soon the evening sun  
Would set upon his grave.

She wept that he, so young in years  
Death's victim thus should prove ;  
She wept o'er all that life endears,  
And o'er her widowed love.

He sighed, and said, remember me ;  
Forget not I have wooed ;  
He wept his sun of life to see,  
So soon go down in blood.

She left him, and the dungeon door  
Swung back, and rung farewell ;  
And ere one hour had passed, his gore  
With Ireland's freedom fell.

## WINTER'S COMING.

WINTER's coming! Winter's coming!  
Howling o'er the hills in wrath;  
Buds and blossoms now are blooming,  
Soon to perish in his path.  
See the Storm-King now advances,  
Whirlwinds wheel his crystal car;  
Hark! the tempest round him dances  
Down the dark'ning sky afar.

Winter's coming! Winter's coming!  
See a hundred hills are white;  
Flow'rets are no longer blooming,  
Groves no longer glad the sight.  
Summer's flying! Summer's flying!  
On her silver sandals, see  
Her footsteps, where her flowers are dying,  
And the leaves lie 'neath the tree.

Winter's roaring! Winter's roaring!  
Hear him thro' the forest groan,  
Stormy floods now fast are pouring,  
Wild winds round the building moan!  
Mark the sea-boy on the ocean,  
(Riding o'er the sounding surge,)  
Bend the knee in wild devotion,  
While the sea-gods sing his dirge.

Winter's coming! Winter's coming!  
Rouse the fire in the hall;  
Smiling beauty now is blooming,  
Blushing at the bridal ball.  
Tho' are fading nature's flowers,  
On the bosom of the earth;  
Fairer flowers, blooming bowers,  
Beauty's bosom now gives birth.

Winter's coming! Winter's coming!  
But he soon shall pass away;  
Spring again, with flow'rets blooming,  
Soon shall grace the gardens gay:  
Thus the heart that pines in sorrow,  
In life's winter sinks and dies,  
But the spring that breaks to-morrow,  
Bids it live beyond the skies.

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## REAL PLEASURE.

O WHERE is real pleasure found!  
Is it amid the giddy gay?  
Or is it in the midnight round,  
Where dissipation holds her sway?  
Or is it on the couch of ease,  
Where fairy phantom's fill the brain?  
Or is it in the crowd to please,  
Where tip-toe music leads the train?

Can halls of mirth impart the charm,  
So often sought, but sought in vain?  
Can friendship's touch of feeling warm,  
Or proffered hoards of shining gain?  
Can fame impearl the genial prize,  
Or diadems absorb the ray?  
Or does it flow from beauty's eyes?  
Or bloom in flowery fields of May?

Say does it dwell in lonesome caves?  
Or mantle on the gloom of night?  
Or where the smiling Naiad laves,  
In rippling streams of silvery light?

Can it be found where past'ral maids,  
Sweep gently o'er the dewy lawn?  
Or when the evening landscape fades?  
Or when Aurora gilds the dawn?

Ah no! Then does it grace the court,  
Where grandeur holds the reins of state?  
Does it attend a prince's sport?  
Or hoary king's proud breast elate?  
Ah! is it found within the field,  
Where valor strews, in death, the ground;  
Where shield to lance, and lance to shield,  
Oppose in fatal conflict round?

The charm cannot be found in these,  
It dwells not in a palace walls;  
Nor on the downy couch of ease,  
Nor 'neath the roof of mirthful halls:  
Nor is it in the flowery field,  
Nor hoards of gold, or battle's fray;  
It reeks not of the lance or shield;—  
It reeks not of the giddy gay.

The glorious charm resides in heaven,  
It emanates below the skies;  
From Siloa's fount, to man is given,  
The balm that wipes his anguished eyes!  
O this is real pleasure known  
Unto the heart that's born again;  
From heaven to man the vision's shown,  
'Twas felt when God's dear Son was slain.





CONCEALED AFFECTION.

### CONCEALED AFFECTION.

**SHE** still denied the passion in her heart  
Even to herself, tho' fond affection there  
Had long been deep enshrined. Her modest soul  
Shrunk from the sweet acknowledgment and oft,  
As to the tree her letter she conveyed .  
With soft and stealthy step, a blush would spread  
Upon her cheek, when even she thought she loved.  
One day she went, when lo ! the little god  
Revealed himself, and love stood there confessed.  
The tell-tale boy, with finger on his lip,  
And bow in hand, surveyed her for a while,  
And then with sweet provoking smile, he said—  
"I've caught you Miss, at last, tho' long evaded—"   
And swift an arrow quivered in her heart.



## THE BOSTON BARD.

I **KNEW** him when in happier hours,  
He strung the Lydian lyre,  
Amid the groves and golden bowers,  
With pure poetic fire.

Dear were the days of Coffin then,  
(Soon doomed, alas! to end;)  
When from the haunts of heartless men,  
He wandered with his friend.

Where Schuylkill rolls its winding wave,  
At evening's silent reign,  
Oft have I heard him bless the brave,  
In music's magic strain.

Then, say, shall this sweet son of song,  
On sorrow's bosom die?  
Has feeling fled the world's gay throng,  
And wiped her weeping eye?

Forbid! beholding heaven, replies,  
While fancy feels—admires;  
Forbid! the guardian angel, cries,  
While freedom friendship fires.

Pale, pestilential sickness, now,  
Preys on that face divine;—  
But ne'er can triumph o'er that brow,  
Which wreaths of roses twine.

His sun of genius soon must lower,  
On earth no more to rise:  
Oh! may it gild his evening hour,  
Beneath unclouded skies.

## MEMORY OF DECATUR.

FAIR Genius of Columbia, weep  
Where thy loved hero's ashes sleep;  
Plant on his tomb the lily fair,  
For virtue, valor, slumber there!  
O! let oblivion's veil now hide,  
One error of ungrateful pride;  
O! wash pollution's stain away,  
The mark of that inglorious day!  
Columbia, shed thy grateful tear,  
O'er this loved son to freedom dear,  
Let not his deeds of conquest won,  
Be shrouded from that genial sun  
That beamed with radiance on his fame,  
And graced Decatur's glorious name.  
O! bid the tear of sorrow flow;  
The hero sleeps, the turf below!

When wildly blew the trump of war,  
Decatur on the flaming car  
Of carnage, sought the direful fight,  
And bravely claimed his country's right:  
Yea! valor mantled on his brow,  
And victory gave her promised vow;  
Columbia smiled on freedom's son,  
For battles fought, for victory won.

Come, lovely maidens, strew your flowers,  
Plucked from the sweet Arcadian bowers;  
And chaunt your song of sorrow o'er,  
Decatur's spirit is no more!  
The death-bell rang its solemn knell,  
The hero fought, the hero fell;  
Yet still his name, to memory dear,  
Shall claim soft pity's falling tear.

## PHILOSOPHY OF MESMERISM.

Or that mysterious influence, denominated Animal Magnetism, Fascination, &c., by which one mind acts upon another, producing or inducing sleep and other wonderful phenomena.

THE operations of the human mind are but little understood, notwithstanding the researches that have been made by many of the most gifted and learned men that have dignified and adorned the great temple of philosophy. Animal Magnetism, Fascination, or as it is now generally called, Mesmerism, promises to throw much light upon the science of metaphysics, and to expose to our view the hidden and mysterious workings of the human intellect.

Whatever is out of the common order of nature we are slow to believe, and what we believe to be impossible we do not readily recognize. We every day see in nature operations equally as wonderful as those of Mesmerism, but we do not look upon them as strange, because we are familiar with them—because they are common. At first, very few believed that one person by fascination could put another to sleep ; but because they have frequently seen it done and it is becoming common, it is generally admitted to be true. It now remains to be proven that the *will* of one mind or man can actuate or control another ; and that the mind of the second person can be transported by the mesmerizer or fascinator wherever he pleases—called by the French *clairvoyance*.

Medical men are familiar with the term *sympathy*, or consent of parts ; one part of the body we know in disease will sympathise with another ; as for instance, the head will sympathise with the stomach, and *vice versa*. Every person has noticed, that there is a mysterious influence in the human eye. When two persons are conversing, their eyes seldom rest upon each other more than a moment at a time, but are constantly flying off to other and inanimate objects. The celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush often quelled the most fu-

rious madmen, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, by catching and gazing intently in their eyes. The human eye has the power of overcoming the most fierce and ferocious animals, as an example of which, I shall relate the story of a gentleman who was devotedly attached to a French lady in Paris. So madly did he idolize her, that he repeatedly vowed to her that he loved her better than his own life, and that he would not only risk his life for her safety, but that he would sacrifice it, if it were necessary to render her happy. Owing to her situation, she looked upon him as rather her inferior; yet, through pity for his passion, she loved him; though like many other ladies, she doubted his protestations. One day they were sitting in the gallery of the palace of the Tuilleries, which overlooks the royal menagerie, and while they were gazing upon an African lion, that was roaming at large below, and she was listening to his assurances that he would sacrifice his life for her, she let fall her glove from the gallery. It fell near the lion, as she intended, for it was her design to try his faith. She requested him to get it for her, and without hesitation he went down, opened the large iron gate and entered. The lion made a move to spring, but the lover caught his eye and stared. The lion hesitated, and as the lover advanced towards the glove, receded. He still kept his eye fixed, until he stooped, picked up the glove, and went backward to the gate, the lion slowly following with a fixed stare. The lover suddenly sprang out, returned the glove to the lady; and bade her farewell for ever, assuring her that she did not love him truly, or she would not have jeopardized his life. The conclusion of the story is, that the forsaken lady pined and perished of a broken heart. Methinks that my lady readers will declare that her fate was deserved.

If this influence in Mesmerism be admitted to be true, we can no longer deny the power of a snake in charming a bird, which naturalists have long laughed at. Sympathy is observable in many things, though not always observed. I have often amused myself, when sitting in company by a winter fireside. When the company have ceased conver-

sation, and all appeared to be thoughtful, I have whispered to the person beside me that I was going to make all, or most of those present gape. I have then got up, stretched my arms, yawned and gaped, and in a second or two one after another of the company would gape.

The influence of one mind upon another, is observable in many instances. Take the orator for example. He will so operate upon our minds as to make us believe the reverse of what we believed before, and cause us to weep or laugh as he pleases. The player has a similar power and also a writer. But these things are common, and we do not think them strange. To show that our wonder is excited by what is strange, and that what is equally strange will not excite our wonder, when common to us, I will instance a child, two or three months old, and another twelve months old. If the mother of the eldest speak to it and it answer, it does not excite any wonder; because it is common; but if the mother of the younger were to speak to it and it were to answer, never having talked before, she would be struck with wonder and alarm. Yet speaking, or language, when viewed philosophically, is in any respect truly wonderful. So is the art of writing. If at the present day such a thing as writing were entirely unknown, and a man were to appear, who could tell your thoughts which had never been uttered, merely by little black marks on paper, we should believe it to be supernatural. The Indians were struck with wonder when educated men first went among them, and they believed the art of writing to be nothing less than witchcraft. They could not conceive how one man could tell the thoughts of another, simply by looking at a piece of paper covered with crooked marks. The Indian chief sent one of the educated men out of the wigwam, where he was satisfied he could not hear, and then told his thoughts to the other, who wrote them down. The absent person was then called, who told the Indian what he had been thinking, by reading the written paper. The Indians could not believe the art of writing to be anything but witchcraft, until it was taught to their own children. The

art of writing or putting our thoughts on paper, has become so common that it does not seem strange, though it is perhaps as wonderful as any thing in nature.

In Mesmerism, we think sympathy of mind is wonderful, because it is something new. I shall now speak of what would appear equally astonishing, if it were not common to us. Suppose you had never heard or known any thing of the art of writing and reading! Suppose you were to see a person weeping over a book, and when you inquired the cause of his sorrow, he were to tell you that his mind was sympathizing with the mind of a man dead and gone many years ago! you would be astonished, and would naturally ask, how he could sympathize with the mind of a man who is dead. You would then think him crazy, when he informed you that the thoughts of the dead man were before him in the little black marks in the book, and that his mind was affected by the mind of the dead man. And when he should go on to tell you all that the dead man said, and you found your own heart beginning to melt with tenderness, and your tears to start, you would think it the most strange, the most wonderful of any thing you had ever known.

I have read in a medical work, of twins, born in England, between whose minds there was so much sympathy, that they knew each other's thoughts when at a great distance. They were both joyous or sorrowful at the same time; both sick at the same time, and both died about the same time. I have stood at the grave of a stranger, whom I had never seen, and have wept merely through sympathy at seeing others weep. Persons will feel inclined to laugh when others are laughing, though they may have just dropped in, and have not learned the subject of merriment.

In Mesmerism we are taught, that the *will* of one man may, during the mesmeric sleep, control the mind of another, and govern his actions. The human *will* is wonderful, view it as we may. Philosophically, *my* will controlling *my* actions, is as wonderful as *my* will controlling the actions of another; for we cannot any more comprehend the one than the other. Look at it philosophically! Place your

hand on a table, or your knee. There it lies, and there it would lie until it decayed, were not your will to bid it move. The moment you will it to move, it rises. What is this will, or how does it act? We know nothing about it, and because we see it every day, we do not think it strange.

It is said that persons are thrown into the mesmeric sleep by the influence of magnetism. The magnetic power may be infused into metal, without the aid of a magnet, simply by friction. If a penknife blade be rubbed upward, on both sides, frequently against a poker, placed nearly perpendicular between the knees, it will become magnetic and raise a needle. I once made fourteen small bars of metal, part of which I tempered, and in a process of half an hour, I infused into them sufficient magnetic power to raise a large key. They answered, in my philosophic experiments, all the purposes of a real magnet. The drill of the blacksmith becomes magnetic by friction.

Seeing that magnetism may be infused into metal by friction, may not the human body become magnetic by the same means, and thus produce sleep? But then the gentlemen, who have been performing in Mesmerism, appear to fascinate their subjects without touching them. They operate in most instances, through the influence of the eye alone. They call persons indiscriminately from the crowd, and sitting down before them and gazing in their eyes, they soon fall asleep. And if a mesmerizer's eyes have such power, how can we wonder at the fascinating influence of the eyes of beautiful ladies! It is no wonder that they set men crazy, break their hearts, and cause them to destroy themselves. There is, however, a great difference between a mesmerizer's performances, and those of the ladies—he mesmerizes the head, and they the heart. He makes his subjects tell what *he* thinks and feels; and they make their subjects tell what *they*, themselves, think and feel. He puts his subjects *to* sleep by making them easy, and the ladies keep theirs *from* sleep by making them *uneasy*.

It yet remains to be proven, that mesmerism can be car-

ried to the extent that some have declared it may be. If *clairvoyance* be true, future experiments may lead to great mental discoveries. But I am fearful that it cannot be so easily established as the somnific part of Mesmerism. Yet, knowing that there are so many wonderful things in nature, equally as far beyond our comprehension, I should not be surprised if Mesmerism were to lead to even still more wonderful phenomena than that. If Mesmerism be true, then there would seem to be a universal mind, divided among men, and he who has the greater portion, can, by his *will*, govern him who has the less. The mind is a deep mystery in itself, and we know no more about its operations, than we know of Him who created it. Mesmerism, if true, appears to do away the doctrines of materialism, as it was held by the celebrated Dr. Priestly, for such mysterious influence must proceed *from* and act *on* that which is more subtle than matter. It must proceed from mind, or pure spirit, and yet we have no more conception of a pure spirit, than we have of the nature of the Deity, if I may be allowed to apply the word *nature* to Him.

Again, I shall observe, that I shall not be surprised if it should be proven, that one mind has a mysterious influence over another. The parent has over the child, and the master over the servant, a moral influence which would appear wonderful, were it not common. The obedience of the child and the servant does not altogether proceed from fear or hope of reward. That influence is absolute. The will of the parent governs the child with as mysterious a power as that which causes the needle to turn to the pole. Yet we do not see any thing strange in it, because our minds are familiar with it. So none of mankind, until the time of Newton, had ever seen any thing strange in the fact, that an apple falls *to* the earth, and not *from* it. But Newton, knowing that *up* and *down* are mere relative terms, was led to wonder why the apple fell to the earth in a particular direction, and this simple circumstance led him to the great discovery of gravitation. Millions of mankind had seen apples fall so often that they did not wonder at it, but his



superior mind *did* wonder at it, and he wished to know the cause that it did not fall in some other direction.

Some persons, when speaking of Mesmerism, hoot at it, and say, that if it be true, they cannot see any use it can be. Neither did Galvani see what use Galvanism would be, when his wife came into his laboratory, and happened to touch, with a couple of pieces of metal, the frog she had dressed for dinner. The frog leaped when touched, and the accidental discovery was considered as wonderful as Mesmerism is now. They thought it strange that the frog should leap simply by being touched with two pieces of metal. Galvani made experiments, and from the accidental circumstance of his wife having touched the dead frog with two bars of metal, sprung the science of Galvanism, which has since proven of immense benefit to mankind. Galvanism has opened a field of discovery in chemistry; substances, which were once considered elementary, have by it been proven to be compounds, by being decomposed. Galvanism has been useful in disease and in many of the arts, as well as in many other respects. Yet, when Galvani was prosecuting his experiments, he had no idea of the uses to which it would be applied. May not Mesmerism, at a future day, when better understood, be equally as useful? Who can say it will not?

## THE SON OF THE SEA.

Son of the sea, I love to trace  
Thy path upon the wave ;  
And view o'er ocean's silvery face,  
The sounding surges rave :  
And when the whirlwinds rend the air,  
And lightnings lave the lea,  
I think of what thy ship must share,  
Son of the stormy sea.

I've seen the sun sink to his grave,  
In ocean's rolling deep ;  
The stars fall in the western wave,  
Where hapless heroes sleep :  
I've seen in ocean's foamy flood,  
The dark moon sink o'er thee ;  
But thy sun must go down in blood,  
Son of the sounding sea.

I love to view thy beauteous bark,  
Bound to a foreign clime,  
When like the light wing of the lark,  
She skims the surge sublime ;  
How like the soul by time's tide borne,  
To dread eternity,  
Art thou when from thy own shore torn,  
Son of the rolling sea.

And O how like the cheating chain,  
That binds life to man's heart,  
Is that one plank which from the main,  
Thy thoughtless form doth part ;  
Pierce but that plank, and in the deep,  
On beds so billowy,  
Thy bones must bleach in endless sleep,  
Son of the stormy sea.

## DEPARTURE OF LA HAYETTE.

HE is dashed on the foam of the turbulent ocean,  
Where the dark stormy tempest in revelry raves;  
But the Brandywine moves with a beautiful motion,  
And bears her loved guest o'er the billowy waves.

The sea-god has promised to guard his soft pillow,  
When the lightning of heaven illumines the deep,  
And to calm, in its rage, the wild dash of the billow,  
When softly he sinks in the slumbers of sleep.

And the God of the skies, now enthroned in his power,  
Who has guided his steps 'mid the thunders of war;  
Who has screened him from danger in battle's dark hour,  
And written his name on eternity's car:

To the land of his sires, to his own native nation,  
Shall the hero of fame, in his splendor restore,  
And the plaudits of millions, fair freedom's oblation,  
Shall re-thunder the caves of old Gallia's shore.

He has gone to repose in the lap of his mother,\*  
To the home of his youth, and the land of his bloom;  
He has dropped at Mount Vernon a tear o'er his brother,  
Who is pillowed in death, in the night of the tomb.

He is gone to his country, and never, ah! never,  
Shall America's Eagle o'ershadow the brave;  
He hath left us in hope, but departed for ever,  
For age must consign him to nature's cold grave.

No more shall his path be enamelled with flowers,  
Or the damsels of beauty sing praise to his name;  
But the muse shall exalt it in nature's gay bowers,  
And gild it with gold in the temple of fame.

\* France.

## GREECE.

THE day shall dawn on glorious Greece,  
And the sun of science rise ;  
When the torch of war is quenched in peace,  
And the Moslem's vengeance dies.  
But many a burning brain shall feel,  
The sabre's direful blow ;  
And the battling ranks, in death shall reel,  
And gulfs of gore shall flow.

And the crescent shall be drenched in blood,  
And Moslem power shall fall ;  
And the cross of Christ, where the Turk hath stood,  
Shall wave on victory's wall.  
But the sword of death shall deal its doom,  
To the brave and butchering band,  
Ere that flag shall float on the tyrant's tomb,  
And the Moslem leave that land.

The sons of Greece will wear no chains,  
They live on a classic shore,  
Where liberty dwelt on her flowery plains,  
In the glorious days of yore.  
And the land of song shall yet be free,  
Tho' the sun shall blush with blood ;  
And the tyrant Turk with tyranny,  
Shall fall in a crimson flood.

O for the deeds of coming days,  
When liberty shall retire ;  
And round the world in a brilliant blaze,  
The sons of the earth inspire :  
For the days shall come when freedom's star,  
Shall rise o'er monarchy's throne ;  
And the North and South shall shine from far,  
And the East hail liberty's sun.

## BOLIVAR.

I saw a mother lead her son  
High up the hill of fame ;  
And point to deeds of glory, won  
By many a shining name.  
And as the youth, with lips apart,  
Gazed on the temple high,  
The fame of Franklin touched his heart,  
And caught his kindling eye.

Go emulate your noble sires,  
The musing mother said,  
And feel the flame of freedom's fires,  
Like these the mighty dead.  
She said—with Gothic triumph turned,  
See there, she cried, my son ;  
The youth, while yet his bosom burned,  
Beheld great Washington.

Mother, the warrior deals in blood,  
The youthful hero cried ;  
But in his country's cause he stood,  
The mother quick replied ;  
His valor sprung from virtue, he  
Too fought for virtuous fame,  
Behold his wreaths of liberty,  
And bless his noble name.

She said, and heard the tramp of war,  
Fly echoing round the land ;  
Her son flew to the fight afar,  
And waved his daring hand ;  
And when the shout of victory rose,  
He cried, my mother dear,  
The wreaths of conquest bind my brows,—  
Behold thy hero here.

Fame blew the blast to Europe's shore,  
Behold, behold, she cried,  
Another Washington shall soar  
The height of human pride.  
Europe beheld, of liberty,  
Far in the south, the star;  
The world proclaimed the victory  
Of glorious BOLIVAR.

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## TO A LADY,

WHO REJECTED MY OFFERING OF FLOWERS.

To April's showers,  
May owes her flowers,  
Or barren every bower appears;  
Yet gaudy May,  
In rich array,  
Doth smile at April's tender tears.

Tho' April strews,  
With richest hues,  
The path of May, in beauteous bloom;  
Yet May in pride,  
Doth her deride,  
And dance in triumph on her tomb.

Thus, lady fair,  
The tears of care,  
Which I have often shed for thee,  
Thou dost reject,  
With cold neglect,  
And smile to mark my misery.

The blooming flowers,  
 I brought from bowers,  
 To deck thy lucid locks of gold,  
 Thou didst refuse,  
 And deadly dews  
 Fell on the beauteous blossoms cold.

Lady, the doom  
 Of flowers in bloom  
 Too well do mark my bloom of years ;  
 For tho' the sun,  
 Of love begun,  
 May rise in bliss, it sets in tears.

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 ALL IS VANITY.

Oh ! I have seen a bubble blown
 In beauty on a billow bright,
 Around it lovely landscapes shone,
 And pictured forms of life and light.
 An earth as heaven was painted there,
 The field, the forest, and the lawn ;
 But as I grasped, it burst in air,
 The mimic world of light was gone.

And such is pleasure—we pursue,
 As does the child the butterfly,
 'Tis charming to the distant view
 But as we grasp, its glories die.
 'Tis crushed the moment that we catch
 The gaudy phantom of the mind,
 And disappointed man, a wretch,
 An aching void can only find.

Oh ! I have sought frail pleasure long,
 In empty fame and glittering gold ;
 I've listened to her syren song,
 As did Ulysses' ears of old.

Ay for one glimpse of glory, I
Have oft my heart's best wishes given,
Yea for one glance from her dark eye,
Would barter e'en my hopes of heaven.

I've sought the phantom pleasure too
In the heart's hell the mad'ning bowl,
I drank, tho' I beheld in view
The deep damnation of the soul.
Canst thou give up thy wife to tears,
Canst thou neglect thy children's home,
Blast all the hopes of future years,
And be a wretch, for what ?—for rum ?

Oh God ! 'tis cruel to resign
All, all thou lovest for mad'ning drink,
Forsake it then, and bliss is thine,
Forsake and fly from ruin's brink.
Think not that I would triumph now,
Or yet insult thy generous soul ;
Oh ! no I've drank as deep as thou
The dark damnation of the bowl.

Where are our friends of earlier years,
The generous, gifted and the brave ;
Alas, full many have in tears
Drank deep and filled a drunkard's grave.
When in my soul the serpent shed,
The venom of his victory,
With Solomon of old I said
All, all indeed is vanity.

What will it profit if we gain
A world of wealth, and lose the soul ?
Ah ! what is glory to the slain ?
Where are the blessings of the bowl ?
The proudest potentate must fall,
Earth's sweetest pleasures quickly flee ;
One hour of virtue's worth them all,
For all indeed is vanity.

THE BANDIT'S CAVE.

THE moon arose o'er the mountain tree,
And the night was calm and still ;
The Bandit smiled in his usual glee,
As he saw by the moon that lit the lea,
A fair maid, as she gazed on the sea,
From the top of a tow'ring hill.

This night, said the Bandit, shall that maid
Sleep safe in a stranger's home,
Or in the earth her form shall be laid,
How rejoiced that I by the moonlight strayed,
To find the princess alone—he said,
And bade her with him roam.

O spare, said the princess, spare my shame,
On the silent mountain's brow ;
O let not the moon blush at my name,
Nor the wood-nymphs smile at my blasted fame,
For I cannot be your wedded dame,
I have sealed my sacred vow.

Then come, said the Bandit, in my cave
This night thou art doomed to dwell,
This night these hands shall dig thy grave,
Along by the beach where the rolling wave,
And the howling winds shall o'er thee rave,
And the sea-god toll thy knell.

He grasped the maid by her slender waist,
As the wild scream broke in air,
And swift down the rock he fled in haste,
And the winding path thro' the woodland traced,
As o'er his shoulder she hung, and graced
The demon of dark despair.

In the midnight gloom of forest glen,
Where the raven perched on high,
The Bandit placed the maid in his den,
All stained with the crimson of murdered men ;
He said thy vow is no more—and then—
Prepare, fair maiden, to die.

She screamed again, but the Bandit's knife
Drank deeply the purple gore ;
And out at her side flowed the stream of life,
And never was seen the betrothed wife,
For sunk in the murd'rous bloody strife,
Her grave was dug on the shore.

The Bandit gazed on his jewels bright,
Which he from her neck did tear ;
But he started back in bewildered fright,
As he held in his hand by broad day-light,
The portrait of her killed that night,
And name of his daughter fair.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

THE slave ship ploughed the dark blue wave,
Bound to Columbia's shore ;
And many a son of slavery,
That floating dungeon bore.

Still on she rode the stormy tide,
And dashed the flaming foam,
While many a beating bosom sighed,
At thoughts of happy home.

And there was one whose streaming tears
Confess'd the pangs he bore ;
For he had been in other years,
A prince on Afric's shore,

High honors in his native land.
The captive had been paid ;
And galling chains now bound the hand,
That once a sceptre swayed.

He gazed upon his native hills,
Lit by the setting sun ;
And thro' his heart he felt the thrills,
Of endless anguish run.

Night rested on his native shore,
And hid those hills from view ;
He melted into tears once more,
And sighed a last adieu.

He slept and dreamt of happy home,
And Afric's pleasant plains ;
He seemed with all his friends to roam,
Then woke in rattling chains !

The ship arrived—the captives sold,
The sons of slavery ;
And ne'er again did they behold,
The land of liberty.

O tyranny ! thy deadly dart,
Hath every pang combined ;
But far more cruel to the heart,
The tyranny of mind.

My country, 'tis thy lasting shame,
Thy cruel, cruel, crime,
Which shall bedim thy boasted fame,
Far down the tide of time.

THE JUBILEE,

AND DEATH OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON,

Which occurred simultaneously on the fiftieth Anniversary of Independence.

HIGH o'er a hundred hills of fire
I saw the blazing brand ;
A nation lit the funeral pyre,
The funeral filled the land ;
Fame held the trump of triumph high,
To sound OPPRESSION's doom ;
The shouts of men run thro' the sky,
And hailed the tyrant's tomb.

The cloud of war had rolled to rest
Far in the ocean flood ;
The sun that lingered in the west,
Had long since set in blood ;
And down the tide of time afar,
Full many a bark had gone ;
Since whirlwinds wheeled the crimson car,
And war's dread blast was blown.

It was the glorious Jubilee,
The birth-day of the brave ;
The advent of blest Liberty
From slavery to save ;
But ah ! amid the festive halls,
Death held his red arm high,
The pride of fame and freedom falls,
To perish and to die.

Ten thousand hearts have mourned the doom,
And wept for Washington ;
Ten thousand hands shall strew thy tomb,
Immortal Jefferson !

And Adams, thy renown sublime
A hundred harps shall raise,
And sound the trumpet tongue of time,
Thy plenitude of praise.

SONG.

O! THERE is in woman's breast a sigh
That bids the heart to glow ;
And there is a tear in woman's eye
That melts at human woe !—
And there's a ray of ling'ring light
That emanates above ;
O! it gilds the gloom of faithless night ;
It is the light of love.

O! there is on woman's lips a smile,
As bright as those of heaven ;
But it is not bought with gold or guile,
Tho' unto man 'tis given !—
And on her cheek a blush is there,
That rivals that of morn ;
O! it is the rainbow of despair,
When youthful love is born.

O! is there a man of gentle years,
Could mock at woman's sigh ?
Is there one could triumph in those tears
That flow from beauty's eye ?
Or one whose soul has never felt
Her smile upon it shine ?
O! is there a wretch that never knelt
At blushing beauty's shrine ?

If so, bind a savage to his arms,
In caves of cruel care ;
Let not woman's silken chain of charms,
Defend him from despair !

In deserts bid the demon dwell,
From hope to horror driven;
For the heart that's dead to love, is hell—
'Tis woman makes a heaven.

MELANCHOLY.

FAR in a wild sequestered vale,
Pale melancholy dwells;
And to the winds her piteous tale.
The musing maiden tells.

Where crystal cascades dashing pour,
At noontide oft she strays;
And listens to the rocks that roar,
In dreams of happier days.

At midnight's solemn sacred scene,
Where steals the winding wave;
With wild buds, and with flowrets green,
She strews the new-made grave.

And now in memory's glass she throws,
Her kindling eye of fire;
Starts wild!—and in her dream of woes,
She sweeps the Lydian lyre.

Fired at the sound of pity's tale,
She beats her bosom bare;
Rends the loose silken snowy veil,
And waves her hanging hair.

And now again when Luna's light
Illumes the gurgling rills;
Her song awakes the shades of night,
And dies along the hills.

But ne'er the joys of youthful years,
Shall bless that heart of care ;
She wanders o'er the world in tears,
The victim of despair.

A FRAGMENT.

THE night was dark—
No moon illumined the tempestuous deep,
Nor bright stars twinkled o'er the vast abyss—
The fathomless abyss of ocean's waves.
The winds arose, the billowy tempest raged ;
High heaving to the clouds the sparkling foam,
And the loud surge lashed heavily the shore,
Dashing with giant strength the little bark,
First up, then down, while on the slippery deck,
The sea-boy raised his humble prayer to heaven,
And sent his scream, wild, echoing, on the blast.
Still louder roared the storm, the thunder shook
The battlements of heaven, while the forked lightning,
Gleaming o'er the scene, shed dismal horror.
Scarce did the flash expire, when peals on peals,
Still louder broke on the astonished ear,
As tho' the planets were convulsed, and worlds
Flying, affrighted, from their native fields,
Were tumbling into ruins. Incessant now
The bending arch of heaven's stupendous fabric,
Curtained with planets, in their orbits fixed,
Appeared one solid, blazing orb of fire.
Fast clinging to the reeling mast alone,
Frantic and wild with horror and alarm,
Now calling on her God, and now resigned
To sink ingulphed beneath the watery waste,
The beauteous Ellen stood. Fast flowed her tears,
When memory would recall the pleasing hopes

Of soon arriving home to greet her friends,
Which she so oft in fancy had indulged.
High on a cliff that overlooked the sea,
A rugged rock, defying winds and storms,
The splendid castle of Alcanzor stood—
The home of Ellen. On the pebbly beach
Alcanzor strayed; and grieved, and listened long,
While every billow brought distracted sighs;
And, ever and anon, the lightning's flash
Portrayed the vessel, struggling with the waves;
And with his glass each moment he beheld
The frantic Ellen. But blest hope had fled,
And pity now alone remained to soothe
The hapless sorrows of a lover's breast,
Whose anguished cries were drowned amid the roar
Of the wild billow, and the bellowing winds—
Whose weeping eyes should never more behold
The darling object, the intended bride,
More dear than worlds, than even life itself.
The storm increased! Tempestuous roared the winds,
And wilder still did rage the boiling gulf,
While every wave dashed rudely o'er the bark,
And lost themselves deep in the liquid gloom:
Thunder o'er thunder rolling, died away,
But quickly followed by severer crash,
Till from the clouds a darting bolt emerged,
And swept the mast far on the bubbling spray.
The next rude surge, in its broad cradle, took
The weeping Ellen; and the bark went down—
To rise no more. The midnight hour had passed;
The gloomy clouds rolled heavily away,
And in the east pale Luna hung her horns,
Shedding her beams upon the silent scene
Where Ellen's beauty found a watery grave,
Where Ellen slept unconscious of her doom.
Silence, eternal silence, now did reign,
Save when the bubble bursted on the shore,
Seeming as tho' great nature made a pause,
And pity melted in a flood of tears.

THE SLAVE.

I ASKED a wretched negro why
He sighed in sorrow deep;
And of the cause his manly eye,
So oft was seen to weep?

He said—"Imagine you were borne
Across old ocean's wave;
And from your friends and kindred torn,
To be like me—a slave!"

I asked him why he did not bend,
Nor at his lot complain,
Until a happier day should rend
The adamant chain.

He cried—"No day can end my doom,
Nor ease my bosom's strife;
Nought but the night within the tomb,
For I'm a slave for life."

I told him he was happier far
Than thousands here below;
Provided for, no cares could mar
His joys, or cause his woe:

"True, true," he cried, as from his eye
The trickling tears flowed free;
"But for my native shades I sigh,
And for blest liberty."

I left him, and could not restrain
The tumults of my heart;
And had I power I'd break the chain,
And bid the slave depart:

O! you who cannot for him feel,
But still his labor crave,
O! you whose heart resembles steel,
Think but yourself a slave.

FEMALE TENDERNESS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

THE fair Aurora had undone,
Her glittering gates of gold,
The brilliant chariot of the sun,
Just o'er the hills had rolled :
When Laura, lovely maid, arose,
Unbarred the cottage door,
To seek, to soothe, and pity those,
Misfortune had made poor.

Like some kind angel swift she flew,
Rejoicing on her way,
Unto the lowly cot in view,
Where none will ever stray :
And there, O sight of woe, she saw
A soldier sick—he was,
Stretched out upon a bed of straw,
Who bled in freedom's cause.

His eye, that once with fire had flashed,
Was dim with woe and age,
His breast, that once in strife was gashed,
Now throbbed with fever's rage ;
His arm, that waved the weapon bright,
Was paralyzed with pain,
And Laura wept to see the sight,
And bathed his burning brain.

And while she smoothed the humble bed,
 On which the hero lay,
 She held a cordial to his head,
 And charmed his griefs away ;
 And by her kind assiduous aid,
 His health and hope restored ;
 He lived to bless the generous maid,
 He blest her and adored.

O such is lovely woman's heart,
 Where human woes abound,
 She draws from sorrow's breast the dart,
 And heals the anguished wound ;
 Where'er she moves her path is strown,
 With sweet affection's flowers,
 That man is dead who will not own,
 Fond woman's magic powers.

ELEGIAC LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

THOU tyrant, Death, why hast thou plunged the dart,
 And laid the son of genius in the tomb ?
 Oh ! why imbrued thy hands in virtue's heart,
 And nipped the flower of eloquence in bloom.

Would not the brain where ignorance hath dwelt,
 Suffice the dagger of the blood stained hand ?
 Say, would not all a doating nation felt,
 And prayers, and tears, repeal thy dread command ?

No—all could not avail the matchless arm,
 Nor sway thy sceptre of herculean might ;—
 Thy ebon mantle shrouded every charm
 In the eternal solitude of night !

That voice which once could shake the temple's walls,
With eloquence of more than mortal strain,
Has died, in silence, thro' the echoing halls;
Man shall not hear the enraptured sound again !

That eye which flashed empyreal beams of love,
And danced in rapture o'er the numerous crowd ;
That eye which pierced the deep blue veil above,
Is glazed, inanimate, in death's cold shroud !

And O ! that mind, which genius loved to own,
Where science sat enrobed in heavenly flame,
Is hurled with grandeur from her lofty throne,
And left the empire to immortal fame.

But know, thou monster to the human kind,
Thou canst not rob the pure celestial bloom,
The splendid brilliance of that youthful mind,
Shall thunder triumph from the deep damp tomb.

The marble monuments of fame decay,
And boastful busts in crumbling fragments fall ;
But virtue rises to the fields of day,
And views, in smiles, destruction seize on all.

See thro' the air, beside the throne of truth,
Where all the gifts of Paradise are given,
He flourishes in one eternal youth,
And stands exalted o'er the vaults of heaven.

And when to chaos, worlds on worlds shall sink,
Lost in vacuity of night's abyss,
O'er dark Tartarean realms—o'er ruin's brink,
He shall exist in endless climes of bliss.

THE WAR-KING.

THE war-king comes
With the sound of drums,
And his banner bedecked with blood;
The trump of war,
From his crimson car,
Announces his way thro' the flood.

His eyeballs roll,
And his sable soul
Gleams forth from his horrible head;
His chariot wheels,
And his horses' heels,
Smoke over a bridge of the dead.

From yonder shore,
Thro' a gulf of gore,
The war-king comes in flame;
The widow's groans,
And the orphan's moans,
Announce to the world his fame.

Death drives his car,
And the fiends of war,
In the dance of ghosts are heard;
Dread demons howl,
And the ominous owl,
Blends croaks with the boding bird.*

See in his train,
The ghosts of the slain,
They hover round the war-king's crown;
And mercy bleeds,
For his dark dread deeds,
While carnage looks on with a frown.

*The raven, whose croak, according to vulgar tradition, is ominous of murder and deeds of blood.

Across the wave,
Where the wild winds rave,
And the sea-gods sound the shell,
The war-king comes,
With his rattling drums,
And his death-darts hot from hell.

On freedom's land.
May his dreadful band
And his flames be seen no more ;
For where he comes,
With the sound of drums,
There's a gush of a gulf of gore.

LINES,

To a particular friend of mine in Philadelphia, who still indulges in the dark and damning dream of the bowl. O that I had the harp of a Homer, or the tongue of a Tully, that I might persuade him to relinquish that greatest curse that ever darkened and degraded the destiny of man.

FRIEND of my youth! Oh dash to earth
The damning bowl, and be a man!
Oh! 'tis the grave of human worth,
Within its wave thy ruin scan.

Touch not the wine-cup, or the bowl!
Serpents within their darkness dwell
That soon will sting thee to the soul,
And make thy happy heart a hell.

Think of thy wife who weeps alone!
Think of thy children's happiness!
Think of their woes thou must atone!
Can they a drunken father bless?

Canst thou give up life's blessings all,
Fame, fortune, friends, and all we prize,
For draughts that soon must bid thee fall,
And die the death a drunkard dies?

Think not that I would beat thy brow,
Or yet insult thy generous soul;
Oh no I've drank as deep as thou,
The dark damnation of the bowl.

Oh then refrain, nor to thy boy,
A dark example set apart;
Resign the bowl and fill with joy
Thy aged sire and mother's heart.

ENVY.

THEY tell me that on Egypt's shore,
There lives an Asp-whose bite is more
Destructive, than the life-pulse gore,
When gushing from the channelled pore;
But envy's eyes more deadly roll,
It bites the body and the soul.

They tell me of the Siroc air,
That sweeps the desert lone and bare,
Of every living form, tho' fair,
To breathe it none will ever dare;
But envy's is a deadlier breath;
It withers life, and preys on death.

They tell me of the Upas' wave,
That he who drinks will find a grave:
Ere he can utter, save, Oh! save,
The spirit leaves its earthly cave;
But ah! the drop that souls hath wrung,
Flows from the scorpion envy's tongue.

They tell me that Hyenas howl,
And in the silent grave-yard prowl,
And o'er the human carcass growl,
When night puts on her sable cowl;
But envy o'er the soul doth rave,
And dance upon its victim's grave.

PRIDE.

I WENT into the hall of mirth,
Amid the great and gay,
Where splendor that seemed not of earth,
Illumed with radiant ray;
And there amid the mirthful band,
(None dare the mandate chide,)
I saw a form that gave command,
'Twas haughty, bloated PRIDE.

I went into the house of one
Who scorned whate'er was gay,
No mirrors there shone like the sun,
In artificial day;
His heart no grandeur ever knew,
For splendor never sighed!
But lo! to my astonished view,
Up rose the demon PRIDE.

I went into the humble hut
Where simple nature smiled,
Whose lowly door was never shut,
To fortune's wandering child;
And there, tho' greatness never strayed,
And wealth was never known,
Yet there the sceptre too was swayed
By PRIDE upon her throne.

I turned me from the scene and said,
Sure pride possesses all ;
I've found her in the lowly shed,
And in the lofty hall !
"Ah, yes," in rags a beggar cried,
"I once was governed too,
But kind religion killed my pride,
I'm proud in telling you."

GOOD WISHES.

ADDRESSED TO MR. ROBERT HILFORD, OF MILFORD, ON HIS MARRIAGE
TO MRS. SARAH FOUNTAIN.

THERE is nothing bequeathed unto man,
Can vie with a partner of bliss ;
Come tell me, if tell me you can,
What is equal to Sarah's sweet kiss !

The ruby may glisten awhile,
And the tinge may illumine the rose ;
But they cannot compare with the smile,
And the bloom which her cheek can disclose,

Then may the sweet cup of this life,
Be poured in abundance to thee ;
May you ne'er be corrupted with strife,
But the raptures ecstatic agree.

May spring, summer, autumn appear,
With their baskets of fruits and flowers ;
May the birds of sweet melody near ;
Re-echo their songs in the bowers !

And Philomel's strain in the grove,
Shall unite in the band of delight ;
Till the soul telling eye shall be love,
And lit with the lustre of light.

Fair Sarah, O! thine is the gift
Of joy, and of pleasure serene ;
How softly they fly, and how swift
Do others, themselves, intervene.

Thy smile is the comfort of woe,
Thy frown is the dart of despair ;
Each care in a moment shall go,
Or the bosom with tortures tear.

Live long in the lap of content,
United as one in the heart ;
Till life and affection are spent,
And the soul to its heaven depart.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE brilliant orb which rises on this memorable morn, shedding light upon a benighted world, is a type of that more glorious luminary, which arose in beauty on Bethlehem, and went down in blood on Calvary. Behold the infant Saviour! Behold the herald of heaven, and the har-binger of hope and future happiness! Behold the great emancipation of a wicked world! Methinks I see the shouting shepherds flying too and fro, with the glad tidings that a child is born whose virtues shall bequeath to them the rich inheritance of hereafter. Methinks I see the admiring multitude, crowding round the manger to catch a glimpse of that glorious being, who had come into the world, not to propagate his gospel like Mahomet, with the sword, but with his blood to baptize all nations.

What a destiny is his! Born in a land of peace, and nursed in the lap of persecution, we behold him at one time the pride of the pulpit, adorned with all the dignity of a

man, and with all the glory of a God, every knee bowing before him, and every heart paying of its homage ; while at another, we see him the scorn, the scoff and mirth of the multitude, his head covered with a crown of thorns, his temple a dungeon, and his future destiny a lingering ignominious death on the cross. But he trembled not at the taunts of the multitude, or the tyranny of the magistrate. Magnanimous amid the ruin that surrounded him, he stood the hope of this world, and the harbinger of a better ; welcoming the bitter cup that contained the price of universal emancipation. He crouched not at the footstool of power, nor fed and fattened on the plundered property of the people. But, he came as a father to the fatherless, a pattern to the rich, a pastor to the poor ; as a balm to the blind, and a beacon to the benighted and forlorn. In a word, he came to save the sinner, and redeem the world. The accumulated calumnies of the wicked, and the worthless arrows of envy, and the daggers of defamation fell harmless against the breast-plate of his piety ; and the world's passions, instead of stirring him to revenge, only roused him to the exercise of virtue, and to the promulgation of the gospel which he came to establish. A man of sorrow and suffering, he appealed not to the passions and prejudices of the multitude, he offered not his blessing to the Pagan priest as the pay of his apostacy from the faith of his fathers. But he taught a morality and religion fairer than the pages of Socrates and Seneca, and doctrine fraught with the noblest precepts and practice that ever served as a model for man. He sought not to dazzle the imaginations of men with the splendor of eloquence or the pomp of philosophy. He drew not his morality from the temples of Grecian genius, or his inspiration from the tombs of Roman learning. Superior to all, and opposed to that system from whence the Kantian philosophy sprung, he breathed but the inspired spirit of his father.

What an object of admiration ! With all the grandeur of a God, and with all the mind of a man ; at one moment refuting the learned doctors in the temple, at another ming-

ling with and comforting his fellow creatures in wretchedness and rags. To him the petty distinctions of mankind were nought but mockery; alike to him was the pomp of earthly power, and the pride of penury; alike to him the rags of the beggar, and the crimson robes of royalty; alike to him the grandeur of wealth, the boast of birth, the mansion of the monarch, and the cottage of the plebeian; alike to him the humble and the haughty; alike to him the pompous and the poor. In the spirit of his divinity, he dashed the golden crown from the head of guilty greatness, bade tyrants tremble on their thrones, and drew from the solitude of poverty the apostles of his church and his gospel. He was no titled tyrant, or imaginary monarch, tricked out in gaudy magnificence, to dazzle and degrade a horde of slaves, pleased with the chains which rattled on the limbs of liberty. Far different was his glory and his grandeur! Upon his manly lips, hung the hallowed accents of religion and gospel law, his regal robes were innocence and peace; his weapon was his Word, and his throne and sceptre were the hearts and hopes of men. With the light of faith, he dissipated the illusive landscape of human error, and with the sword of truth, he trampled to the dust the splendid pantheon of Pagan idolatry. The darkness which surrounded their golden gods, and their gospel, was dissipated by the dawn of that day which shed brilliancy and beauty on the purity and practice of piety. In the urbanity of his benevolence, he led the van of victorious emancipation. He decked his brow with the garland of glory, with the wreath of every religion, and filled his army with the soldiers of every sect and every clime. But he forged no letters. He lit no fires for those who refused to bow to his decrees and obey his decalogue. Unlike the monarchs of the earth, he pleased not the eye of the world with the pomp of his power; and yet, at the magic of his word, the mighty waves of the ocean in its anger were stayed, and while it obeyed him, he walked upon its surface with a dignity that adorned him, and a faith that never failed.

The hideous hand of Judas, actuated by the gluttony of gold, betrayed the Redeemer of mankind. How short was the transition from the cradle to the cross! Behold the insulted Saviour of the world rudely beaten, and basely scourged! Behold him on the cross, gashed with gushing wounds, and suffering all the agonies of outraged humanity! With all the unbent and unbroken spirit of a God, now commending his soul to his Father, and now calling for mercy on those who were cruelly baptizing him in blood. He was indeed the great martyr of mankind, for the first drop of gore that gushed from his wounds, sealed that redemption which the prophets had foretold, and his death fulfilled. The mighty multitude grew giddy, while they gazed and glutted their senses on the suffering of an expiring Saviour. There are none but a few followers to vindicate his violated honor. Behold his blanched and bruised brow! Behold his sunken sockets, and visage pale! No vile passion is depicted there. Revenge sits not enthroned on the martyred brow it has butchered. Anger lights not the eye, nor curls the lip, which once beamed with moderation, and blessed with mercy and love. Oh no! the angel dove-like peace sits there, the herald of the happiness he came to bestow on degenerate men.

Ah see! he has bowed his head and died! With the word of life upon his lips, and the blessing of heaven in his heart, he has met death from the dart of the assassin, and perished to perpetuate the boon he bequeathed. The prophecies are fulfilled; and man redeemed! In the moment he became a conqueror, he became a corpse. Thus to reclaim sins, and soften the condition of man, the great Mediator withered from the world. No sooner had the spirit of the glorious victim vanished, than the great triumph was announced. The sun blushed, and buried his face in the gloom of midnight, while the marble jaws of the tomb were rent asunder, and rolled forth the dead, who had slumbered for ages on the pillow of their repose, to walk the earth, startled from their deep damp vaults by the agonies of an expiring God. In that awful hour, the key

of heaven's happy portal, and of hell's inexorable doors, was placed in the hand of man. In that awful hour, man became the arbiter of his choice, whether to be doomed to the dark dungeons of the lower world, or to rise to the sublime palaces and gardens of God ; whether to be entombed amid the burning wreck of human crime, or wander in the flowery fields and pleasant plains of Paradise.

No garlands adorned his grave, and no tears, save those of woman, bedewed the place of his repose. His few followers alone wept over his death, and worshipped his divinity ; they alone mourned over his wounds, and admired his wisdom. Jesus Christ was a martyr to the very immortality of man ; for his gospel, the glorious mantle of his memory, fell upon us all. Precious and imperishable was that legacy of love ! Treasured in the heart, it has become the brightest gem on the brows of beauty ; at once the refuge of the wretched, the solace of society, the charm of solitude, and the amulet of age, of anguish, and despair. His very tomb became a temple, and his relics and resurrection confounded skepticism, which, in vengeance, but in vain, attempted to rise upon his ruin, and make him the scourge and scorn of mankind. Even when enveloped in the gloomy garb of the grave, even when the doom of death had passed and the glorious Intercessor no longer blushed and bled for the sins of his enemies ; even when piety and affection, in the angel garb of woman, alone mused, and mourned at the door of the sacred sepulchre ; even then his spirit triumphed in the doctrine which his death had achieved. Even then his gospel was destined to become the glory of the world, a solemn and sublime memento of his merits, and the glorious monument of his mercy, which neither Pagan superstition could pollute, nor all the revolutions of time could blast nor obliterate. Inspired with the spirit of that wonderful being who sits enthroned in gold, and in whose sight "vast worlds hang trembling," the gospel became more imperishable than the pillars of the universe ; and though all the rays of persecution have been centred

upon it, in the language of a great classic, they served to illumine, but could not consume.

He left behind the light of his glorious intellect, to linger among men, at once the beacon, the beauty, and the blessing of this world! His humility and mildness, his benevolence and love, must for ever remain the blest memorial of his mission, and be handed to the latest posterity as perfect patterns, for he was without a model. The benefit conferred can never be abolished, for he crushed the very serpent that crawled over the cradle of Eden, and dashed from the hand of death, and the grasp of the grave, the very attributes of their victory and their vengeance. In his death, he redeemed the violated virtue of our first father, and palliated with his blood the impiety of Eve, when her soul was won to sin by the seductive blandishments of the serpent. The miseries they entailed upon mankind, were mitigated and immersed in the immunities conferred by his martyrdom and the gospel he gave to the world.

The very cities and empires which were the scenes of the prophecies, of his miracles and martyrdom, as though cursed by heaven, have crumbled to dust, and their ruins alone remain as mementos of their former magnificence.

Where now is the glory of ancient Jerusalem, the princes of Palestine, decked with the gaudy grandeur of Solomon, and graced with her lofty temples, her towers, and her tombs?

Where now is the splendor of Babylon, adorned with her golden gates, her temple of Belus, and her hanging gardens and everlasting walls? Alas, they are in ruins, and their crumbling temples and tombs alone remain, sad monuments, amid the waste of time, of their rise and ruin, of their degradation and decay. Their sumptuous halls, where eloquence, and mirth, and music once held the listening ears of the grand and the gay, have since become the lion's lair, or echoed the hooting of the dusky owl and the hiss of the solitary serpent. The land of the elect, the garden of God, has become the abode of the barbarian, the home of the Mahometan; and the very scenes which groaned and glit-

tered beneath the palaces of Solomon, are now distinguished only by the tent of the humble Arab, or the gorgeous mosque of the Moslem. The laden camel now rests his limbs in the banquet hall of the ancient kings, and the toad spits its venom in the boudoirs of ancient beauty. Even the tombs of the mighty and magnificent, the tombs of oriental genius have become the refuge of the Arabian robber, while the sepulchres of Israel's potentates are profaned by the nocturnal triumphs of a barbarian banditti. The very dust of their high priests and princes may have become the cement of the sepulchre of Mahomet. Melancholy is the memory, and sad the renown of the once worshipped and wonderful Jerusalem. The fame of the east and the favorite of heaven! she bade fair to flourish through all time, like the pyramids of Egypt, and to wither but with the world. The traveller now treads upon her mouldering walls, and the ruins of her once majestic temples, to muse for a moment on the mutability of human glory, and to sigh over the miseries of ungrateful man.

And where too is the glory of Athens, the seat of science and the home of song? The illuminator of nations, the haunt of Socrates, Plato and Zeno, and the very cradle of liberty, learning and law? Like Greece, she has become the grave of her own glory, her light only serving to distinguish the circle of darkness which surrounds her—magnificent in her ruin, and melancholy in her magnificence. The lamp of her ancient learning, has gone out in the midnight of ages, and her Acropolis has crumbled at the touch of the irresistible tooth of time. The fame of her philosophy alone survives her fallen grandeur; the pages of history alone preserves the relics of her renown.

When Paul preached in his pulpit, and Plato plead his philosophy in her porch, Athens was the wonder and admiration of the world.

Imperial Rome, whose pampered soldiery offered insolence and injury to an insulted Saviour, lies in ruins, a mighty marble wreck, the spectre of her ancient splendor,

and the mere apparition of her ancient renown. Rome, within whose walls millions once congregated. Rome the conqueror of Carthage, and the world, has become the lap of ruin, like her ancient catacombs, still white with the mangled remains of the martyred Christians. Her millions have gone down to the dust, her glory slumbers beneath her crumbling columns, and her time-worn walls, her arts, lie dormant in the lap of Gothic darkness, and her science reposes in the unnumbered volumes of the Vatican. Rome is no longer the city of the Cæsars. Such has been the fate of all those countries which were the scene of the Saviour's sorrows and sufferings. A thousand thrones have vanished, a thousand cities have become silent; empires have passed away on the ocean of oblivion, and even nations have been annihilated amid the wrecks and rubbish of time's revolutions. The Jews are a splendid example. Born in the lap of luxury and bred amid all that was grand and glorious, the peculiar favorites of heaven, they dreamt not of their degradation, and reckless of their ruin, seemed to dare that arm

“Which heaved the heavens, the ocean, and the land.”

The Jewish empire and people were once mighty. What are they now? The sun of their glory which arose in lustre was doomed to go down in oblivion. They have been scattered over the earth, while their identity has been preserved as a mark, and a remembrance of their turpitude and treachery. The cup of heaven's kindness, dashed from their lips, and pining under the doom of prophesy, they have become the proverb and the prey of all nations. Looking forward for that Saviour who has already suffered for the sins of mankind, and neglecting the mercy which he has already meted out, they wander in the dark for the rays of that light which has already illuminated the world. Yet, notwithstanding the benefits conferred by the gospel, there are those in the present day who would hurl from the hand of age, the only cup of his comfort, and snatch from the lip of sor-

row the balm of its consolation. There are skeptical scoffers who would drag from the beggar his only boon on earth, who would extinguish the very day-star whose beams light error and ignorance to the path which leads to glory and to God. Merciful God! there are those who would see the venerated temple of Christianity tumble to the earth, and triumph over the downfall of the most beautiful and beneficent doctrine in the world. Yes, there are those that would mock at the bleeding shade of the resuscitated Saviour, and laugh to scorn the blessings conferred by his doctrine and his death. Infidelity strikes at the very divinity of Christ.

The introduction of Christianity has conferred benefits on society, which were unknown in the days of Pagan doctrines and darkness. Abolish it, and what is the consequence? Let us examine the pages of history! let us turn to France, the land of fashion, for a picture so touching and terrible a catastrophe. Aye, let us turn to France, the very home of philosophy and fame, the very land of social virtues, of elegance and grace, and we shall see her scaffolds streaming with the blood which skepticism demanded for the altar of her hellish adoration. We shall there see her Sabbath abolished; her cities sacked, her sons groaning in dungeons beneath an intolerable tyranny, her priests turned out to pine in penury, and her princes and her potentates sacrificed on the pyre lit from the fires of hell. Poverty became the pander of licentious power, and virtue became the victim, and beauty the oblation on the accursed altar of promiscuous prostitution. No charm was spared, no virtue was secure. The attractions of beauty, the pride of birth, the pomp of wealth, and the glory of talents, served only as incentives to persecution and plunder. The infidel demon, Robespierre, was in league with death, and the gore that gushed from a hundred hearts of the bravest and the best, was but a moiety of that terrible torrent which swept away the religion and liberties of France, and which dyed their brow red with the avenging wrath of God. The convulsive heavings of the French volcano, lit all Europe with its lurid flame, and the terrors it excited, subsided only with the death of the master

demon. Look at the last moments of those miserable men who plunged all France in grief, made blood their oblation at their altar of liberty, and plundered the expiring heart of its very hopes of heaven. Too cowardly, when condemned to strike the dagger home to their own hearts, they were meanly dragged to the same block which their tyranny had made to run red with the blood of so many.

Trembling at the terrors which surrounded them, and deafened by the rejoicing plaudits of the multitude, they perished, and found a grave unregretted, though not forgotten.

Thus died the ruffian Robespierre, covered with the curses of a thousand mourning mothers. Thus fell one of the most terrific tyrants that ever prostituted power or disgraced the glory of a nation. He died not like a Christian, but like a demon. The principles he had perpetuated perished with him, and if these were the trophies of the tenets of Rosseau, well might Napoleon exclaim, while contemplating his tomb, that it had been better for France had he never lived. Beneath the skeptical philosophy Rosseau originated, France withered; and under such a system of universal vice, the world should become a waste and man a murderer. Sweep Christianity from our hearths, and our hearts, from our churches and homes, banish the Bible from the pulpit, the closet, and parlor, and give skepticism the sceptre of the same power she possessed in France, and the world would become a mighty Colosseum of carnage, and the hands of a hundred Robespierres would reek with the unmeasured gore of millions.

Let us then cling to Christianity as the last plank of shipwrecked humanity, and the only anchor of our hope, and our happiness! Let that brilliant luminary which went down in blood on Calvary, be the morning star of our merits and our memory; being assured, that it will light us to the pleasant paths of peace in this world, and beyond the dark defiles of death and the grave.

THE SILKWORM.

How like the silkworm is the range
Of man's own being thro' each change
To age from helpless infancy !
From death to dread eternity !
First from the blue and tiny germ,
Comes forth the groundwork of a worm,
Demanding food—one kind alone ;
Time passes—see how it is grown.
Then comes a change—its germhood gone,
It now a chubby form puts on ;
And grows with such a rapid pace,
Its change in size we scarce may trace.
Then comes another change, the germ
Is now lost in the half grown worm ;
Then comes the third change, then the last ;
'Tis now of age and boyhood past.
Seest thou no good resemblance here ?
'Tis work-time now or wild career ;
It now begins with wisdom sage,
Or to prepare for coming age,
Or squander time and idly range,
Unmindful of the eternal change,
When time recedes with parting breath,
And life is swallowed up in death.
See how his thread of life he spins !
With what precision he begins !
And with what art his silkin cell,
It weaves wherein it soon must dwell !
So the good man, his soul to save,
Prepares himself a quiet grave.
Its life of labor now is passed,
We see it in its tomb at last,
Awaiting that most awful day
Of resurrection from decay ;

The hour arrives—behold how strange
It witnesseth the final change !
It bursts the tomb, and from the dead
Waves its proud wings and lifts its head
With joy, and dances without fear
Upon its silken sepulchre ;
No food requires it to abate
• Its hunger in its happier state ;
No labor now, but all is joy,
It shouts and seeks no other employ :
So when life's fitful fever's o'er,
Man dies and lives upon that shore ;
Where food is peace and praise employ,
And heaven one constant life of joy,
Like the poor worm his toils are done
And years of lasting love begun.

TO AMANDA.

FAIR maid, to thee, I wake the "slumbering" lyre,
Which long had hung upon the "willow" tree ;
But ah ! how canst thou yet its strains admire,
Since many a blast has swept its strings and me.

Oft has it sighed amid the wintry wind,
And trembling echoed to the bard's distress ;
Full oft upon the tempest of the mind,
It shivering fell to waves of wretchedness.

Say not, Amanda, that a "bard so sweet,"
Should never sorrow's sleepless vigils keep ;
For ah ! that spectre oft in life I meet—
Alas ! this fragile form was born to weep.

Full many a storm, has beat against my bark,
Full many a cloud, has lowered upon my head ;
Full many a pang, can this poor bosom mark,
Full many a tear, affliction's eyes have shed.

"Slander" has caused the cruel, deadly smart,
And stern-eyed hate, the sting inflicted o'er ;
Fell envy, too, hath torn my bleeding heart,
What now, alas ! alas ! can pain me more.

Full oft, 'tis true, "religion" claimed my song,
And virtue held within my breast her sway ;
But ah ! a demon watched my path along,
And led me far to pleasure's flowery way.

To fancy's fair Utopian scenes I strayed,
Where gaudy youths, and smiling music dwelt ;
I bowed to each fantastic, tip-toe maid,
And sad, ah sad ! at Bacchus' shrine I knelt.

Soft pity saw me with a tearful eye,
And mercy bade me leave those gardens fair ;
But pleasure beckoned with a deep felt sigh,
And bowed her knee, and waved her golden hair.

The rose and lily bloomed upon her cheek,
And on her brow young Cupid held his bow ;
Her beaming eyes, with seeming virtue meek,
Spoke to my heart, and bade me never go.

She laid her arm, her adamant arm,
Around my neck, and gently thus she said—
"If torn from thee, on earth no other charm
Shall save my beauty from the festering dead."

I smiled, and kissed her, for I could not frown,
On lips, rubific, offered to embrace ;
No, thrice I kissed her, while her silken gown
She held inverted o'er her blushing face.

Such grandeur, beauty, and alluring guile,
Wedded my soul, for she appeared divine ;
She sipped the foaming bowl, and with a smile,
Pledged me her rosy health, by robbing mine.

For quick she gave it me, and in its wave,
I read with horror, and a trembling breath :—
“He who shall taste me, digs a **MURDERER**’s grave,
He who consumes, shall be consumed by death.”

I looked again, and every word had fled,
I seized the goblet, and had raised it high ;
When conscience dashed it from my palsied head,
And cried—“thou fool, to drink it is to die.”

Thus, dear Amanda, thus the bard hath been
A prey to sorrow—once to virtue dear ;
But if blest penitence will blot the sin,
I now commingle with thy “tear”—a tear !

PATHETIC STANZAS.

Ah ! why my friend, why thus distressed,
And whence the blanch of woe ?
The bursting pang now heaves thy breast,
And tears unnumbered flow !

Thine eye is dim, soft peace has fled
On wings of withering care ;
Alas thy pleasures all are dead,
In love once blooming fair.

The night of gloom distracts thy brain,
Hope, shuddering, leaves thine eye ;
But ah ! they will return again,
Bid joy relieve the sigh.

Say, has ingratitude’s dark stamp,
Detracted from thy worth ;
Or has gone out religion’s lamp,
Upon this envious earth ?

Has friendship ceased in sweet return,
The proffered gifts of praise ;
Ah! does thy generous bosom burn,
For joys of other days ?

O tell me if thy heart doth bleed,
For some fair cruel maid ;
Who in return thy love hath freed,
And cold unkindness paid ?

Or hast thou, hopeless, now inurned,
A partner in life's vale ;
Who love for love had long returned,
And cheered with virtue's tale ?

Ah no! he cried, my poignant grief,
Is greater far than this ;
My life is sad—the tale is brief,
That robbed me of my bliss !

My wife was taken yesternight,
With raging pain and fever ;
Her eye had lost its lustre bright,
And nothing could relieve her.

But sad, ah! sad, for me to say,
The Doctor gave a pill ;
And, O alas! she rose to-day,
To grieve my bosom still.

Hope told me that she would have sung,
Poor soul, in other skies ;
But while I smiled, I heard her tongue,
“The worm that never dies.”

SONG.

O if e'er the joys that dwell above,
Are felt by man below,
'Tis in the hour of youthful love,
When tears of rapture flow ;
When cheeks are wet,
And hearts have met,
That long have sighed in vain ;
And when love's revealed,
And vows are sealed,
To never part again.

O then life's scene of purest light,
Of sun without a shade ;
A constant day without a night,
By love and beauty made ;
The fairest flowers,
From beauty's bowers,
In manhood's path are strown ;
O on earth like this,
There is no bliss,
Till woman's love is known.

O if there's a scene in human life,
That angels bless above,
'Tis *when* man clasps his faithful wife,
In pure and holy love :
When on her breast,
He sinks to rest,
The couch of wedded joy ;
And beneath her gaze,
In frolic plays,
The pledge of love—her boy.

O then tell me not that woman's heart,
Is cold as mountain snow;
That she ne'er to man will joy impart,
And heal the wounds of woe;
For ne'er was given
A taste of heaven,
Till clasped within her arms,
O his first sweet kiss,
Was woman's bliss,
His joys were woman's charms.

THE MOTHER.

Occasioned by a recent circumstance, in which a lady came to witness the last moments of the last of her four children, three of whom were married ladies and one of whom is the subject of the present effusion.

SHE came and o'er her suffering child
She hung in mute despair;
No accents as of anguish wild,
Broke from her breast of care.
For still on hope's delusive smile,
That shadow of the soul,
She built like one upon an isle,
Where billows round him roll.

'Tis strange the human heart should trust
The more the danger seems!
The more to hope's vain joys that must
Too oft delude with dreams.
And thus it was till o'er the bed
She hung in anguish wild;
And gently held the dying head,
And tears of tender sorrow shed,
O'er her expiring child.

It was the fourth relentless dart
The angel of death had sent;
And thrice the mother's breaking heart,
With anguish had been rent.
And now she gazed upon the last,
Expiring in her arms;
And as the memory of the past
Rolled o'er her soul, one look she cast
Upon her faded charms.

It was enough! What tongue may tell
A mother's agony,
When she stood by the solemn cell
Of cold mortality!
The grave! the grave! O it did close
Upon her last one dead!
No child upon the earth she knows,
Alone she bends beneath her woes,
Hope's visions too have fled.

THE SLANDERER.

O THERE is in the human form
A fiend of guilt and guile,
Within whose heart is strife and storm
Tho' on his face a smile.

Need I rehearse the hated name
So long known and so well?
Then 'tis the slanderer, heir of shame,
Dark child of hate and hell!

O sooner in the lion's lair
I'd trust the lion's lip,
Than trust the Upas of despair,
That from his tongue doth drip.

And sooner would I trust in truth
The hungry panther's paw,
Yea sooner far I'd trust forsooth
The screaming jackal's jaw :

Than be the victim of his glee,
Whose voice is virtue's knell,
For what are beasts compared with thee,
Thou child of hate and hell ?

If character were life, I would
Than trust the slanderer's truth,
Far sooner tempt the treacherous flood
Or grinning tiger's tooth.

But 'tis in nature! envious man
In just proportion swerves
From him whose virtue mankind scan
As he his praise deserves.

And that tempestuous organ strung
With tones that wildly swell;
That human trumpet called the tongue,
Befits the child of hell.

THE PLEDGE.

ADDRESSED TO M. R.

O THOU the angel of my heart on whom my soul hath
dwelt!
And at whose feet with fervid zeal my faithful knee hath
knelt!
And O thou beauteous one, the charm of my existence
long!
Deign, deign to list a poet's praise in soft tho' saddest
song!

Could I but gaze but once again upon thy lovely face,
And every lineament of love upon thy red lip trace !
Could I but gaze but once again upon thy heavenly form,
On thy fair cheek and lip of love and gentle bosom warm !

Oh ! could I madly gaze again upon thy melting eye,
And hear again those silver tones of softest melody ;
I should not be what I have been, a wretched wreck of sin,
For thou could'st make me what thou art, all pure and
blest within.

O yes ! thou hast the magic charm to succor and to save,
Thy silken chain is round my heart, and I, O yes, thy
slave ;
And be it so, I'd rather be a slave at beauty's feet,
Than be arrayed in royal robes upon a sultan's seat.

Each fault, each error, heaven hath marked upon the eter-
nal scroll,
Hath sprung from love, which is in me the master of my
soul ;
Few sins have fallen to my lot that did not spring from love,
And Oh ! will not some angel's hand blot out those sins
above ?

If thou wert up in heaven, I know they would not there re-
main,
For thou canst keep me here from sin with thy mysterious
chain ;
Yes thou canst make me what thou wilt, for thee I would
be all
That man may be, that man hath been, or was before his
fall.

But thou art gone to other lands, and gone alas to be
Beloved by others, and I fear, some better loved to see ;
But never canst thou meet with one who will so madly
love,
Or one whose soul like mine, thro' time, its constancy will
prove.

The tear that glittered in thine eye when we were doomed
to part,
United with my own, hath been embalmed within my
heart;
And on the page of memory, thy name love shall engrave,
To last till o'er my breast shall pass time's last unwelcome
wave.

Fond memory oft with sad delight her anxious eye shall
cast
Upon the pleasures we have known, now numbered with
the past;
And retrospection oft shall turn with tearful eye to thee,
Thou loveliest of woman kind, thou angel in degree.

Years may roll on, the snows of age may whiten o'er my
head,
But not till I shall rest within the city of the dead,
Shall I forget the lovely one I saw in passing by,
And loved at one delicious glance of her delightful eye.

Adieu thou charming, changeless one, the memory of that
hour,
We parted and the tears we shed beneath its magic power,
If to each other on this earth our weary wandering feet,
Should bear us once again will make our meeting far more
sweet.

WHAT IS HOPE?

O WHAT is hope devoid of faith,
In God's immutable decrees?
It is a rainbow's radiant ray,
A meteor bright that flits away,
A brilliant bubble on the bay,
The poet saith,
That breaks at every breeze.

And what is faith devoid of light
Within the immortal soul ?
The consciousness of sins forgiven ?
'Tis but a star that points to heaven,
An ignis fatuus that leads
The traveller o'er mounts and meads,
Then sinks in night,
Nor takes him to the goal.

GREECE AND TURKEY.

IN ancient times, as books relate,
There was, within the Roman state,
Hard scratching, and hard scrabbling ;
And Rome was saved from ruin's brink,
By simple words, the world will think,
A goose's noisy *gabbling* !

But fowls no more, at night's still noon,
Beneath the *crescent* of the moon,
Foretell the morning murky ;
For Greece, the mistress of the mind,
Degraded and depressed, can find
No friendship in a *Turkey* !

When war and woe did wildly rave,
An eagle o'er Columbia, brave
In days of danger, hovered ;
But, ah ! high o'er the Grecian land,
High o'er the famous classic band,
Presides a turkey-buzzard !

THE GRAVE OF DALLAM.

The reader will recollect, that the papers announced the death of *Mr. James B. Dallam*, who, with many others, was basely butchered by the Indians, in Florida, in July 1839. I have seen a gentleman from Florida, who knew *Mr. Dallam*, and speaks of him in the highest terms. Alas ! that so brave, so generous, and gifted a young man, should have been doomed to bleed beneath the reeking arm of the Indian. They were asleep, when the savages rushed upon them and murdered nearly all the party, only three escaping, according to the gentleman above alluded to. A faithful dog, attached to *Mr. Dallam*, remained by his dead body, and was found fourteen days after the murder, by a party of troops who came to bury the dead. The dog was scarcely able to stand, and gave a feeble howl over the friend who had perished by Indian faithlessness ; the Indians having entered into a treaty with *Gen. Macomb*.

This noble dog, *Romeo*, became a great favorite with the garrison at *Tampa Bay*. An animal so faithful as to perish to protect the dead body of him he loved from the claws of the vulture, should be remembered in marble, and his affection perpetuated on the pages of history.

Mr. Dallam was a *Baltimorean*, and educated for the bar. He was on the eve of returning to his brother and sister in *Baltimore*. But, alas ! they will see him no more, he sleeps in a gory grave in the wilds of *Florida*.

He came upon the stage of life a youth
Of modest merit, and a spotless fame ;
Whose heart was schooled in moral, sacred truth,
And virtue was his high and holy aim.

In life's bright morn—in infancy's blest years,
He bowed beside a holy mother's knee ;
And vowed himself to virtue, and in tears
Declared his life should e'er from fault be free.

That mother loved him for the faith he bore,
And her last prayer for him was fondly said ;
She went down to the grave on *Delaware's* shore,
And sleeps with all the sainted, silent dead.

The youth grew up to manhood, and the praise
Of all the good and gifted was his own ;
Noble ambition caught his mental gaze,
For genius in his mind had made her throne.

He grasped no phantom, and no wild career
Was marked for him, in life's all chequered scene ;
From crime's dark stain his whole heart was clear,
And from each act malevolent or mean.

The muse of eloquence had fired his soul,
And long he studied ere he sought the bar ;
And oft he won the smiles in her control—
Alas ! to perish in a wild afar !

He might have thundered in his native halls,
Or to the senate chamber dared to climb ;
Amid the mighty, who have made those walls
Echo the strains of eloquence sublime.

But ah ! with talent, taste, and sense combined,
He to the sunny south pursued the brave ;
There, with a gifted and a mighty mind,
Far from his friends to fall and find a grave.

He left the forum for the tented field,
Caressed and courted by the mighty throng ;
There to behold war's vicious front revealed,
And listen to the war-shout and the song.

'Twas night—amid his band of mighty men,
He slumbered sweetly as a thoughtless child ;
When, like dark serpents from a gloomy glen,
They came, and burst the war-whoop loud and wild.

They came with glittering steel and rolling eyes—
They came like ocean's wild, resistless waves ;
And like a clap of thunder in clear skies,
Broke the mad war-cry on the dying braves.

Brave Dallam dreamt of home and all its charms,
Of dearer friends, and woke 'mid wild uproar ;
To grasp a savage Indian in his arms,
Whose naked knife was reeking in his gore.

His dying eyes gazed on his friends around,
From whose brave hearts the crimson streams did
pour ;
Then looked upon the dog ; and, with a bound,
Fell back and bled—life's lingering dream was o'er.

And there was Romeo by the loved one dead,
Seeking to rouse him from his dreamless sleep ;
Now licked the hand that had so often fed,
Now hanging down his head as if to weep.

And there he stood through many a weary day,
To watch the corse whose heart he oft had proved ;
To scare the wolf and vulture from their prey,
And perish with the man he dearly loved.

And when a band of brothers came to sigh
And to consign them to the grave, to dwell ;
Poor Romeo, staggering, turned his weary eye,
And feebly howled a last, a fond farewell.

The gifted and the brave now sleeps afar,
Unmindful of the treacherous Indian's knife ;
On his cold ear falls not the blast of war,
Nor the wild death-song, nor the clash of strife.

But memory oft his name in after years
Shall treasure, and strew flowers upon his bourne :
There too shall fall a gentle sister's tears,
And there a much loved brother muse and mourn.

Farewell !—thou'rt gone to thy untimely tomb,
But virtue casts a halo o'er the sod ;
And death hath lost o'er thee the power of doom,
For thou shalt rise into the halls of God.

THE SEASONS.

Soon will the lovely Spring unfold
Her blossoms to the breeze ;
And give with fruits of green and gold
Temptation to the trees.
Young April with her silver showers,
And tender tears of dew ;
And beauteous May thro' blooming bowers,
Their charms again shall show.

Delightful Spring ere long shall spread
The vale with varying green,
The strawberry and the cherry red,
In every grove be seen.
The garden gay and fertile field
Shall gild the earth again ;
This brings its flowers and that shall yield
The golden glittering grain.

I love to see the blooming bud
A rich red rose undo,
The apple blushing as with blood
The plum with veins of blue.
To see the long prolific vine
Its precious product mould ;
And in the Summer's sunbeam shine
Large grapes of glossy gold.

Fair summer with industrious care
Shall soon with sweets abound ;
The melon and the mealy pear,
Lies scattered o'er the ground.
Profusive Autumn then shall come,
With glittering sheaf and grain ;
The season of the gathering home,
Of gladness and of gain.

Thus doth the Spring of life come on,
Its blooming flowers are fair
Then Summer comes and Spring is gone,
Season of toil, of fruit and care.
Then Autumn, harvest of the heart,
The hoarding time of strife,
Of miserly desire and art,
But Winter comes and death's keen dart
Divides the thread of life.

PERFECTIONS OF CLARA.

FAIR Clara was a comely maid,
As any to be found;
Her wit and beauty have been said,
To charm the country round;
But ah! she would not, lovely girl,
At one thing take rebuff;
Still she would rub her teeth of pearl,
I blush to say, with snuff.

Such virtues you can seldom find,
In one sweet maid agree!
Blest with an educated mind,
As well as charity:
To view her lips of ruby red,
To love was charm enough:
But ah! those lovely lips she fed,
I scorn to say, with snuff.

The features of her beauteous face,
Were dear to soul and eye;
And on her form sat many a grace,
Her dress of crimson dye:

None of her features, save her chin,
From beauty's mould, was rough ;
And that without, and that within,
Was stained with filthy snuff.

Young Damon came to woo, her breast
With generous passion strove ;
Upon her lips a kiss impressed,
The tribute of his love :
But ah ! her balmy breath he found,
A most unpleasant puff ;
His angel with the graces crowned,
A devotee to snuff.

Yet still his bosom felt the pang
Of love still lingering there ;
And while the beauteous Clara sang,
He thus addressed the fair—
“Claim me, my dear one, for thy own,
Nor at me take rebuff ;”
She placed her hand above her zone,
Upon her box of snuff.

Still she continued every day,
The same thing o'er and o'er ;
Her lovely looks soon fled away.
And beauty was no more :
Her skin assumed the yellow hue,
Her lips were dark and rough ;
Her teeth were neither black nor blue,
But like the solid snuff.



OMBRELIA AND OPHELIA.

WHEN fair Ombrelia seeks the glass,
To paint her lily cheeks ;
Ophelia, sweet, domestic lass,
The busy household seeks !

See on the shelf her plates in row,
Arranged to please the eye ;
To have things neat, to meet her beau,
Now see her nimbly fly.

Her clean checked apron round her waist,
And frock, wove in her loom ;
With nature's healthful chaplets graced,
Ophelia's beauties bloom !
At morn she to the dairy walks,
Her blest peculiar care ;
And visits, on the lawn, her flocks,
To give the plenteous share.

On Sabbath, forth to church she hies,
With trembling and with fear ;
And wipes, with reverence, from her eyes,
Sincerity's warm tear :
Pleased to be thus in meekness blest,
To feel that proof within,
Which lulls the cares of sorrow's breast,
And blots the stain of sin.

But Miss Ombrelia, decked in gold,
Flutters amid the gay :
Nor thinks that she is growing old,
Whilst laughing time away !
The painted cheek, and spotted chin,
Claim most her tender care :
And false beau-catching curls to win—
Hang dangling from her hair.

Now say, ye fair, which of the two
Would make a husband glad ?
That butterfly in azure blue,
Or that in homespun clad ?
Which is the beauty ?—that in paint,
Or that of nature's dye ?
And which resembles most the saint—
And fitted for the sky ?

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF DELAWARE.

AN ADDRESS.

HAIL sons of light, of learning, and of laws !
Assembled in Improvements' glorious cause,
Champions of order and of equal right,
O be your deeds as excellent as bright !
Weigh well the language of illustrious men,
And the deep doctrines of the statesman's pen,
Of him whose lucid lecture lately drew
The glorious path your council should pursue.
Weigh well the admonitions of that one,
Delaware's exalted and illustrious son.

To you belongs the brilliant task to raise
The pedestal of individual praise ;
To exalt in future your historic page,
And shed new gleams of glory on the age ;
To build the monument of Delaware's fame,
And send to future times a glorious name.
Do this, ye sons of learning, and the morn
That breaks upon your children yet unborn,
Shall gild with radiance all your great emprise,
And gleams of greatness from your ashes rise.
Shade of Lycurgus, from your tomb away !
And Solon, thou from marble bondage break !
Ghost of great Cicero, in Rome's proud name !
Come forth and rouse Columbia's sons to fame !

Layton and Lofland, sons of genius rise,
Fame holds before you the illustrious prize ;
Rise, and demand it ere it be too late !
Rise, and shed lustre on your native state !
By you the sons of talent and of taste,
Our state must flourish and by you be graced.

Rise, pride of Delaware, and in strains sublime
 Stop the mad rage of cruelty and crime !
 Blot from your page the record of divorce,
 And let the tide of wedlock take its course !
 No longer part the hungry hound from her,
 Who more than life should to his heart be dear.
 Such grants engender vice and treachery,
 Till every booby would a Henry be.
 What ! separate full forty at one dash ?
 Indeed, my friends, 'twill leave a deadly gash
 In virtue's breast, which never may be healed,
 For sanctioned vice will never leave the field.
 Throw them aside, their bills of treachery burn,
 And bid fair virtue to her reign return.

Rise, sons of light, and from your page erase
 That law to men and morals a disgrace,
 Militia law, *malicious* 'tis indeed !
 To bid the heart of virtue oft to bleed,
 To dissipation oft it doth entice,
 The school of vulgar habits and of vice.
 Go ask the honest housewife ! she shall tell
 A husband's shame whom once she loved full well ;
 Her children now are begging for their bread,
 While the brave soldier still lies drunk in bed ;
 The wife in rags, her bed some old black rugs,
 Her cupboard filled with nothing but rum jugs.
 You laugh—you need not, this is drawn from life,
 'Tis a true picture of a soldier's wife ;
 I sought his house—I saw his children share
 One roast potato for their morning fare.
 Where is your father ? The weeping son replies,
 Behold, kind sir ! there drunken daddy lies !
 I looked, and lo ! the youngest child was sipping
 The drops of rum down from the table dripping !
 Gods ! what example for the rising race ?
 O cruel shame ! O deadliest disgrace !

This man was sober ere the law began,
A decent neighbor and industrious man.
His wife and children then their beef-steak eat,
Delicious turkey, pudding and sweet meat.
But now, those children beg, alas! for bread,
While their inglorious sire lies drunk in bed.
Nor is this all; full many a picture might
With the same justice be brought forth to light.
Militia trainings charmed them from their toils,
Rum they must drink, and rum engendered broils,
Then broken heads and bloody noses came,
Then beaten wives ere sleep closed o'er their shame.
What was the profit, even if each might share it?
Why less than I could earn in my own garret!
Come, shoulder arms! the cry's "form in!"
Now, gentlemen, we'll have a drink of gin;
Thus goes the training, rum is all the go,
As to the rest 'tis nothing but a show.
Rise, pride of Delaware! and from your page,
Blot out the law, the scandal of the age!
And substitute, O glory of your times!
A nobler law to hide the former's crimes.
'Twill be to give a school-fund to our state,
Then will she rise all glorious and great!
Then shall the light of learning spread afar,
And virtue ride in her triumphant car;
Vice, blushing, sink beneath the foot of fame;
And modest merit triumph over shame.
Example leads to emulous emprise,
When learning gilds with light the mental skies;
Full many a genius shall arise and tell
The glorious wonders of Minerva's spell;
Perhaps some statesman celebrate your praise,
Some bard inspired, the harp of homage raise,
Some bright historian on his brilliant page
Inscribe your glories in an after age.
O glorious prospect, when from south to north,
The splendid light of knowledge shall go forth!

Rise, Layton, Lofland, sons of genius rise !
And urge your colleagues to the grand emprise !
Tax the whole state, my hand shall yield a part,
O 'tis the darling project of my heart !
Ah ! had the cash, which for the trainings went,
Been for this glorious object nobly spent,
How better far had been the blest event ?
Rise, sons of light ! and with loud voice proclaim
The dawning era of approaching fame !
Then shall the bard, inspired with joy elate,
Sing you the benefactors of our state.

THE BEE-HIVE.

'Twas on a summer morn !
I sat beneath a cool refreshing shade,
Where gently rolled a bubbling brook, and watched
A glass hive filled with many busy bees.
How like a prosperous city, where each man,
Intent upon his own vocation, flies
Along the narrow street, and soon is lost
In the vast multitude ! I sat and saw,
And heard the mimic city and the hum
Of active laborers in their daily toil ;
Some of the handicraft at work at home,
Left not the city, while from foreign parts,
The merchant bee came loaded with his goods,
Of raw material, to the factor brought.
The centinel placed at the city gate,
Welcomes the trader from his travels home,
With joyful heart, while in his ear he seems
To whisper the latest news, perhaps of robbers,
Who, in his absence, robbed the treasury,
Or of the fall of beeswax, or the death
Of his most royal highness Bee the Tenth.

And now the vagrant lazy drone that fed
 Upon the toils and industry of others,
 Is dragged before the judges, and condemned
 To die, and straightway thro' the city gate
 They bear the weeping convict to his doom.
 And now the city is in uproar, all
 Are mourning for the death of their good king,
 Who died of apoplexy late last night.
 Thro' every street, court-circulars are sent,
 And hundreds gathering to the palace door,
 To catch a last look of the illustrious dead ;
 And next "with dirges due and sad array"
 Of weeping friends and hungry office hunters,
 Along the churchyard path his corse is borne.
 Then comes the heir apparent for his crown,
 The sceptre and the throne of his ancestors ;
 And then the coronation is performed,
 And many an architect is then employed
 Upon his new and stately palace building.
 But like the Turk, for fear of deposition,
 He to each palace goes and strangles all
 His royal brothers, and secures his reign.
 And this is instinct ! is it so resembling
 Immortal reason, yet so much unlike.
 O if the wisdom of a God is not
 Beheld in this, so simple in itself,
 Then is man's life and reason but a dream !

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